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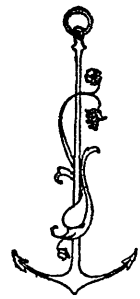
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THE JUNIOR CHURCH MANUAL

THE JUNIOR CHURCH MANUAL

BY

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GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.

1929

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES AT
THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

FIRST EDITION

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1065903

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THE JUNIOR CHURCH MANUAL

SECTION I

CHAPTER I

THE JUNIOR CHURCH

To THE writing of books there seems to be no end in this present day. For the writing of some there are adequate reasons; for others the reasons are not so apparent. If there is justification for this brief manual it is to be found in the fact that it attempts to give some bit of guidance in the creation of a program for an organization which holds tremendous possibilities both for the childhood and youth of the land and for the church as a social institution.

The Junior Church is fast becoming one of the most popular organizations in Protestantism. For this popularity there are several explanations.

In the paragraphs which follow in this chapter no attempt will be made to argue for the Junior Church. It is here, and it is no longer a new thing in church work. There are possibilities in it; there are reasons for its present existence; and there are also dangers in it, if it is not rightly used. It will be well, therefore, for us to glance briefly at the Junior Church as an organization; noting some of the realizations and demands which have called it into existence, its present potentialities, and some of the problems which Junior Church leaders face in their task of creating on earth the Democracy of Christ.

It is only in comparatively recent years that church leaders in appreciable numbers have come to two most important realizations: First, that the Kingdom of God or Democracy of Christ is world wide in scope, compassing all nations and races of men; that the Kingdom life involves every relationship of life—business, social, civil, industrial, educational; and that

the church is the one institution in society which is commissioned to preach the Kingdom ideal to the ends of the earth. Second, that the race not only moves forward biologically on the feet of children and youth, but also culturally and spiritually; and that, therefore, the church will succeed in bringing in the Kingdom to the extent that it succeeds in winning childhood and youth to and training them in the Christian life.

Both of these realizations have been comparatively recent. The second one in particular has been tragically tardy. Approximately fifteen short years ago the first real attempt at organized church work with early teen-age boys and girls was made. Organized church work with younger children antedated definite interest in youth by only a few years.

The strategic importance of childhood and youth once recognized for the Kingdom and the church, leaders began to study the provisions which were being made by the church for the Christian development and training of the immature members of the Kingdom family, and to evaluate critically the actual success of these provisions in holding and training boys and girls for Christian service.

The results of these studies and evaluations were enlightening and alarming. It was found, for example, that the work of the church was largely adult-centered. Church architecture even revealed that fact (as it does far too much yet to-day), most of the buildings being constructed around an auditorium as the center. Church architecture was but an expression of what the church thought to be of the most importance in its work—the sermon. A study of the sermons revealed that in the main they were prepared for and participated in by adults.

For another thing it was found that the Sunday school was the only organization in the church giving any definite attention to the needs and problems of boys and girls, and that this attention was very inadequate. Certain leaders then set about to secure more and better equipment and leadership, and more effective methods and curricula for the Sunday school. For several years now an increasing number of leaders

in the church have been devoting their money and energy and time and talents to the task of making the Sunday school a real church school for all ages—younger boys and girls, older boys and girls, young people, and adults. The results have been gratifying and the successes many, but the church cannot now rest on victories won. Tremendous problems yet lie out ahead.

As the organized work of the Sunday school has gone along under a new impetus and vision during recent years, studies and evaluations have continued. Several things of tremendous import have come out of these studies, only two of which we need to note in this connection. (1) Between ten and sixteen we are losing from the Sunday school and the church an alarmingly large number of our boys and girls. A most conservative statement of the findings would be that of every hundred boys and girls in the Sunday school at ten years of age, more than sixty per cent. have been lost to the school (and a large percentage of this number to the church) by sixteen years of age. (2) Of those boys and girls in the Sunday school a surprisingly large number are nonattendant upon church services.

There may be several explanations for this second fact—the nonattendance of boys and girls upon church services—any one of which might be adequate. Perhaps the chief reason for nonattendance is that there is deplorably little in the average church service for boys and girls; the service, as has been observed already, being primarily adult-centered. Regardless of the reasons, or their adequacy, suffice it that church leaders in ever growing numbers are coming to the conviction that ample provisions must be made for meeting the total religious needs of all the age groups for which the church is responsible.

The graded departments in the Sunday school and the Junior Church are present and partial expressions of this conviction. Through its several departments the Sunday school attempts to provide a comprehensive program of religious education for all age groups; the Junior Church seeks to minister to those boys and girls approximately nine to sixteen years of age

The program of the Sunday school does or should include (1) training in worship, (2) social and recreational life, (3) instruction, and (4) Christian service. The main features of the program of the Junior Church in the past have been (1) a regular order of worship service and organization, modeled as largely as possible after that of the denomination; (2) a story-sermon, or sermonet; (3) a Junior Church choir; and (4) ushers, officials, offering, and other features that tend to make it a complete denominational organization. At the present time certain Junior Churches are branching out into the field of Christian service, recreation and social life, and more definite and specialized training in the fundamentals of worship.

A restudy of the paragraph just read will reveal that between the program of the Junior Church as it is usually conducted and the program of the Junior and Intermediate departments in the Sunday school there are several common elements. The programs of both organizations include Worship, Instruction (more in the Sunday school than in the Junior Church), Christian service enterprises, and some amount of fellowship and social life. No extended analysis of the situation is required to show the problems and the dangers in such a situation.

It is true that the elements of Worship and Instruction in the Junior Church are designed primarily to acquaint boys and girls with the program and procedure of the church as an inclusive organization, and to fit them for future service in it, but, even with that said, the possibility and (in some cases) the actual fact of overlapping and duplication exist. There not only exist the possibility and fact of duplication, but, far more serious, the fact of competition sometimes obtains.

No amount of enthusiasm for and loyalty to the Junior Church can lead church leaders to overlook the situation as it actually is. On the other hand, those leaders who believe most strongly in the possibilities of the Junior Church are most ready to face the problems of correlation and unification between the Junior Church and the Junior and Intermediate

departments of the Sunday school, and to work out a solution that will, from the standpoint of the Christian training of the future leaders of the adult church, be effective and happy. Those who are interested in the education of boys and girls in the Christian Way of Life, and thus, as a consequence, in the fruitful ongoing of the church and the Kingdom Enterprise, face the important task of providing that program and organization in the church which will help them to live in the Jesus Way in every relationship of life, and which will prepare them to be intelligent, coöperative, and creative citizens in the Christian Democracy, exercising the initiative of their money, energy, time, and talents through the Christian church. It is not an easy task, but it is one that is freighted with tremendous consequences, and thus challenges the best thought and endeavor of intelligent and consecrated leaders.

CHAPTER II

FACING THE PROBLEM

REGARDLESS of the functions the organization may now have or later have in the local church, leaders should keep in mind constantly that the boys and girls do not exist for the Junior Church, but the Junior Church for the boys and girls. Let us write in deep and bold letters above and beneath any plans we may make for the Christian training of boys and girls that *organization must be secondary to life.* Organization is never an end, but always a means. That is just as true of the church as an institution as it is of any of the several organizations within the church. Any organization is sacred only to the extent that it ministers to *people.*

By this token we may be assured that the Junior Church will merit our support only so long as it renders an essential and indispensable service to boys and girls. More specifically, this underlying theory of organization means that the functions of a particular Junior Church can be determined only by the leaders in a particular local situation, in the light of the provisions that are now being made for the Christian training of boys and girls through the several organizations now existing.

For example, the programs of the Junior and Intermediate departments of some Sunday schools are so comprehensive and effective that the only legitimate function of a Junior Church in those situations would be that of training the boys and girls in the ways and program of the adult church in which they are soon to take their places. In other situations, however, comparatively little is being done through the Junior and Intermediate departments of the Sunday school in the way of

training in worship and in church methods. In such situations the Junior Church obviously has a larger field of service.

Regardless of the adequacy of the programs of the Junior and Intermediate departments, we should take into account in this brief survey of the situation two or three outstanding emphases and trends in religious education throughout the Protestant churches of America.

In the first place, we should note that the Protestant forces of religious education are placing emphasis upon comprehensiveness of program throughout the several departments of the church school. This inevitably calls for closer correlation between the Junior Church and the work of the Junior and Intermediate departments. In some cases this may mean allocation of functions. For example, it may mean that the Junior Church will provide the organization and program required to train boys and girls approximately nine through fifteen or sixteen for membership and service in the adult church, leaving to the Junior and Intermediate departments the task of training in the fundamentals of worship, and of Christian education through worth-while activities including study, fellowship, recreation, and work enterprises, or projects. Such correlation might or might not mean that membership in the Junior and Intermediate departments automatically implies membership in the Junior Church.

A second significant emphasis in the matter of organization is that the church as a social institution is now coming to be looked upon as the basic unit of organization, and, therefore, should be divided into age-group departments for the purpose of carrying out the total program of the church. In the past we have thought of the Junior Church, the Sunday School, the Youth Societies, and other similar organizations as adjuncts or auxiliaries to the church as an institution. More and more church leaders are coming to say that the task of the church and the tasks of these several other organizations are not different, but one in aim—and that aim an educational one; that the loves and loyalties of people must be won to this

comprehensive Kingdom task, and that, therefore, the several phases of the total church program should not be at variance. The natural result of this viewpoint is that an increasing number of denominations are eliminating, correlating, and centralizing "overhead" machinery to the end that the full resources of the church may be brought to bear upon one great objective of Christian education. A further result of this viewpoint is to be found in the correlation and centralization of organizations and programs in the local church. For example, we are finding in an ever growing number of situations the Junior Department of the church, the Intermediate Department of the church, and so on through the several age groups to the years of adulthood. Where we find the Junior Department of the church we find an organization and a program which provide for the total religious needs of boys and girls nine, ten, and eleven years of age, including the need for training in the ways of the larger adult church. In most cases the program of the Junior Department of the church provides for the whole of Sunday morning, occupying the regular preaching hour with a service similar to that provided in the average Junior Church. The same thing is true of the Intermediate Department of the church, save that in more cases than in the Junior Department the boys and girls identify themselves more closely with the adults during the preaching hour.

These trends and emphases are noted in order that those leaders who are more interested in the religious development and training of boys and girls than in organizations as such, may the more clearly see that they have before them a real task in correlating and unifying the work of the church with boys and girls of the Junior and Intermediate age.

In the remaining paragraphs of this chapter some general suggestions regarding the Junior Church will be offered. In the remaining chapters of Section I more or less detailed suggestions will be given on Training in Worship, and on Christian Projects.

General Suggestions Regarding the Junior Church

1. It will not be amiss to repeat that the Junior Church exists for boys and girls. It is a means, and not an end. It should exist as an organization only so long as it renders an indispensable service.

2. The initial organization of a Junior Church should be based on a careful study of the present provisions in the local church for training boys and girls in Christian living and for membership and service in the church. Its functions should be determined in the light of essential needs which are not now being met or cannot be met through already regularly constituted channels of organization.

3. The leaders of any Junior Church now existing should study with the leaders of the Junior and Intermediate departments of the church school the problems of correlation and unification of programs. If such a study does not result in unification it should certainly result in such coöperation and correlation as will avoid overlapping and duplication of efforts and leadership. By all means it must result in the avoidance of competition.

4. Whatever the functions of a particular Junior Church the age-range of membership should not be more than six or seven years—nine through fourteen, or fifteen. It is a denial of practically every principle of educational grading to attempt to provide an organization and program of any effectiveness for a group with as wide an age-range as six to sixteen.

5. The type of organization best adapted to the Junior Church is always simple. Its exact form depends largely upon the denominational affiliation of the local congregation in which the Junior Church is established. The exact form of organization will suggest itself if the objective of creating and nurturing a church consciousness is kept constantly in mind. The desirable method of procedure is to begin very simply, and to add organization plans as they are needed or as correlation with the Junior and Intermediate departments of

the church school demands. The organization should always be flexible, confining itself, however, to the denominational plan as far as possible.

(1) If the Junior Church is to be a self-respecting organization, obviously it must have a pastor. This pastor should be a man; either a clergyman or specially ordained layman. The integrity of the Junior Church pulpit must be maintained as carefully as that of the Senior Church. At the risk of being misunderstood, it should be said that the Junior congregation must be protected against "pious" folk who just "love to talk" to the "dear" boys and girls.

(2) Following denominational lines, next in order after the Pastor are the Junior Officials. These Trustees and Stewards, or Deacons, or Presbyters, transact all Junior Church business, as do the adults, discussing the questions that come before them, making suggestions, and making and passing motions. Adult autocracy is studiously to be avoided. In the Junior and Intermediate departments of the church school the boys and girls are permitted to make suggestions and to pass laws which are as binding for officers and teachers as for pupils. The same democratic principle should obtain in the Junior Church.

(3) The number and functions of the committees will depend upon the exact functions which a particular Junior Church assumes in that local situation. Constant in any situation will likely be the committees on Membership and Attendance, Finance, and Music. Whether there is a special Worship Committee will depend upon the adequacy of the provisions in the church school for training in the fundamentals of worship.

6. Practically all Junior Churches are held at the hour of the regular morning preaching service.

7. "Full" membership in the Junior Church should mean "church membership." Just as there are many adults who attend the services of the larger church but who have not accepted its ordinances and vows, so there will and should be

boys and girls attending and supporting the Junior Church who are not "full" members. The objective of winning the loves and loyalties of boys and girls to the church as an institution, and of developing a church consciousness, will not be realized in the most effective way if their loyalties are first won to an organization that is only considered "auxiliary." The thinking of church leaders is more and more tending in this direction: Membership in the church implies membership in all those phases of the total organization provided for the members of a particular age; and, conversely, membership in the Junior Church, or in the Junior or Intermediate department of the church school, implies membership in the church. In other words, the Junior Church is simply the boys and girls of the church, of a particular age, organized for their own service. In cases where membership in the Junior Church means church membership, when the boys and girls graduate from the Junior Church into the larger church they do not feel that they are joining a new and different organization. They have been members of the Church all of the time, and have simply been learning and working through their own organization.

This is the trend of the best religious thinking. The policies of some communions at the present time may prohibit the carrying out of such a policy. The conditions and nature of membership in the Junior Church, just as several other items in the program and organization, will be determined by the organizational policies of the denomination.

8. Provision should be made for stewardship training in connection with the financial program of the church. If at the beginning of the church fiscal year the authorities of the larger church assess as the proportionate share of the Junior Church in the financial program of the entire organization an amount which can be raised reasonably by a small pledge from each member, the Junior Church can accept the assessment as its annual budget, by action of its Board of Trustees. Pledges can then be taken for the year, the duty of each member to assume his share in this obligation being stressed. The Junior

Church should have representation on the Official Board of the larger church which makes the assessment.

9. Training in worship will receive attention in Chapter III.

10. Physical equipment and influences will receive consideration in connection with the Worship discussion.

11. Christian projects and service enterprises will be dealt with in Chapter V.

12. Leaders have found that boys and girls of the Junior and Intermediate age like mottoes, emblems, and badges. In the selection of mottoes and emblems, and in the designing of an official badge, the Junior Church members should be consulted, and their judgments should obtain.

13. The low cost of the Multistamp and similar contrivances (the multigraph and mimeograph being slightly more expensive) makes it possible for every Junior Church to issue a newspaper. The value in stimulating interest among the members, in increasing attendance, and in securing the support of the adult church cannot be estimated.

These do not begin to exhaust the suggestions that could be made regarding the Junior Church. Numerous books are available which deal primarily with the problems of organization and administration of the Junior Church. The primary function of this Manual is to be found in Chapters III, IV, V, and VI of this Section and in Section II.

CHAPTER III

THE JUNIOR CHURCH SERVICE

It is not our purpose in this chapter to discuss in detail the various orders of service which may be selected profitably for the Sunday morning hour. The choice of a satisfactory order of service will be determined by two things: First, the adequacy of the worship programs of the Junior and Intermediate departments of the church school will determine whether the Junior Church service shall closely approximate the Order of Service which obtains in the adult church, or whether it shall be more comprehensive, including training in the fundamental of worship. Second, the traditions of the denomination and the customs of the particular local church will determine the exact items and order of the service when it seeks to approximate the denominational "Order."

The programs in Section II are but suggestive of themes and types of material. Few of them, perhaps, can be used just as they are. Rearrangement of items will be necessary in several cases in order to make them conform to denominational tradition and customs.

There are certain controlling factors and principles to be recognized and dealt with in formulating any program for a particular group. These factors we shall seek to amplify briefly.

One of the most important factors in any program of worship is that of physical equipment. The church that can provide a chapel for the use of the Junior Church on Sunday morning is fortunate indeed. Very few churches are yet in a position to provide a chapel, although this should be their ideal. The average situation faced involves the task of transforming a Department room of the church school into the semblance of a

church auditorium. This may or may not be a difficult task. If the Department room is properly equipped for the work of the church school it will require a minimum of effort to put it in shape for the Junior Church service. Sometimes minor or even radical alterations in the permanent physical equipment are required in order to provide a suitable place for the worship of the Junior congregation.

Entrances to the room, or auditorium, or chapel should be from or toward the rear. This suggestion creates a real problem for many situations which have to use departmental rooms in which practically all of the entrances are from the front. In those rooms where the entrances are from the front, if it is impossible (by alterations) to make entrances from the rear, ushers should be stationed at the doors to take care of the late comers. The placing of ushers, however, will not help the situation unless they have definite instructions regarding the admission and seating of late arrivals. For example, each usher should be supplied with the Order of Service for the morning, with instructions as to the times during the program when attendants can be admitted.

The room should be as cheerful and attractive as any room can be made. The chief danger in rooms that Junior and Intermediate boys and girls occupy is insufficient light. The Junior Church room should be well lighted. Artificial light should be avoided wherever possible.

Certain educators tell us that the capacity of the attention of boys and girls of the Junior Church age is augmented at least one fifth in a room that has good ventilation, heating, and lighting. We sometimes speak of creating "proper atmosphere" for worship. "Proper atmosphere" includes fresh air as well as order and attractiveness of surroundings. If it is impossible to provide at least two thousand cubic feet of air for each child during the hour, then the room must have an artificial ventilating system that will provide from twenty-five to thirty cubic feet of fresh air per minute to each person. If you cannot have a workable ventilating system, then supply

the same amount through some adjustment of the windows, without producing draughts, and at a temperature of not less than sixty nor more than sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit.

Given the right amount of light, good ventilation, and proper temperature, the children may still be hampered by discomfort, such as noise, creaking doors in plain view, uncomfortable seating, impaired furniture, a piano out of tune, disorderly arrangement of room, or even unclean walls. Neatness and order are possible in any room and indispensable to worship.

Good pictures in the worship room are invaluable. There should be one of some place connected with the life of Christ—Jerusalem, Bethlehem, or Nazareth. The head of the boy Christ, by Hoffmann, and C. B. Parker's Christ, the Door of the Fold, are much liked by boys and girls. The room must not be used as a storing place for anything not wanted elsewhere. It should be so attractive that the children will want to come to it, so clean that they will take pride in keeping it so, so beautiful that it will seem a fitting place in which to worship and learn of God.

Another important factor in the program of worship of the Junior Church, regardless of its exact order, is the part taken in it by the boys and girls. For their own good, in creating in them both an interest and a loyalty, and for training them in worship, the boys and girls should have active part on the program. Too much straining after variety, however, is to be avoided most carefully. Attention is easily distracted if more than three or four individuals appear before the boys and girls in active participation.

"Group participation" is the important thing to be secured. As many of the elements in the service as possible should permit of group participation. This principle obtains with regard to adult services and is particularly important in children's services.

For the special music, a children's choir—whether a quartet, a sextet, an octet, or a still larger number—is highly recommended.

Materials for the Service

Regarding the materials for the service, certain guiding principles should be noted.

1. *Music.* In worship emotions are aroused, purposes and attitudes developed and created, and feelings stirred which struggle for expression. There is a felt need on the part of the worshipers for a "language of worship" to express their religious feelings and aspirations. As no other element in worship, music provides this most necessary vehicle of expression. Music not only expresses emotions and attitudes but also creates them. Music, therefore, may be either a good thing or a bad thing. Far too many people have thought of music only as a means of pleasure and of furnishing variety in the worship services. Too seldom have leaders thought of it as helping to determine the ideals and spiritual power of those who worship.

a. Hymns. A wide variety of hymns is available for use. In selecting the hymns that are expected to contribute positively to training boys and girls in worship, several points should be observed.

(1) The hymn tunes should be majestic, simple, and artistic, and should be within the range of the vocal powers of the worshipers.

(2) The words should be beautiful, lyrical, and literary, and the imagery suggested should be wholesome and Christian. The imagery in some much-used hymns and songs is not only unchristian but actually revolting to boys and girls. Illustrations of songs and hymns containing unwholesome imagery are: "When the Shout of Battle Dies Away"; "Dwelling in Beulah Land"; "An Old Account Settled"; "We're Marching to Zion"; "There Is a Fountain"; "Safe in the Arms of Jesus"; "He Whispers His Love to Me"; "Rescue the Perishing"; and "In the Garden."

(3) The hymn themes should be suited in thought and meaning to the interests, needs, and capacities of Junior and Intermediate boys and girls. They must afford a means of

expressing the inmost thoughts of boys and girls concerning personal religion, their relation to God and Jesus, and their obligations in the various relationships of life. Such hymns and songs as the following, for example, are not suited to the needs and interests of boys and girls nine to fifteen: "Will There Be Any Stars"; "Meet Me There"; "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder"; "The Home Over There"; "Shall We Gather at the River"; "One Sweetly Solemn Thought"; "He Lifted Me"; "And Am I Born to Die"; "It Is Well with My Soul"; "Softly and Tenderly"; "Let Jesus Come into Your Heart."

Compare this list with the following hymns, which come much closer to the needs and outlook of boys and girls: "Follow the Gleam"; "This Is My Father's World"; "I Would Be True"; "The King of Love My Shepherd Is"; "True Hearted, Whole Hearted, Faithful and Loyal."

(4) The hymns should stimulate the boys and girls to their loftiest ideals and noblest purposes and to intelligent and enthusiastic participation in Christian enterprises. There may be joy for some older people in singing "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," but certainly no positive character value for childhood and youth. Other songs of this type which do not stimulate children to their noblest purposes are: "The Unclouded Day"; "Love Lifted Me"; "Meet Me There"; "My Tent Is Pitched in Beulah Land"; "On Jordan's Stormy Banks"; "Tell Me the Old, Old Story"; "I Will Sing You a Song"; "The Church in the Wildwood"; "The King's Business"; "Since Jesus Came into My Heart."

(5) The theology of the hymns should be Christian and social, and the conception of God as Father, and men as his self-respecting children, should be presented. Many hymns present God as a capricious tyrant and are characterized by their worn-out theology and selfish individualism. Most of the songs and hymns listed under (2), (3), and (4) are characterized by a theological emphasis that is not wholesome in the religious training of childhood and youth.

(6) Hymns should be suited in spirit and meaning to the occasion in which they are used. The theme of the hymn should harmonize with the central theme of the total worship service.

Below is a brief list of worship hymns for the Junior Church. These are but illustrative of the wide variety of splendid hymns now available in the newer and better hymnals. Other hymns will be found scattered throughout Section II.

"O Jesus, I Have Promised"
"O Jesus, Prince of Life and Truth"
"O Master, Let me Walk with Thee"
"O Master Workman of the Race"
"Just As I Am, Thine Own to Be"
"A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"
"All Beautiful the March of Days"
"Awake My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve"
"Break Thou the Bread of Life"
"Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True"
"O Zion, Haste"
"Silent Night, Holy Night"
"The King of Love My Shepherd Is"
"Day Is Dying in the West"
"Dear Lord and Father of Mankind"
"Faith of Our Fathers"
"Father, Lead Me Day by Day"
"Fight the Good Fight with All Thy Might"
"For All Thy Care We Bless Thee"
"For Peace and for Plenty"
"For the Beauty of the Earth"
"Forward Through the Ages"
"God of Our Fathers Whose Almighty Hand"
"God of Our Boyhood"
"God of the Earth, the Sky, the Sea"
"God Send Us Men Whose Aim 'Twill Be"
"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty"
"I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord"

"I Would Be True"
"Immortal Love, Forever Full"
"In Christ There Is No East or West"
"From Greenland's Icy Mountains"
"Onward, Christian Soldiers"
"Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day"
"Soldiers of Christ Arise"
"Take My Life and Let It Be"
"There's a Wideness in God's Mercy"
"This Is My Father's World"
"Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life"
"Keep Thyself Pure, Christ's Soldier"
"Lead On, O King Eternal"
"Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus"
"We March, We March to Victory"
"Now the Day Is Over"
"O Beautiful for Spacious Skies"
"Love Divine, All Love Excelling"
"Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak"

b. *Instrumental Music and Chants.* Music without words used as a call to worship should be the very best possible. It may be used with splendid effect to create a situation in which worship is natural and effective. An organ or piano prelude should never be a mere musical accompaniment to the usual conversation preceding the service. The value of the musical prelude is in the "mind set" it gives the worshipers in preparation for what is to follow. Hymns like "Holy, Holy, Holy!" (tune "Nicæa"), "The Earth Is Hushed in Silence," "Day Is Dying in the West" (tune "Chautauqua"), "Holy Night" (tune "Stille Nacht"), are very good for this purpose. Other selections which can be used for the prelude will be suggested in the programs in Section II.

If Processional and Recessional hymns are used the music should have a martial air and the words should suggest victorious conquest. Sentences spoken or sung by the entire gathering help greatly to weld the group into a unity. The call to worship,

offertory and prayer responses, amens, benedictions, and closing meditations thus presented add much to the spirit and tone of the service. Valuable helps at this point will be found in *The Manual for Training in Worship*, by Hugh Hartshorne and in the hymnals listed in Chapter VI of this Section.

Aside from the contribution which instrumental music makes to the spirit and purpose of worship, it should serve definitely to cultivate the tastes of boys and girls for the better types of music. Nothing "cheap" should ever be a part of the materials of worship. Music, most certainly, should always be the best.

c. *Vocal numbers.* It is very easy for solos, duets, and quartets to detract from the worship spirit of the service rather than add to it. Very often the attention of the worshipers is captured almost wholly by the singer, or singers, and not by the words or music of the number. Clear enunciation is necessary if the selection is to have any value. (At times adult singers seem to sing in some language other than English. In such cases the worship value of the selection is dissipated.) Careful judgment must be used in the selection of the number to be used. It should submit to the tests set forth under the discussion of hymns above.

It is desirable to have a Junior Choir, but this group of child-singers should be a real choir for the purpose of leading the congregation in singing, and not a group of entertainers. There may be only four singers in the group, but they should be considered a choir and not a quartet. Many times those responsibile for planning the service, wishing to introduce a novel element into the program, invite some adult singer to have a part on the program. In far too many instances the one approaching the singer fails to suggest the hymn or type of hymn or music that will fit into the dominant theme of the service. In some cases this is due to the fact that the leader fears that the singer will resent any suggestion. This should not be true. Unless the singer is willing to fit himself into the theme

and spirit of the service he should not have any place on the program.

d. *Leadership of Music.* A good pianist is no less important than a good hymnal in the Junior Church. It is especially important that the pianist shall be able to play hymns with a fine sense of time, rhythm, and feeling. Junior and Intermediate boys and girls are wide awake, and when they feel inspired to sing it is most disappointing to have the pianist drag the splendid marching rhythm of a declarative hymn or blunder over the notes. It is even more criminal for the pianist to "jazz" the music of some fine, stately hymn.

2. *Prayer.* Prayer is the heart of worship, and yet children probably worship less during the prayers than during any other part of the service. There are several explanations for this fact: (1) Prayers offered by adults seldom voice the children's thoughts and feelings. (2) Even if the prayer is carefully thought out and worded simply, the fact that someone else is doing the praying makes it difficult for the boys and girls actively to participate. (3) Far too many prayers planned for children are too long. (4) So many prayers are not the expression of a felt need or desire. The basis for prayer is found in the sense of need. Boys and girls of nine, ten, eleven, and twelve are not usually conscious of any deep longings or needs that would make them turn voluntarily to the heavenly Father for satisfaction and help. The older boys and girls in the congregation more clearly feel the need for prayer. The leader's task lies with the younger members of the group, for as their needs are ministered to, the needs of the older boys and girls are met.

With these negations recorded, we should note some positive suggestions regarding prayer.

In order that it may grow out of a felt need, and thus be meaningful to the worshipers, preparation for the prayer should be made. It is possible for the pastor or leader, in a few words, to arouse such feelings of need in introducing the prayer. It is sometimes well to precede the spoken prayer

with a moment of silent prayer in order that the children can have an opportunity to phrase a prayer for themselves, and to show them that they can pray without speaking aloud.

The pastor's prayer is most meaningful when it comes at that time in the service when the emotional value is at its height. This is immediately after the story or the sermon. If the story and sermon have been interesting and worth while they have created in the worshipers a need which prayer can logically meet. Let us emphasize again the fact that prayer without the proper mind-set is futile.

Investigations reveal that children rather universally like best those prayers which they "all pray together." Prayers for the Junior Church should include a large number to be offered in unison. Such prayers will be particularly vital if the boys and girls themselves have helped to work them out. Two or three times during the year an entire service might be devoted to the preparation and study of group prayers.

The prayers used in the Junior Church should be short, because the attention span of the children is short; and specific, because there is no interest or appeal in vague general statements. Occasionally some one of the more simple of the great collects of the church should be used.

3. *Scripture and Extrabiblical Literature.* The Bible is the incomparable source for those experiences which men have had of God. Carefully selected Bible passages, therefore, have a large part in the service.

Scripture passages relating directly to the experiences, problems, and needs of the boys and girls should be selected, carefully prepared, and presented in the service as responsive, unison, or individual reading, or from memory. If the passages of Scripture selected are to meet the needs and interests of the boys and girls, they must truthfully express their desires. If the reading is individual, either by the pastor or by one of the children, careful study of the passage should be made. Words which convey no meaning to the worshipers should be changed or interpreted. In most cases the American Standard

Version is the best one to use. Such versions may be used as Kent's "Shorter Bible" (Old Testament), or modern translations of the New Testament by Moffatt, or Goodspeed. Oftentimes a New Testament passage already familiar acquires new force and meaning when read in one of the more recent translations.

There are many passages of praise and adoration that may be used as opening sentences and responses in the service. Psalms like 19: 1–6, 23, 24, 95: 1–7*a*, 100, 121, 139: 7–12, etc., and verses that contain precepts, proverbs, commands, and instruction will help to cultivate right attitudes and arouse religious emotions.

A study of these passages will indicate a principle to be followed in making selections for use in the Junior Church service. Avoid all abstract statements; leave such passages for adults. The loftiness of the language does not matter, so long as it expresses some great thought in word pictures. If the truth is presented through a series of pictures, the children will catch the meaning and spirit of the message.

The Scripture selections should be suited in spirit and tone to the service of which they are a part, fitting the theme and supplementing the other materials used. Those selections from the Old Testament should be made that most fully accord with Jesus' conception of God.

Certain extrabiblical poetry and other literature may be used effectively as unison or individual readings. Whether the literature is biblical or extrabiblical it should make a definite contribution to the development of the underlying theme of the service.

4. *Symbolism and Ritualism.* Signs and symbols can be made powerful factors in giving reality to great emotions and ideals, and particularly in work with boys and girls of the Junior and Intermediate ages. There is the possibility of using many of the signs and symbols which have grown out of Christianity without violating the traditions of Protestantism.

It has been said many times that children are ritualists.

There is an element of truth in this statement, but it is not true in the sense that they like traditional ritualism or worship best under its influence. They may enjoy it and find meaning in it, however, if they have helped to make it themselves, or if they have been brought up in a ritualistic church.

If ritual is to appeal to boys and girls the ages of those in the Junior Church it must be simple and must carry a symbolism which they can understand. If it is too elaborate, or too theological and abstract, it may bewilder or amuse them, rather than grip them.

Masterpieces of sculpture or painting contribute greatly to the creation of a "potential worship situation." Occasionally pictures or some other expression of art may supply the theme for the entire service. A series of missionary services may lead up to the Sunday when Copping's picture, The Hope of the World, is unveiled. One group, for example, made Abbey's The Oath, from the Holy Grail series, the center of the morning service, when the ideals of Loyalty and Heroism had been the themes of the services for a month.

Childhood and youth spontaneously respond to the beautiful, whether in music, art, or sculpture. The Junior Church service should augment and intensify this tendency to reach out after and respond to the beautiful. Source materials on the use of art in religious education will be found in the classified bibliography in Chapter VI.

5. *The Offertory.* The offering is and always will be a most important factor in worship. Because boys and girls have been provided with few opportunities to develop a wholesome attitude toward giving, the offering should be made a worshipful act. The offering, therefore, should be presented with beauty and dignity, as in the adult church service.

There are various offertory services appropriate for the Junior Church. Several such services will be found throughout the programs in Section II. There are a number of beautiful song responses which may be sung at the close of the offertory instead of the spoken prayer of dedication. (See *Book of Wor-*

ship, Hartshorne; *Junior Hymns and Carols*, Leyda Publishing Company.)

6. *Stories, Story-Sermon, and Sermonet.* Every service for children involves a central idea or theme around which to organize the appeal of the service. An important element in the development of the central theme is the story or stories, which stand by themselves in setting forth the central idea around which the service is organized, or which are used in connection with the sermonet. Worship must be concrete if it is to have meaning for children; if it is to bear its richest fruit it must set forth forcefully one definite concept.

The stories used in the Junior Church service should be joyful, positive, and constructive. Their function is that of making ideals appealing, and of stimulating new purposes and resolves. This being true, they must be full of the heroic and ideal quality. There is no form of expression so powerful as the story to make ideas and ideals vivid and attractive.

The story grips the child imagination because it is a reproduction of life itself. It should be of such a nature, and so told, that the boys and girls can live in and with the characters in it. If we want to make our boys and girls love honesty, bravery, unselfishness, and truth, let us embody these ideals in good stories and let the story do the work.

One may preach the beauty of sacrificing that which one holds very dear in order to render some little service to others, but that ideal becomes appealing and compelling when it is heard in van Dyke's story of "The Other Wise Man."

A real story means people and things and actions. It does not, therefore, deal with abstractions. On the other hand, it is full of concrete images and pictures, if it proposes to be an effective story.

The stories which the boys and girls hear in the Junior Church will determine perhaps as much as any other factor the kind of heroes and heroines they will admire. More and more hero stories should be told, stories which "star" heroes who are worth emulating in daily life. To Junior and Inter-

mediate boys and girls life is one constant adventure. There is sheer joy in just being alive. The greatest adventure upon which mankind has ever embarked is that of establishing the Kingdom of God upon this earth. The stories of the Junior Church should stimulate boys and girls to find a place in this challenging adventure.

Boys and girls like to see results. Tell them stories of achievement, but be sure that you realize that it makes all the difference in the world what a man desires and what he achieves.

The great field of biography is open to the "teller of stories" in the Junior Church. Here are "true" stories, and here too are stories of heroism, adventure, and achievement.

The Bible is one great story book. Its stories move swiftly, and are full of action, vividness and not-to-be-forgotten pictures. With all this said, however, they yet need to be selected carefully and adapted to meet the needs of the boys and girls. The language of the King James version is a language far removed from the present usage of children. There is no more reason for confining the telling of Bible stories to a form of speech not fitted to the needs of boys and girls than the hero tales of any other race.

In the classified bibliography in Chapter VI will be found a list of stories for children of the Junior and Intermediate ages. This list does not attempt to cover the entire range of stories for boys and girls of these ages, but seeks only to include the kind of story of which the Junior pastor or leader will make the largest use.

The range of subjects for sermonets is practically unlimited. The great themes that have to do with Jesus and the Christian God, and the multitudinous life problems and daily experiences of the boys and girls, provide bases for multitudinous sermon subjects.

The sermonet, whether it grows out of a story, or uses a story or stories as illustrations, or whether it is a plain, straightforward talk, is not something apart from the entire worship service. The sermonet or story-sermon is a vital part of the

service, illustrating, clarifying, and concretizing the central theme of the service.

The words of the talk should be as concrete and simple as the words of the story. This does not imply "talking down." Growing, vivacious, active boys and girls resent "baby" talk. Discover the language of the boys and girls with whom you are dealing, and speak with their vocabulary.

Do not call the members of the Junior Church "children" when talking to them. Never use such pious cant modifying words as "dear" and "sweet." Call them "boys and girls" and speak to them as self-respecting, upstanding citizens of the community and members of the Kingdom.

The length of the story-sermon or sermonet is limited by the duration of attention of the members of the congregation, the ability of the speaker to speak interestingly to them, and the time at his disposal.

The Order of Service

As was stated at the beginning of this chapter, the exact order of the service will depend to some extent upon the traditions of the denomination and the customs of the particular local church. Whether any amount of Memory Work, instruction regarding hymns, etc., are introduced into the service, will also depend to some extent upon the amount of work of this sort being done in the Junior and Intermediate departments of the church school.

Regardless of the exact denominational order of the service, the *desire for variety* on the part of boys and girls should be kept in mind. At the same time it should be recognized that worship depends largely for the smoothness of its effect on a general order of procedure, which becomes sufficiently familiar that the boys and girls can follow from one part of the service to another without repeated announcements regarding the next item on the program. This situation calls for real care in maintaining proper balance between variety and sameness.

The order of service can be placed on a blackboard, or, better still, on a printed program or chart, with the numbers of hymns, and the pages where prayers and responses are to be found. This sort of arrangement will tend to avoid confusion, and will prevent attention to details from detracting from the atmosphere of worship.

Variety within sameness is the problem. It is possible to maintain an order of service for a long-enough period for the boys and girls to become familiar with it, yet provide, within this general order, a pleasing amount of variety. For example, the hymns, responses, prayers, and story or story-sermon need not always follow in the same order. The offertory service can be varied three or four times during the year. Occasionally a hymn can be sung as a prayer in place of a spoken unison petition. Three or four opening responses, or calls to worship, or opening sentences can be used during the year, continuing each one long enough to learn it thoroughly. Occasionally a Processional can be employed with good effect. There are times when the dramatization of a story by the boys and girls will add variety and further the spirit of worship. If a dramatization is used as a part of the service, care should be exercised to have it done as simply as possible, with no arranging of scenery or other distraction to interrupt the spirit of worship.

In closing this chapter on the Junior Church Service, may we again emphasize the fact that the Junior Church pulpit must be protected against exploiters, propagandists, and sentimentalists as carefully as the adult pulpit is guarded.

CHAPTER IV

HELPS AND HINDRANCES TO WORSHIP

AT THE beginning of Chapter III we discussed certain controlling factors and principles in the matter of an effective worship service. In this chapter we have arranged these and other factors and principles in parallel columns, under the categories "Helps" and "Hindrances." Directly opposite each "help" in the left-hand column is the corresponding "hindrance" in the right-hand column. This form of display should make vivid the contrast between the "good" and the "bad" in worship. It should be remembered that the things set forth here as "helps" are more or less *ideals* which may be difficult of achievement in some instances. All of these "helps" are not indispensable to "good" worship, but they should tend to make "good" worship "better."

A. EXTERNAL, OR PHYSICAL, HELPS TO WORSHIP	A. EXTERNAL, OR PHYSICAL, HINDRANCES TO WORSHIP
1. Beautiful, suggestive physical surroundings; soft, restful colors; inconspicuous furnishings; soft, heavy carpets.	1. Bare, unattractive place of assembly, loud, glaring colors; pictures suggestive of non-Christian ideals; furnishings that call one's attention to their gorgeousness.
2. Convenient arrangement of pews, including comfortable seats; hymnals and worship materials and helps at easy disposal of worshipers.	2. Uncomfortable pews; lack of necessary worship materials, hymnals out of place.
3. Proper arrangement of equipment in place of worship; announcement boards where all	3. Galleries extending around and back of platform; small announcement boards, or illy

can see them, thus making announcements from the platform unnecessary; platform in such position that leader can readily command entire audience.	placed, or, worse than all, no means for making announcements other than from platform; "pigeon holes" that separate groups, thus preventing unison response and feeling of fellowship in common undertaking.
4. Proper ventilation, sufficiently warm in winter, yet not such a temperature that sluggishness is provoked; sufficiently cool in summer; plenty of light, not glaring and conspicuous, but subdued.	4. Poor ventilation; sunlight "unfiltered."
5. Absolute quiet, order in entering and leaving place of worship; adapted and tested disciplinary measures; recognition of proper place of worship.	5. Worship elbowed by business; speech making; clanging of bells; "carnival-like" calls for order; shouting above the din; scolding; visiting, both on part of worshipers and leader or pastor; undignified movements on platform.
6. Beginning on time; adult leaders worshiping and supervising worship of boys and girls.	6. Beginning late; adult leaders whispering and moving about.
B. HELPS IN THE PROGRAM OF WORSHIP	B. HINDRANCES IN THE PROGRAM OF WORSHIP
1. Planned program; elements so arranged that service as a whole strikes a single note. Definite purpose in mind to be accomplished through the program. (Creation and expression of definite attitudes, as love, gratitude, etc.)	1. Program disorganized; no definite purpose; elements unrelated; hodgepodge of items, divorced from needs and interests of group.
2. Understandableness of elements of program; suited to needs and interests of worshipers; adapted to capacities of group.	2. Elements "above" or "below" capacities of worshipers; items couched in forms or words not understood by group; no point of contact between program and worshipers.

3. Thought compact in form; thought clothed in language of beauty; calling forth vivid contrast between things as they are and things as they ought to be.	3. Thought "spread out" with no particular moorings; thought expressed in obsolete, theological, stilted words and phrases; obnoxious use of cant; wit; "low-brow" words.
4. Certain amount of ritual, ceremony, some degree of mystery has value for the boys and girls.	4. Deplorable informality; no form to provide convenient channel for coöperative, continuous thinking and spontaneous heart expression.
5. Variety.	5. Rigidity; monotony. (But too great straining after variety is quite as pernicious as too great monotony.)
6. No element in the program that does not fit in with the specific purpose of this specific service.	6. Speeches by persons not acquainted with the immediate situation; prayers by unprepared people; songs chosen on the spur of the moment that express sentiment irrelevant to or opposite to planned aim of the service.
7. Beautiful, artistic, sublime music.	7. Choppy, jazzy music.
8. Hymns adapted to purpose of program; selected according to attitude to be created and expressed; movement and stateliness of hymn determined by age and sex of group; also by its place in the program and the purpose in using it.	8. Hymns of theological thought, complex, not easily comprehended by older boys and girls; not true to life nor natural; dance songs.
9. Hymns possessing literary merit; rich in religious values; true conception of the God of Jesus and our relations to him; wholesome imagery and sentiment.	9. Mere jumble of words; jingles; expressing unwholesome sentimentality, and arousing unwholesome, unchristian imagery; giving distorted conception of God and religion.
10. Opportunities provided for making habitual in daily conduct the attitudes, purposes,	10. Failure to "tie up" the experiences of the worship hour with the big task of building

and experiences of worship, by presenting Christian service enterprises and projects in which the worshipers may co-operate.

the democracy of Christ in the local community.

C. HELPS AS RELATED TO THE LEADER

1. Trained leader thoroughly conversant with his program and the purpose of the service.
2. Dignified, majestic movement of program. Quiet, masterly leading of worshipers.
3. Leader worshiping with the group and articulating their feelings.
4. Inconspicuousness; blotting himself out in the fellowship of the group.
5. Related to both leader and elements of program: Unison prayers, reciting creeds together, chants, confessionals, silent prayers, etc., to unite group in an act of concentrated attention.

C. HINDRANCES AS RELATED TO THE LEADER

1. Untrained leader with no conception of what worship is or its true place in religion and life.
2. Slipshod handling of elements of program. Loudness; overmastering driving. Sudden unexpected changes from one subject to another.
3. Leader drawing on own experience solely for leadership materials.
4. Witty remarks; unconventional dress; any action on part of leader that attracts attention to him rather than centers attention of worshipers on God.
5. Individualistic elements and leading; no feeling of social fellowship.

D. HELPS WITH CONCERN TO THE WORSHIPER

1. Fitting one's self morally for worship by forsaking evil desires and wrong deeds, by cleaving to the good.
2. Withdrawing of attention from other things; shutting out the intrusions of sense.

D. HINDRANCES WITH CONCERN TO THE WORSHIPER

1. Careless in conduct, unfaithful to conscience, cherishing petty indulgences, set upon one's own selfish ends.
2. Engrossed in matters foreign to the purposes of God; disturbed by external distractions.

3. Belief in the beneficent initiative of the Divine.	3. Idea that God must be propitiated; doubt, suspicion as to his solicitous nature.
4. Moments of pure receptivity.	4. Unwillingness to change one's ideals, attitudes, and purposes; "closed" mind.
5. Proper physical attitudes.	5. Uncomfortable, nonreverential physical attitudes.
6. Personal augment by association with group.	6. Individualistic, selfish, self-centered, self-blessing engagement in worship service.

CHAPTER V

PROJECTS AND THE PROJECT PRINCIPLE

THE immediate purpose of all our preaching and teaching is that boys and girls may learn how to behave in the Christian way in every relationship of life, and the immediate purpose of all directed activity is that the learner may have practice in right behavior. The project principle in religious education provides for all this.

Students of human life have come to realize that a person's ability to choose rightly, to learn how to act and react in the proper way in all situations, is developed more surely and quickly if he is given a chance to make choices, to initiate for himself, and to discover for himself newer and better ways of doing things. The method of education which utilizes the boys' and girls' own purposes and interests in worth-while activity has been called, for want of a better term, the "project method." In reality it is not a "method" but a "principle," for it is simply the incorporation into education of the idea that one learns by purposeful doing, that is, by practical, whole-hearted experience.

Very briefly, a project is simply any undertaking which makes use of the purposes and interests of boys and girls, and, therefore, calls into play their own spontaneous efforts. The project is not anything new, for the idea that one learns by practical experience is as old as the race. It is simply a new emphasis of an old principle of teaching. It involves the use of all the customary methods of teaching—study, research, recitation, memory, and drill, perhaps worship, and certainly adult supervision. Because it makes a place for the boys and girls to choose and to initiate they enter into all these cus-

tomary learning processes with the utmost of whole-hearted endeavor and, therefore, get the most possible learning out of them.

Since the project principle simply means learning through purposeful, meaningful activity, it is obvious that the Junior Church is not interested in arbitrarily "dragging in" projects into its program. Unless projects grow out of interests and needs of the boys and girls of the Junior Church, projects which will help them to feel that they are actually living a life, not practicing to live later on, they should have no place in the program. Whatever projects the Junior Church engages in should be a vital, natural part of the total program for the group.

At this point of purposeful activities it is most important that the leaders of the Junior Church and of the Junior and Intermediate departments of the church school work in the closest harmony. There will be no better way to "kill" the program of the Junior Church than by trying to force the boys and girls into activities in which they are already engaged in the church school.

If the plan is followed of working out the programs around one central theme for a month, as suggested in Section II, a project related to that same theme may well have a part in the program. There will also be certain seasonal interests and needs which will make possible the engagement in interesting and worth-while projects.

The leaders of a particular local Junior Church are the only ones in a position to know the needs and interests of the group, and the projects in which they are already engaged in the church school and in other similar organizations. A variety of activities is suggested in this chapter, simply as an illustration of what other groups of the Junior and Intermediate ages have engaged in. Only you are in a position to know whether they fit the needs and interests of your group. Those projects suggested in connection with the programs in Section II are but indications of what the group might engage in. They cannot be other than suggestions.

Whatever purposeful and self-chosen activities may be included in the program of the Junior Church, they should submit to the following tests: (1) Are they really purposeful? That is, do they actually take into account the interest and choices of the boys and girls? Can they and do they enter into the activities whole-heartedly? A project is educative to the extent that the members of the Junior Church can enter into it with enthusiastic purpose. (2) Are the activities worth while? That is, do they actually make a contribution to the Christian training of the boys and girls, and to the life of the community? Or are they but "busy" enterprises that get nowhere in particular? (3) Are the activities self-directed? In other words, the activity must not only grow out of the interests of the boys and girls, and represent their own choice, but they must also go to work on it themselves. Pupil activity is involved in the project principle. (4) Is the activity true to the life of the boys and girls engaging in it? Does it "tie up" with their daily problems, experiences, and needs? Or is it something "dragged in" because we think they ought to be busy?

Suggested Projects for the Junior Church

1. Learn as much as possible about "Our American Neighbors." Assign story books of life in the Philippines, Alaska, the mountains of the South, the lumber camps of the Northwest, the adobe villages of Mexico, the Indian reservations of the West. Make reproductions of community life in these different places, making with their own hands all the objects used in each village or camp. Fashion houses and farming implements; dress dolls and make tents. Put the handiwork of the boys and girls on display in the adult church, with posters and placards giving explanation. Arrange worship services, stories, and sermons to fit the theme, "Understanding and Appreciating Our American Neighbors."
2. Make a special Lincoln's Birthday offering for a Negro

school. Possibly gifts of flag or school supplies for such a school. Part of Sunday-morning service might acquaint boys and girls with some of the unfinished work of Abraham Lincoln and Booker T. Washington.

3. Enlistment of entire Junior congregation in Clean-Up Week. Boys and girls pledge to clean up their own yards and street. Sermon topics dealing with "Health and Christian Character"; "Health and Success."
4. Enlistment in Be Kind to Animals Week. Make boys and girls acquainted with the Blue Cross Society; ways in which kindness can be shown to animals. Stories leading to appreciation of what animals do for us. Boys and girls make bandages for injured animals; bird houses and bird baths.
5. Lead group in investigations to discover information regarding Day Nursery and the Children's Home. Make gifts of toys or milk or apples or clothing for the Nursery or Children's Home. Plan and give a party for some of these children.
6. Tell stories about specific mission enterprises of the denomination. Stories emphasizing the admirable qualities of boys and girls of other races. Information, if possible, about the specific children to be helped. Make scrapbooks for children in Chinese or other hospital of the denomination. Girls make handkerchiefs one yard square for Chinese girls to carry schoolbooks in. Make surgical dressings for a foreign hospital.
7. Investigations leading to information regarding Infant Welfare Society. Take out congregation membership in the Society. Visit exhibition of the Society during Better-Babies Week. Help distribute posters advertising this exhibit. Supply milk for some baby center. Sell Christmas Red Cross Seals.
8. Investigations to discover information regarding the Associated Charities and how it operates. Visit home for crippled children. Find out how the state or city cares for

its tubercular or crippled children. Donate and collect clothes for local charities or Economy Shop. Help Associated Charities especially at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Plan and give an afternoon entertainment for children in Home for Cripples.

9. Make scrapbooks for children in Southern mountains; in Mexico.
10. Give an entertainment at the church for parents or for a group of foreign children or for an orphanage.
11. Give song festival or parties for unfortunate children.
12. Give a day's outing and a good time to a poor family.
13. Give birthday parties to neglected old people.
14. Take turns in reading to old people and shut-ins.
15. Choir sing at homes where there are shut-ins or neglected people and at Old Folk's Homes.
16. Carry messages, church papers, magazines, and flowers for the church. Organize into teams, serving definite periods of time, for this work.
17. Raise flowers to be used by the church for the sick, shut-ins and hospitals; make valentines for the sick and shut-ins of the church.
18. Make books of pictures and Bible verses for Sunday schools in foreign lands. Present actual information regarding denominational schools in foreign mission fields.
19. Cultivate missionary garden; grow flowers and vegetables for definite missionary purpose; market produce in fall; use money to support specific missionary undertaking.
20. Help with the chores in homes of aged and sick; sing carols at windows and in homes of sick.
21. Write and carry invitations to parents to some special church program.
22. Collect stamps and curios for the church museum.
23. Bring flowers and plants to decorate the church.
24. Recruit attendants for the Junior Church by carrying invitation cards to those that do not attend.

25. Collect church story papers and remail to hospitals and dependent homes.
26. Make dolls for Orphans' Homes; make towels and wash cloths for dependent homes.
27. Distribute sanitary literature for campaign against dirt and disease.
28. Look after absent members.
29. Tell stories to groups of younger children.
30. Address letters and invitations for pastor.
31. Help decorate church for special occasions.
32. Tell stories and present facts for several Sundays regarding the truly great characters in the field of medical science who have blessed the world with their investigations. Divide congregation into groups to prepare illustrated reports on these characters. Construct a book containing these reports. Study such characters as Dr. Grenfell in Labrador.
33. At beginning of fall months each member of congregation write a booklet with free-hand illustrations telling the funniest and most interesting things done during the summer. Also include in booklet a list of helpful things done for Mother and Father and for neighbors. Circulate these booklets among the congregation to insure "getting acquainted."
34. Organize within the Junior Church a Community Relief Club among the older members. Make a survey of the community to determine where there are any needy cases. Committees report promptly and accurately. Then assign duties to various members of the congregation according to the needs which have been reported.
35. Enlist group in a definite enterprise responsible for some part of the care of church property. During spring and summer months, for example, the lawns and flower beds and vegetable gardens need careful attention, chairs need mending, carpets and rugs need cleaning, etc.

36. Sermon theme on "The Place of the Church in the Community," leading to preparation of notebooks containing essays on (1) Why have a church; (2) The place of the church in a boy's (girl's) life; (3) A boy's (girl's) right attitude toward the church; (4) What being a Christian really means.
37. Get acquainted with the foreign children in the neighborhood or city. Invite those of Junior Church age, and in close proximity to the church, to attend its services.
38. Show appreciation in a very definite way of church or public helpers as the pastor, janitor, policeman, newspaper editor, etc.
39. Arrange a series of services on "Heroes of To-day." Let these services deal with boy and girl heroes of the Junior and Intermediate ages. Congregation, through a special committee, make a book: Boy (Girl) Heroes of To-day.
40. Growing out of a series of worship services, including stories and sermonets, make a code of rules for "Fair Play in Games," "Honoring Father and Mother," "Treating the Teacher Square."
41. Form a messenger or relay club to be at the service of the pastor.
42. Print (or mimeograph) a calendar for the adult church. Assist in securing information for it, and in distributing it.
43. Make a Christian flag and standard for the Junior Church. Raise money to buy an American flag.
44. Make posters and placards advertising events at the adult church, also the Junior Church. Be responsible for placing and taking care of these posters.
45. Make a bulletin board for the Junior Church. Make one for the adult church and keep it posted with notices from the several church departments. Assume responsibility for keeping it in order and up to date. (Older members of Junior Church.)
46. Form Reading Club to examine books, and make list of books suitable for Christian boys and girls to read.

47. Start a library for the Junior Church. Make donations of books which meet standards agreed on by Reading Club. Raise money individually and as a congregation to add to the library. Send committee from Club to the officials of the church to secure their support in promoting and maintaining the library. Consult with city librarians to determine how Reading Club can be provided with certain books. Work out plans with city library to make available for the boys and girls only the better books.
48. Older members of congregation make a book of the Twenty Best Examples of Christian Living We Have Seen This Year. Account of each example include illustrations of actual experiences in which the Christian spirit displayed.
49. Study physical equipment and needs of the Junior Church. Plan and effect whatever physical improvements are needed. Present needs (if too large to be met by boys and girls themselves) of Junior Church to Official Board of the adult church and solicit their help. (Boys and girls make presentation of needs to Official Board through special committee.)
50. Plan series of services on theme, "Christianizing Community Life." Let investigations grow out of these services, leading to discovery of those points in community life which are not Christian. Hold Sunday afternoon, midweek, or even certain Sunday morning meetings for forum on facts growing out of investigations. In forum work out a display on large blackboard showing the neighborhood or city as it would appear if completely Christian. Transfer this display to charts and posters and bring to the attention of the adult church.
51. Organize and carry through an overnight hike with the older members of the group—perhaps two sections, boys in one and girls in the other—providing for equipment, food, sleep, camp fire, social and recreational program, camp-fire songs, good-night devotional service, and sanitary grounds when leaving.

52. Organize and carry through week-end camps with the group, providing for the same needs. (One church took its boys camping for one week and its girls for another in borrowed tents at a cost of twenty-five cents per person in addition to food that the campers brought with them from home. An increasing number of churches are acquiring permanent camp sites on river or lake with a camp program going on all the two months of the summer season. One Junior Church pastor spends Saturday afternoons regularly with groups of boys or girls or both on hikes. They go different directions each week, cook their own food at a camp fire, and tramp home with marching songs before bedtime.)
53. Have a share in presenting in dramatic form the history of the local church or denomination or both. Provide for a Father and Son and a Mother and Daughter observance. (For program helps for such observances write to denominational board or to the International Council of Religious Education, 5 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.)
54. Discuss the value of making, as a congregation, collections of special items of interest. For example, the group may find poems that they like; then plan a meeting where these are read and exchanged; same for pictures, etc.
55. Evaluate, choose, and provide for the Junior Church room an art gallery to be kept up for six months or a year, and then donated to some worthy object, such as hospital, missionary project, etc.
56. At a time when interest in the subject develops (as the result of an accident or a demonstration by a nurse or doctor) organize a First-Aid Club to study first aid. At forums discuss and demonstrate what should be done in case of sprain, dislocation, fainting, fracture, bruise, sunstroke, poisoning, wounds, broken bones, etc. Have doctor give instructions in first aid, using Boy Scout and Girl Scout

members of the congregation, or others conversant with first-aid methods, as assistants.

57. Have group put on an exhibit of things members have made at home. Give the articles to their homes or sell them and give the money to a worthy cause chosen by the girls and boys.
58. Organize a Home-Help Club. Make as requirements for degree in the Club that group must carry out certain home tasks and secure signature of parents as to their achievements along these lines.
59. Arrange for nature hikes to some points of local interest. Report on the natural beauty in the neighborhood.
60. Arrange for a hobby exhibit as a part of the annual spring or autumn church gathering, with exhibition of natural objects that have been collected by the boys and girls.
61. Arrange for a nature pageant prepared and put on by the group.
62. Arrange series of services on the theme, "The Real Value of an Education." Work out a chart showing percentage finishing grammar school, high school, college. Show what percentage of responsible positions are held by college men and women. Study needs of group, and work out standards of school life which boys and girls will strive to attain, such as taking a stand against cheating, etc.
63. Make excursions to various places of importance in the neighborhood in order to become thoroughly acquainted with them. Such places as the following may be visited: hospital, bank, post office, fire department, churches, principal stores and shops. In addition to knowing where these places are it is desirable that the boys and girls learn how to get into immediate contact with these agencies; for example, how to put in a fire alarm, and the dangers of false alarm; how to call a doctor, a policeman; how to address and mail letters to ensure their delivery, etc.

64. Make maps of the neighborhood to show the location of these important places, and any others that may have local significance.
65. Engage in campaigns for safety, fire prevention, and sanitation—these to be stimulated through coöperation with larger agencies promoting such interest.
66. Make carefully planned and supervised visits in small groups to such places as the telephone exchange, or factories, in order to show the boys and girls how these promote the neighborhood's welfare.
67. Make excursions into other types of communities within reasonable distance from the local church. For example, trips to Little Italy, Little Mexico, unpleasant congested city sections, rural settlements, may be a worth-while means of helping the boys and girls to become acquainted with how people live in various types of neighborhoods.
68. Conduct excursions through the church building in order that the boys and girls may become acquainted with its style of architecture, equipment, arrangement of rooms; special worship equipment, such as pipe organ, baptismal font, communion service, vestry, pulpit, altar, choir loft; office equipment; social rooms; gymnasium; kindergarten, and other rooms especially set apart for the program of religious education; sanitary provisions; kitchen. The purpose of the excursions will be threefold.
 (1) To help the boys and girls become thoroughly familiar with their own church plant.
 (2) To cultivate within them a sense of part-ownership in this institution, so that they may feel under some obligation to share in its care and upkeep.
 (3) To enlist them in certain church-centered activities, such as raising money to provide needed equipment for one of the rooms; repairing certain pieces of broken furniture; repairing church school hymn books or providing new ones.
69. Dramatize the story of "The Good Samaritan" as a means

of helping the pupils to cultivate and crystallize ideals and motives of Christian service. The dramatization should be based upon the biblical narrative, Luke 10: 30–37, supplemented by such imagery details typical of that day as might enhance the dramatic quality of the episode.

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9. Brief List of Classified Stories

(Adapted from a list of stories by Cynthia Pearl Maus, in the Christian Quest booklet, *Youth and Story-Telling*, prepared for the Committee on Religious Education of Youth.)

The number which appears after the name of each story indicates the book in which the story will be found in the list which precedes this classification.

A. Courage

The Crippled News Boy of Gary, p. 244 (4).
The Daughter of the Samurai (52).
Red Thread of Courage (56).
One of the Crowd (14).
Two Companions (55).
William Tell (58).
The Price of a Life (14).
Story of Elizabeth Zane (61).
Wu Yuan, a Chinese Hero (48).

B. Patriotism

Ask the United States, pp. 20–25 (76).
Washington and the Spy (74).
Their Flag (18).
The Last Class (56, 18).
Hugh John and Scots Greys (75).
Susan Tongs (74).
Vive la France (14).

C. Devotion and Loyalty

Stronger Than Death (14).
The Cow That Carried a Queen (70).
An Appomattox Episode (73).
Esther, the Queen (59)
Soul of the Great Bell (84).
Daniel Boone (14).

The Other Wise Man (19).
Richard, My King (14).
Little Lame Prince (77).
The King and the Country Girl (78).
The Story of the Rose of England (50).
The Banyan Deer King (40).
In a Rose Garden (50).

D. Honesty

Sixteenth Egg (70).
Little Countess Anna (72).
Little Sister Kindness (42).
The Wonderful Box (9).
Wonderful Tapestry (71).
Olaf and the Golden Harp (55).

E. Kindness

Anton's Errand (20).
Ruth and Naomi (80).
The Fairy Who Judged Her Neighbors (9).
The Choice of the Princess (8).
Forest Full of Friends (43).
The Slave Who Ran Away From His Master (4).
Twelve Months (9).
Poor Man and the Rich Man (54).
St. Nicholas and the Nobleman's Son (59).
Easter Eggs (54).
The Good Neighbor (Bible, Luke 10: 25–37).

F. Service

The Line of Golden Light (47).
The Palace Raised by Music (1).
The Oak Tree and the Ivy (64).
Deborah (59).
Flute Player (10).
Story of Moses (Bible) (65).

Where Love Is, God Is (66, 9, 12).
Boy Who Found the King (43).
Dorcas, the Good Neighbor (Bible, Acts 9: 36–42).
First Corn (67).
St. Christopher (48, 17).
In the Desert of Waiting (68).
Florence Nightingale (69).
Pigeons of Venice (54).

G. Love

A Cup of Cold Water (48).
Golden Goblet (51).
Holy Night (53).
The Shepherd Who Turned Back (54).
God of the Thundering Water (54).
The Three Sons (Mother Love) (55).
The Prodigal Son (Father Love) (Luke 15).
The Melting Pot (Brotherly Love) (58).
Little Daylight (56).
Search for the Beautiful (1).

H. Confidence and Faith

The Life Beyond (80).
Blind Bartimæus (59).
The First Christmas Tree (3).
Prayer Circle (62).
St. Stephen, the Martyr (Bible, Acts 6).
Daniel, Master of Magicians (13).
Daniel in the Lions' Den (48).
The Brotherhood (63).

I. Right Living

How Cedric Became a Knight (47).
The Great Stone Face (46).
The Three Weavers (10).
Land of the Blue Flower (79).

Minstrel Soldier and the King (14).
Evil Allures but Good Endures (12).
How a Boy Prince Took Arms (14).
The Man Who Was True (48).
Raja and the Kingdom of Truth (48).
The Holy Grail (59).
Sir Galahad (65).

J. Christmas

The Pine Tree, pp. 240–244 (45).
The First Christmas Tree, pp. 92–93 (81).
Tiny Tim, pp. 248–251 (45).
The Mouse and the Moonbeam, pp. 51–72 (64).
On the Hills of Bethlehem, pp. 69–74 (76).
The Inn That Missed Its Chance, pp. 110, 111 (81).
The House of Many Lamps (28).
The First Christmas Roses (28).
The Christmas Story (Luke 2, Matthew 2).
First Christmas Tree, pp. 251–297 (3).
Little Cosette (45).
Story of the Other Wise Man, pp. 151–197 (3).
Why the Chimes Rang (1).

K. Easter

At Easter Time, pp. 33–39 (76).
The Boy That Was Scar't of Dyin', pp. 71–79 (82).
The First Easter Day (John 22).
Christ, the Explorer, pp. 104–105 (60).
A Handful of Clay, pp. 201–205 (31).
The Lost Word, pp. 209–257 (3).
A Little Child Shall Lead Them, pp. 40–45 (76).

L. Mother's Day

For Mothers, pp. 90–94 (76).
The Legend of the Wings, pp. 95–96 (76).
The Shet-up Posey, pp. 13–21 (82).
The Closing Door (83).

M. Independence Day, July 4

Paul Revere's Ride (40).
The Man Who Wrote *America*, pp. 230–232 (4).
Betty Ross and the Flag (4).
The First Fourth of July, pp. 217, 218 (4).

N. Thanksgiving

The First Thanksgiving Day (4).
Ahni, pp. 64–68 (76).
Old Man Rabbit's Thanksgiving Dinner, p. 92 (77).
Ezra's Thanksgiving Out West, p. 115 (64).

10. Brief List of Classified Books for the Boys and Girls

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Carey, S. P., *William Carey*, Doubleday, Doran & Co.
Cather, K. D., *Boyhood Stories of Famous Men*, Century.
Grenfell, W. T., *A Labrador Doctor* (*An Autobiography*), Houghton Mifflin.

B. Devotional Books

Alleman, H. C., *Prayers for Boys*, Altemus.
Cross, M. N., *God's Minute*, Vir.
Quayle, W. A., *Out-of-Doors with Jesus*, Abingdon.
Scovil, E. R., *Prayers for Girls*, Altemus.
Slattery, M., *Girls' Book of Prayer*, Pilgrim.
Thurston, M. N., *The Adventure of Prayer*, Revell.

C. Life Purpose and Stewardship

Donnelly, H. I., *What Shall I Do with My Life?*, Westminster.
Cook, C. A., *The Larger Stewardship*, Judson.

DOXSEE, H. M., *Getting Into Your Life-Work*, Abingdon.
LOVEJOY, L. E., *Stewardship for All of Life*, Methodist Book Concern.
WALKER, B. L., *Where Shall I Invest My Life*, Church.

D. The Out-of-Doors

BURR, H. M., *Around the Fire*, Association Press.
CHELEY-BAKER, *Camp and Outing Activities*, Association Press.
CHELEY, F. H., *Told by the Camp Fire*, Association Press.
GIBSON, W. H., *Camp Life in the Woods*, Harper.
SETON, E. T., *Wild Animals I Have Known*, Grosset & Dunlap.
VERRILL, A. H., *The Ocean and Its Mysteries*, Duffield.

E. Missions

COREY, S. J., *Among South American Friends*, Powell & White.
HENSEY, A. F., *My Children of the Forest*, Doubleday, Doran.
KERSHNER, B. L., *Head Hunter, and Other Stories of Philippines*, Powell & White.
SHELTON, A. L., *Pioneering in Tibet*, Revell.
WILSON, G., *Dad's Letters on a World Journey*, Powell & White.

F. Social Hygiene

HALL, W. S., *From Youth into Manhood*, Association Press.
HALL, W. S., *John's Vacation*, American Medical Association.
JEWETT, F., *The Next Generation*, Ginn.
LOWRY, E. B., *Confidences* (For Young Girls), Forbes.
MCKEE, M. A., *The Heart of the Rose*, Revell.
MOORE, H. H., *Keeping in Condition*, Association Press.

G. Essays and History

DEQUINCEY, *Joan of Arc*, Ginn.
GRAYSON, D., *Adventures in Friendship*, Doubleday, Doran.
ROOSEVELT, T., *American Ideals and Other Essays*, Putnam's.
VAN LOON, H. W., *The Story of Mankind*, Boni & Liveright.

H. Poems

BYRON, G. G., *The Prisoner of Chillon*, Houghton Mifflin.
CHAPMAN, A., *Out Where the West Begins, and Other Western Verses*, Houghton Mifflin.
GUEST, E. A., *A Heap o' Livin'*, Reilly & Lee.
GUEST, E. A., *Just Folks*, Reilly & Lee.
GUEST, E. A., *When Day is Done*, Reilly & Lee.
GUEST, E. A., *The Passing Throng*, Reilly & Lee.
KIPLING, R., *The Recessional*, Doubleday, Doran.
PORTER, D. R., *Poems of Action*, Association Press.
RILEY, J. W., *Book of Joyous Children*, Bobbs-Merrill.
RILEY, J. W., *Green Fields and Running Brooks*, Bobbs-Merrill.
RILEY, J. W., *Neighborly Poems*, Bobbs-Merrill.
RILEY, J. W., *Rhymes of Childhood*, Bobbs-Merrill.
STEVENSON, R. L., *A Child's Garden of Verses*, Sears.

I. Travel and Adventure

BAILEY, E. S., *The Sand Dunes of Indiana*, McClurg.
CLEMENS, S. L., (MARK TWAIN), *Life on the Mississippi*, Harper.
FRANCK, H. A., *Vagabonding Down the Andes*, Century.
FRANCK, H. A., *A Vagabond Journey Around the World*, Century.
GRIFFIS, W. E., *Brave Little Holland, and What She Taught Us*, Houghton Mifflin.
JAMES, G. W., *Our American Wonderlands*, McClurg.
LUCAS, E. V., *A Wanderer in Holland*, Macmillan.
MUIR, J., *Travels in Alaska*, Houghton Mifflin.
MUIR, J., *A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf*, Houghton Mifflin.
NICHOLSON, M., *The Valley of Democracy*, Scribner's.
PAINE, A. B., *The Tent-Dwellers*, Harper.
PARKHAM, F., *The Oregon Trail*, Scribner's.
POOLE, E., *The Village: Russian Impressions*, Macmillan.
SLOCUM, J., *Around the World in the Sloop "Spray"*, Scribner's.

SLOCUM, J., *Sailing Alone Around the World,* Century Co.
SMITH, F. H., *Gondola Days,* Houghton Mifflin.
STEINER, E. A., *Introducing the American Spirit,* Revell.
STEVENSON, R. L., *Across the Plains,* Scribner's.
STEVENSON, R. L., *Essays of Travel and The Art of Writing,* Scribner's.
STREET, J., *American Adventures,* Century.
YOUNG, S. H., *Alaska Days with John Muir,* Revell.

J. Fiction

ALDRICH, T. B., *The Story of a Bad Boy,* Houghton Mifflin.
BACHELLER, I., *In the Days of Poor Richard,* Grosset & Dunlap.
BAILEY, T., *The Blue Window,* Grosset & Dunlap.
CABLE, G. W., *Old Creole Days,* Scribner's.
CANFIELD, D., *The Bent Twig,* Grosset & Dunlap.
CANFIELD, D., *The Day of Glory,* Holt.
CANFIELD, D., *Hillsboro People,* Holt.
CATHER, W., *One of Ours,* Knopf.
CERVANTES, M., *Don Quixote,* Macmillan.
CLEMENS, S. L., *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* Harper.
CLEMENS, S. L., *The Prince and the Pauper,* Harper.
CLEMENS, S. L., *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,* Harper.
COLLINS, W., *The Moonstone,* Burt.
CONNOLLY, J. B., *Out of Gloucester,* Scribner's.
CONRAD, J., *Lord Jim,* Doubleday, Doran.
CONRAD, J., *Tales of Hearsay,* Doubleday, Doran.
COOPER, J. F., *The Deerslayer,* Sears.
CRADDOCK, C. E., *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains,* Houghton Mifflin.
CRANE, S., *The Red Badge of Courage,* Appleton.
DAVIS, W. S., *A Friend of Cæsar,* Macmillan.
DEFOE, D., *Robinson Crusoe,* Grosset & Dunlap.
DELAND, M., *Old Chester Tales,* Harper.
DELAND, M., *New Friends in Old Chester,* Grosset & Dunlap.
DEMORGAN, W., *Alice-for-Short,* Grosset & Dunlap
DICKENS, C., *Christmas Stories,* Dutton.

DICKENS, C., *Tale of Two Cities*, Dutton.
DUMAS, A., *The Three Musketeers*, Grosset & Dunlap.
EGGLESTON, E., *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, Grosset & Dunlap.
EGGLESTON, M. W., *Fireside Stories for Girls in Their Teens*, Doubleday, Doran & Co.
FOX, J., *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, Grosset & Dunlap.
FRENCH, H. W., *The Lance of Kanana*, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.
GALE, Z., *Friendship Village*, Macmillan.
HAWES, C. B., *The Great Quest*, Little, Brown.
HENRY, O., *Cabbages and Kings*, Doubleday, Doran.
HOUGH, E., *The Covered Wagon*, Grosset & Dunlap.
HUGHES, T., *Tom Brown's School Days*, Grosset & Dunlap.
KINGSLEY, C., *Westward Ho!* (2 volumes), Sears.
KIPLING, R., *Captains Courageous*, Doubleday, Doran.
KIPLING, R., *The Day's Work*, Doubleday, Doran.
KIPLING, R., *Stalky and Company*, Doubleday, Doran.
KIPLING, R., *Kim*, Doubleday, Doran.
KIPLING, R., *Puck of Pook's Hill*, Doubleday, Doran.
LOCKE, W. J., *The Beloved Vagabond*, Burt.
MAJOR, C., *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, McClurg.
MASON, A. E. W., *The Four Feathers*, Macmillan.
MUSSER, H. A., *Jungle Tales*, Doubleday, Doran.
STEVENSON, R. L., *The Black Arrow*, Scribner's.
STEVENSON, R. L., *Kidnapped*, Scribner's.
STEVENSON, R. L., *Treasure Island*, Grosset & Dunlap.
VAN DYKE, H., *The Blue Flower*, Scribner's.
VAN DYKE, H., *Half-Told Tales*, Scribner's.
VERNE, J., *The Mysterious Island*, Dutton.
VERNE, J., *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, Grosset & Dunlap.
WALPOLE, H., *Jeremy*, Doubleday, Doran.

THE JUNIOR CHURCH MANUAL

SECTION II

TYPICAL ORDER OF SERVICE

(With Some Suggestions for Procedure)

THEME: THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

1. *Processional Hymn:* "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear." (A Processional can be used easily where there is a Junior Choir, or, in the absence of a regular choir, it can be used with a select group of boys and girls chosen and trained for a particular occasion.)

or

Instrumental Prelude: "Silent Night."

2. *The Doxology.* (All the members standing. The boys and girls should be instructed and trained to stand immediately at the close of the Instrumental Prelude or the Processional Hymn. It should not be necessary to make an announcement to stand. While the members are learning this practice, the pastor can indicate the time for the congregation to stand by an upward motion of his hand. The song leader or choir will lead in singing the Doxology without announcement, when the pianist strikes the first note.)

or

Call to Worship. (All the members standing. After the Doxology has been used for three or four Sundays as the second item in the order of service, a Call to Worship may be substituted. If the pastor desires, a Call to Worship may always be used following the Prelude or the Processional Hymn. If the Doxology and the Call to Worship are both employed in the service, alternating say from month to month, the shift from one to the other can be noted on the bulletin board, on which the Order of Service is printed, or on the printed or multigraphed or mimeographed Order of Service which is placed in the hands of the members. If a Call to Worship is used which involves a

Song Response by the members, it should be included in the service a sufficient number of times in succession for the boys and girls to become thoroughly familiar with the music of the Response. When they have learned the music, the words of the Response can simply be printed in the program which is placed in their hands.)

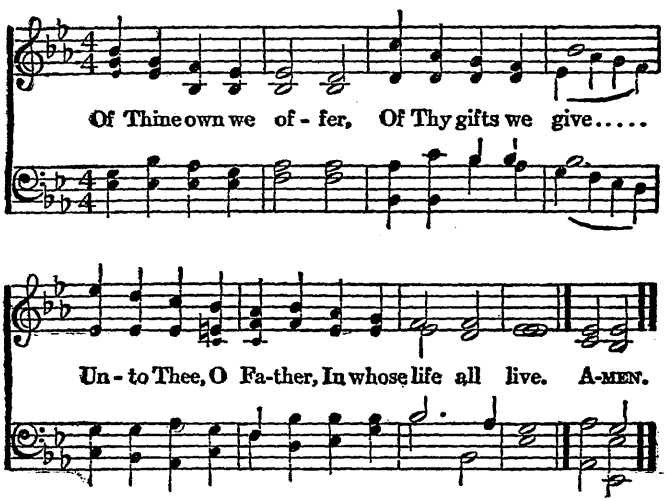
or

Call to Worship Followed by the Doxology. (A third possibility of procedure following the Processional or the Prelude is to issue the Call to Worship and then to sing the Doxology as the Response.)

3. *Prayer.* (All remain standing. This may be a short prayer by the pastor, closing with the Lord's Prayer in unison; or the Lord's Prayer itself in unison, or a unison prayer other than the Lord's Prayer and not preceded by a prayer by the pastor. In case a Unison Prayer is used at this point it may be learned by the members at some special period of instruction, and thereafter indicated on the program simply by the words, "Unison Prayer." If the Unison Prayer is not used several times in succession, thus making necessary that the members memorize it, it may be printed in the program and read by the congregation. The Unison Prayer should either fit the Theme for the Month or the Theme for the particular service in which it is used. If a short prayer by the pastor is used it should fit the theme of that particular service. In this service the Prayer should be one of "Good Will.")
4. *Hymn:* "O Little Town of Bethlehem," Phillips Brooks. (Congregation seated. Led by the Junior Church Choir, if there is one.)
5. *Devotional Reading.* The One Hundredth Psalm. (Responsive.)
6. *Hymn:* "As with Gladness Men of Old," William C. Dix. (All standing.)
7. *Announcements.*
 Reception of New Members
 Business, etc.
8. *Offertory Service.*
 INSTRUMENTAL: "We Three Kings of Orient Are," (No. 90, *Hymnal for American Youth*).

PASTOR: Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.

RESPONSE:



(Several suggested "Offertory Services" will be found in the pages which follow. Study the several programs presented hereafter and select three or four Offertory Services which you will plan to use throughout the year. Use one Service for three or four months and then change to another. If it is your desire you may work out and use a different Offertory Service for each month. If the Service is to be as meaningful to the boys and girls as it should be, a particular Order of Service should be used sufficiently long for them to become thoroughly acquainted with it.)

9. *Scripture Lesson:* Luke 2: 8–20.
10. *Sermon.*
11. *Prayer.* (A short prayer by the pastor, summarizing in brief fashion the main points of the service.)
12. *Hymn:* "Joy to the World! the Lord Is Come," Isaac Watts. (Congregation standing.)

13. *Benediction:*

The Lord bless us and keep us;
The Lord make His face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us;
The Lord lift up His countenance upon us, and give us peace.
Amen.

CHAPTER I: JANUARY

THEME FOR THE MONTH: REVERENCE

Sunday, January 5

Theme: REVERENCE FOR THE FATHER GOD

Suggested Scripture: Psalm 23; 105: 1–7*a*; I Kings 19: 1–4, 8–15*a*; Psalm 95: 1–7*a*; Matthew 22: 35–40.

Text: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

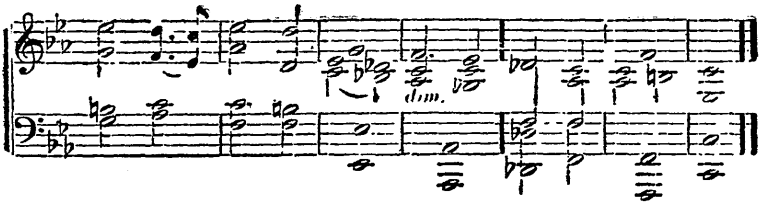
Selected Hymns: "Holy, Holy, Holy," Reginald Heber; "O Worship the King, All-Glorious Above," Robert Grant; 'The Spacious Firmament on High," Joseph Addison; "Come, Thou, Almighty King," Charles Wesley; "Shepherd of Tender Youth," Henry M. Dexter; "For All Thy Care We Bless Thee," Sarah Doudney; "At All Times Praise the Lord," John S. Howson.

Instrumental Prelude: "He, the Lord Our God," Mendelssohn.

HE, THE LORD OUR GOD

(From the Oratorio, "Elijah") MENDELSSOHN





Call to Worship: (Chord, All Stand.)

LEADER: O, come let us worship and bow down; Let us kneel before Jehovah, our Maker.

Hymn Response: "The Lord is in His Holy Temple," Adam Geibel.

The Lord is in His Holy Temple,
The Lord is in His Holy Temple,
Let all the earth keep silence,
Let all the earth keep silence,
Keep silence before Him. Amen.

Offertory: "Ave Maria," Gounod.

AVE MARIA

BACH-GOUNOD





Sermon, Story and Illustrations:

Go back in your imagination some twenty-five hundred years to the great and ancient city of Jerusalem. Picture the city in ruins—the walls broken down, the gates burned up, and the people discouraged.

It is late at night. Around the walls of the city there rides a solitary figure who studies very carefully everything that he sees. You have heard of the famous ride of Paul Revere. Well, this ride by a man named Nehemiah is worthy of a place by the side of the

historical midnight ride of Paul Revere. Several hours he spends on his ride, and then he retires, well content with the night's work.

The next morning he is up bright and early to put certain plans into operation. He wants to rebuild the walls of the city, and his ride of the night before was for the purpose of finding out just what would have to be done to complete the task. He goes to some of his friends and explains his plans. They are enthusiastic and agree to support him. With a joyous heart he goes to work.

As soon, however, as he begins his work enemies put in their appearance. From every direction they come. From the north come the Samaritans; from the east the Ammonites; from the south the Arabians; and from the west the Ashdodites. While we are on the point may I observe that whenever you set about a really worthwhile task you may be sure that you will have enemies and hindrances on every side.

Let us take a brief look at the methods employed by Nehemiah's enemies. The first thing they did was to laugh. You recall the very popular song of the soldier boys, "There are smiles that make you happy; There are smiles that make you blue." Well, there is a laugh that makes the world radiant and beautiful, and that makes your heart sing with joy and power. There is another kind of laughter which seems to have been spun out of the thread of midnight, and wherever it falls it casts a shadow, and discourages and withers. You can hearten your friend with a laugh or you can scare and discourage him. Have you ever had a friend try to laugh you out of your duty? Have any of you boys tried to make a girl cry by a laugh? You know that it can be done. Nehemiah's enemies laughed at him. "A great joke," they said. "The very idea of a little fellow like you trying to rebuild the walls of a great city! Oh, such a joke!" And again they laughed. But Nehemiah was not discouraged. He went on with his job.

Then his enemies tried sneers. It is easy enough to discourage a fellow with a mocking laugh, but oh, so much easier to dishearten him with a sneer. Sometimes a sneer makes us more determined than ever to carry out what we have started. Most times, however, it makes us so self-conscious that we want to give up the task. So Nehemiah's enemies sneered at him. "Why, any wall you build will be so weak that it will not hold up the weight of a fox," said

one of his enemies. A mean and nasty thing to say. Other sneering things they said to him, but he kept right on building.

Finding that laughter and sneers were useless, Nehemiah's enemies made use of force. If laughter and jeers would not work, maybe bows and arrows, spears and swords, would. All the warlike weapons they had, they brought out. What do you suppose Nehemiah did? I imagine he was somewhat angered, but he was not frightened. He simply called the people together and told them that it would be necessary for every man to work with a sword by his side. If they should hear the trumpet, then every man should drop his work and hasten to the spot from which the sound came. And so he kept right on with his work.

Laughter had failed; sneers had failed; force had failed. So now his enemies adopted trickery. They began to lay traps. Sometimes it is possible to accomplish by trickery and fraud that which cannot be accomplished by fair dealing. Many people adopt this policy to their future great sorrow. Up to this time Nehemiah has been able to see his enemies. Now they fight only in the dark. Our most dangerous enemies fight in the dark. If a temptation comes out into the open we can attack it. But when it fights in the dark, sometimes in the garb and guise of a friend, we are almost helpless. A copperhead snake is not dangerous if you can see it. The trouble comes when you do not see it. Nearly all of our foes are harmless if we can only see them.

The first trick Nehemiah's enemies tried to work on him was this. They sent him a polite invitation to come down into one of the villages and hold a conference. They simply wanted to talk things over, they said. Why should he not go? How could a little conference with these men harm Nehemiah or the great work in which he was engaged? The invitation was a sugary one, but Nehemiah's reply was full of vinegar: "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." In other words, he was too busy to come down. Talk would have interrupted his work.

Nehemiah's enemies were patient. A second invitation they sent to him. That is the way with most of our temptations. They come again and again. Many boys and girls yield to a temptation when it comes the second time. We must resist the first one, the second one, the third one, and every one thereafter. Nehemiah repeated his

first answer. When the third invitation came, again he repeated his answer. A fourth time the request was repeated, and a fourth time he sent back the answer that he was doing a great work and that he did not have time to come down for a talk.

Laughter had now failed; jeers had not succeeded; force had been turned back; and trickery had been without avail. Now they resorted to threats. If he does not quit his work they will report him to the Persian king, they tell him. Maybe he can be frightened, they say to themselves. But no, threats do not discourage him. He keeps right on with his work.

His enemies are at their wits' end. In spite of all the discouragements, the work goes steadily forward, and the result is announced in three great sentences: "The wall was finished." "The enemies were cast down." "They saw that this was the work of God."

A great story it is of a great man who would not be discouraged. You are going to write a story this New Year. During this year that is before you there will be many, many invitations for you to turn aside from your great work of living as true Christian boys and girls. What will be your answer?

You are surrounded by enemies on every side, and they are sly and ingenious. They will laugh at you, and if that fails to move you, they will jeer at you, and if they do not conquer you, they will threaten you with swords and spears. They will lay traps for you and try to trick you. They will send you invitations to turn aside from your purpose to be a fine, upstanding, noble Christian. Many of the invitations will appear to be very innocent, and you may be tempted to heed some of them. Will you give Nehemiah's answer to all of them? "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down."

At the beginning of this New Year we should all make some new resolutions—resolutions to be finer and better than we have ever been. We will resolve to be clean and honest and kind and good children of our Father God. It will not be easy to carry out this resolve. Friends and enemies alike will try to get us to forget our resolve during the year. To them all we must answer that we are "doing a great work."

The greatest work in the world is that of living as true sons and daughters of God. When temptations come to us to be less than the best that is in us, let us say to ourselves: "God is my Father;

I am a member of His family; I cannot afford to do anything during this year that would bring disgrace upon His name. I must be true to the great family to which I belong—God's family."

Standing with folded wings of mystery,
The New Year waits to greet us—you and me.

Her arms are full of gifts; her feet are shod
All fitly for rough roads or velvet sod;
Her eyes are steady with belief in God.

Her voice falls sweetly as a vesper bell
Where trust and hope all lesser notes dispel;
Scarce knowing why, we feel that all is well.

She smiles a little as she turns away,
Breathing a promise for each coming day;
And we—we pause a little while to pray.

—LILLIAN GARD.

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Scripture for the Boys and Girls to Memorize: Psalm 23.

Memory Work Hymn: "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."

Reginald Heber wrote this hymn. He was a minister of the Church of England and later Bishop of Calcutta, India. He wrote fifty-seven hymns, some of which we sing in our Junior Church, for he was the author of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and "The Son of God Goes Forth to War." Tennyson, the poet, thought that "Holy, Holy, Holy," was the finest hymn ever written in any language. The words are based on a verse in the Bible. It is in the Book of Revelation and says, "They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."

Pictures to Exhibit and Comment Upon During This Service: Angel Heads, Reynolds; Chorister Boys, Anderson; The Angelus, Millet.

The Angelus may be displayed and commented upon somewhat

in this fashion just preceding the Call to Worship: The ringing of the bell was to these people who are displayed in this picture a call to drop their work and think of God. So often had they done this that it was almost like hearing the voice of God speaking to them. Because their heads are bowed we know that they were reverent when they heard God's voice and turned to speak to Him. Our worship theme to-day is reverence for the Father God. Let us, like the people in this picture, also be reverent when we hear the call to worship and bow our head when we talk to our Father God. Let us resolve that throughout this new year ahead of us we will show our reverence for God by living as he wants us to live.

How many broadcasting stations are there in our section of the country? Well, there is WBAW, and WLAC, and WSM (substitute here the names of the stations within reach of your city or town), and many, many others that we do not know about. Had it ever occurred to you that you are a broadcasting station? Indeed you are. Each one of us is broadcasting something. It is either good or bad. What will we broadcast during this new year? Will it be good thoughts and good deeds? Or will it be evil thoughts and deeds?

Let us take care what we are broadcasting. The best way for us to be sure that we will broadcast only those thoughts and acts which are good and beautiful and true is to ask God to keep our hearts. Let us love the Lord our God with our hearts, our minds, and with all our strength, and then we may be sure that we will broadcast nothing that will hurt, and much that will make for happiness in this listening world.

Sunday, January 12

Theme: REVERENCE FOR GOD'S WORD

Suggested Scripture: Psalm 119: 9–16; II Timothy 3: 16–17; I Timothy 2: 15; Psalm 78: 1; Psalm 33: 4; Psalm 19: 78*a*; Psalm 119: 1, 11; Psalm 1: 1–2.

Text: "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

Selected Hymns: "O Word of God Incarnate," William Walsham How; "Break Thou the Bread of Life," Mary A. Lathbury; "Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace," Bernard D. Barton; "Saviour, Teach Me, Day by Day," Jane E. Leeson.

Hymn Story:

There lived, far back in 1841, a young woman of rare beauty of character. Everyone who knew her loved her. Her name was Mary Artemus Lathbury. She was the talented daughter of a Methodist minister, whose home was greatly blessed by her cheering influence. She expressed her wonderful character in many ways—through her literary writings, her exquisite pictures which made her famous; but most of all she is remembered for her hymns. One of her most famous hymns we want to sing to-day, "Break Thou the Bread of Life," because it especially fits the spirit of our theme.

Composite Reading:

1. Give ear, O my people, to my law,
 Incline your ears to the words of my mouth.
2. The Word of Jehovah is right.
3. The Law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul.
4. Blessed are they that are perfect in the way, who walk in the Law of Jehovah.
5. Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee.
6. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked, nor standeth in the way of sinners; nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers. But his delight is in the Law of Jehovah.

Instrumental Prelude: "Break Thou the Bread of Life." (Played through twice.)

Call to Worship:

How sweet are thy words to my taste,
Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!
Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And a light unto my path.

Choir Response to Call to Worship: (See next page for Response Music.)



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Offertory:

PASTOR: Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and running over; for with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

MUSIC: "Ave Maria," Gounod. (For music see page 72.)

RESPONSE:



Closing Prayer:

Our Father God, by whose providence and help all Holy Scriptures were written and preserved for our instruction and inspiration, give us grace and intelligence to study them this and every day, with patience and love. Strengthen our lives with the fullness of their teaching. Keep us from all pride and irreverence. Guide us day by day in the things of Thy kindly wisdom, and of Thy great

love lead us by Thy word into full and abundant life. In Thy name we ask it. Amen.

Picture for Study and Comment: Christ and the Doctors, Hoffmann.

(In commenting on the picture read the story of how Jesus came to be in the temple with the doctors, Luke 2:41–52. Christ has set us an example. As a boy he loved God's word. Let us also read it to find out what it has for us. In our service this morning we are going to think about holding God's word in reverence.)

Sermon and Illustrations:

When a vessel is leaving port to sail out to sea the captain either takes a "pilot" on board to guide him out to the open waters or follows the lead of a "pilot ship" which guides him down the middle of the channel to the deep and open waters. Regardless of how efficient the captain may be in the open sea, if he did not have the "pilot" or "pilot ship" to guide him into the main channel where his vessel can travel in safety and with speed, he might get himself and his passengers into serious trouble.

If you have ridden on a lake or ocean steamer, or even on a river steamer or boat of any proportions, you have seen the floats and buoys dotted down the course of the river near its mouth or along the shores of the lake. They are to mark the track of the channel, and serve as guides to a vessel coming into port or going out into navigable waters.

When hunters or explorers go into an unknown country they take along with them people they call "guides," in order that they may come safely and surely to their goal. Without guides in life we should be aimless wanderers, making many and serious mistakes.

To-day we want to think for a few minutes of a voyage which all of you must take—the voyage of life which you are now beginning. Out before you are great, vast seas of experience into which you must sail. If you try to sail them without chart and compass you may come upon many hidden rocks which will sink your ship, or at least, batter and bruise it until it will not be fit for safe and efficient service. If you try to launch out upon the sea of experience without a guide of any sort you may never come to the open sea where you can sail with joy and ease and safety.

I know how boys and girls often like to rush along and enjoy themselves without thinking. It seems not to occur to them that there are hidden rocks and shallow waters which greedily wait for them. They want to rush along in life and do everything that everyone is doing.

Sometimes boys and girls are lured on to destruction by false guides. Unless we have a guide which can carry us through every danger in the great Sea of Life we may never reach the Harbor of Manhood or Womanhood as we ought. We will reach the harbor, it is true, but there may be great and ugly scars which cannot be removed.

The first part of your travels have been happy and the waters may not be troubled for some time. But sometime there will come those storms of temptation that you can't see until they are on you. With your own knowledge and the strength of your own character you may be able to ride those breakers and come out into the open, clear waters of life. But after you have passed those troubled waters and have come a little closer to the Harbor of Manhood or Womanhood, there will be *hidden rocks* on every side, temptations that you won't see, for they will be under the surface of the waters, or in your own heart and mind. You are certain to find them, hidden away out there in the Sea of Life, away from your parents and your friends. They are the rocks that you can't see. You will find the Rock of Selfishness, the treacherous Rock of Egotism, the Hidden Rocks of Untruthfulness, Unappreciation, Cowardice, Immorality, Dishonesty, Irreverence, and many, many other rocks.

Now each of you is a beautiful ship with your true colors of youth, your strong young body, your clean heart and mind. I can't command your ship for you, and your father and mother can't command it for you, nor can your friends. You must command it yourself. Before you go out there among those Hidden Rocks, I want to tell you how you can make the voyage and come sailing into the Port of Manhood or Womanhood with as fine a ship as you have now—clean, bright, true. As men and women before you have sailed the Sea of Life they have learned many things about the Hidden Rocks and the shoals and the storms. They have learned how it is possible for you to get out into the open waters of life where you can find real joy and happiness in sailing your craft. Some of these people have written for us those things they have learned,

and to-day we have their messages in our Bible. These messages come from men who sailed the Sea of Life with God as their Pilot. Such men as that should be safe guides, should they not?

In this collection of messages from men who have sailed the Sea of Life with God as their Pilot, we find the life story and the sayings of a man who knew more about God than any man who has ever lived. You can guess who the man is—our Hero and Master, Jesus Christ. In the life story of Jesus and the stories of other great men and women of God in the Bible we have safe guides for our voyage upon the Sea of Life.

Are we acquainted with this guide? Do we read and study it regularly? Have we learned to reverence it as God's Word to us? May we more and more rely upon God's Word as the sure and safe guide in our voyage into and through Manhood and Womanhood.

The Books on President Wilson's Desk

The particular books that men of national or world-wide prominence keep on their desks for constant reference are always of interest to the public. If the reader could walk into the private office of President Woodrow Wilson, at the White House, he would find the following books neatly arranged, between book-ends, on his desk and within easy reach of where he sits:

The Holy Bible.
The World Almanac.
The Congressional Directory.
Register of the Department of State.
Constitution of the United States.
Rules and Manual of the United States Senate.

—From *The Wallet of Time*, by the late William Winter, for years the dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*.

What Do You Like to Read?

A young lad in Brooklyn was almost given up in despair by his mother because he seemed addicted to trash, enjoying nothing so much as cheap cigarettes to smoke and cheap tales to read. Then a librarian got hold of him. "What do you like to read?" he asked.

"Detective stories."

"Have you ever read Thomas Bailey Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*? It is one of the best detective stories ever written," said the librarian.

So the boy took the book home and, retaining it a week longer than he usually kept books, returned it, saying: "That is the best book I ever read. Got any more?"

The librarian was also a field lecturer in geology, and along with feeding the boy better and better books he gained his consent to go with him on a field trip with his class. At the foot of the Palisades he began telling about the long leisureliness of God laying the foundation of the earth, when he saw the boy, legs apart, arms akimbo, eyes protruding with amazed interest.

Going home the lad sidled up to him. "I never heard anything like that in all my life. Are there any books about it?"

So he began reading geology and, to make a long story short, that lad, once absorbed in trash, is now Professor of Geology in a great University.—ANON.

Sunday, January 19

Theme: REVERENCE FOR OTHERS

Suggested Scripture: Psalm 8; Matthew 6: 25–34; Genesis 1: 27.
Text: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"
Selected Hymns: "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," John G. Whittier; "In Christ There Is No East or West," John Oxenham; "O Jesus, I Have Promised," John E. Bode; "O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee," Washington Gladden; "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy," Frederick W. Faber.
Instrumental Prelude:





Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Rejoice in Jehovah, Oh, ye righteous.

RESPONSE: Let Thy loving-kindness, O Jehovah, be upon us
According as we have hoped in Thee.

Offertory: "Träumerei," Schumann. (For music see page 87.)

Sermon, Story, and Illustrations:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! All the people hear! I have for sale some young slaves; slaves who have not yet felt the lash. Hear ye! What am I bid for this strong, lithe young man? See the muscles in his arms and legs. Who will buy him? Take him and fashion him to suit your fancy. What? You do not want a man slave? It is well, Agur. Thou art a rich merchant, and I would please thee. Behold this young woman whose spirit is yet unconquered. She will serve thee well, although she may lead thee a merry chase before thou hast trained her."

"No, no!" replied the merchant. "I will have a slave whose

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back has bled under the sting of the lash. What time have I for taming wild cats? Must I go elsewhere to buy?"

"Nay, nay," answered the slave master. "I have here one whose spirit is broken. She will give thee no trouble. Her masters have been among the richest men of Jerusalem. Stand forth, Gomer! Look upon her closely, Agur. She is worth much gold."

"Dog of a slave master, what dost thou require for her? I have not time to haggle. Name your price."

Thus was enacted the sale of Gomer, the wife of the prophet Hosea, to the prophet himself. After much debate the slave dealer refused to sell Gomer to the rich merchant, choosing rather to let her go at a much smaller price to Hosea, for eleven dollars and a quarter and twelve bushels of barley.

Think for a moment of a woman—a wife and mother—being sold as a slave for fifteen pieces of silver and a small amount of grain. Is that all a woman is worth? Suppose someone should come to you and say, "I will buy your mother. How much is she worth?" Could you name the worth of your mother? Suppose this same person should also say, "I will buy your brother or sister. Name your price." What amount would you name? Let us keep on supposing. A street newsboy passes by, and this same person turns to you and says, "I would also like to buy that boy. I wonder what he is worth. What price will you place on him?" What answer would you make to that question? Would you even attempt to estimate the worth of your mother, or your brother or sister, or the newsboy?

Men place a price on horses and cows and hogs and dogs and other animals. We do not like to think about it, but in days gone by men also placed a price on men and women, boys and girls. Can you think of estimating the worth of your best friend as you would the worth of a horse or a cow?

If your body were sold for what it is actually worth as merchandise do you know how much it would bring? Scientists who have analyzed the human body tell us that it is worth in terms of merchandise value about ninety-eight cents. The soap manufacturer might be induced to pay as much as ten cents for you for the soap he could make out of the fat of your body. The iron maker might be able to get enough iron out of you to make one eight-penny nail. Lime enough to whitewash a medium-sized chicken coop could be secured; potassium enough to explode one toy cap pistol; a pinch of magnesium; and sulphur to chase the flies off one dog. In all, you are worth as merchandise less than one dollar.

Really, how much are you worth? How much am I worth? Your father and mother would not sell you for one dollar, or, as for that, for all the dollars in the world. Your friends would not sell you for what you would bring as merchandise. You would not sell yourself. Evidently, a person is worth more than his body. What is it, then, that makes you and me of any worth at all? Why am I worth more than a horse or a cow?

One day when Jesus was talking to a group of his friends he stated that it would be better for a man to tie a rock around his neck and drown himself in the sea than to harm a little child. Jesus was talking about *any* child, not princes and princesses and sons and daughters of presidents. What is it that makes a little child, whether black or brown or white, worth so much that Jesus was willing to say that the worst thing in the world a man can do is to bring harm to it?

Let us turn to the Eighth Psalm and see if we can find help in answering the question. In this Psalm the poet says, "... thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea." When we turn to the creation story in the first chapter of Genesis we find that the inspired Hebrew writer says: "So God created man in his *own* image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

One day while one of the great Hebrew poets was thinking of the wonder of the universe, and the wonder of the God who had created the universe, he recorded these words: "When I consider thy hea-

vens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" In our own words the poet is saying, "When I gaze into the heavens at night and think of the millions upon millions of suns and stars whirling through space, all subject to law and order, and then think of man upon the earth, man so small and insignificant, I wonder how the God who created all of the suns and moons and stars and worlds of the universe can have time to care anything about man."

Sometimes people boast of the fact that members of their family came to this country on the *Mayflower*, or that they belong to this or that family of Virginia. Because of the traditions of the family to which they belong, they sometimes refrain from doing certain things in order that they may not bring the good name of their family into bad repute. They have what we call "family pride," and this sense of respect for family name and honor leads them to do fine and noble things.

If all of us could fully realize that God is our Father and that we are his children, do you think we would live as we sometimes do? Have a confidential chat with yourself this morning. Suppose you ask yourself this question: "As a member of God's family am I living up to what is expected of me? Am I treating others as though they were members of God's family? Am I living with others as I would with my brothers and sisters?" Jesus has helped us to know that God values the members of his family above the world, above all of the worlds in his universe. Even the smallest child, Jesus has told us, is worth more than the earth and all its wealth. If God places such a value upon me, how should I live? How much should I value God's other children?

Real Nobility

When the British Government offered to raise Sir Douglas Haig to the peerage, in recognition of his services during the war, he asked that the honor be postponed until the officers under him and the men of the army had been suitably rewarded. The reason the British nobility has held its own so long, and is on the whole so worthy of respect, is that it has kept much that is really noble, and still regards *noblesse oblige* not as a mere tradition, but as a living fact.—*Youth's Companion.*

True Greatness

General Joffre, victor of the Marne, was supplanted to the supreme command of the French armies by General Nivelle, and the world wondered at it. Now comes the story from France that General Joffre believed General Nivelle was the man of the hour, a better man than he to bring victory to the Allies, and that Joffre insisted that the younger man be given his great place. General Joffre was a success. He will be ranked as a great general, yet, in the very height of his fame, he lays aside opportunities for greater glory because he believes another man can better serve his country. In comparison with this act of patriotism the victory of the Marne is a small thing. By this act alone General Joffre stands before us as one of the great men, the great patriots of all time. May America have men like him.—*American Boy.*

The Cripple of Gary

Daily are the acts of heroism, daily are the deeds of which the bare record must ennoble human nature. And of all the shining and piteous sacrifices that have made humble lives heroic, none is more touching than that of William Rugh, a newsboy of Gary, Indiana.

He let his crippled leg be amputated in order that skin might be grafted from it to save the life of a young woman whom he did not know. The doctors had warned him that the operation might be fatal; he had replied, "Go ahead; it may save her." It did; but William Rugh died.

It was an inconspicuous rendering up of an inconspicuous life, yet no building in the city of Gary was large enough to hold the throngs that wished to do honor and reverence to William Rugh. So the funeral service was attended by several thousand persons.—*Youth's Companion.*

Come Clean, My Lad

When the game is on and your friends about,
And you could put your rival out
By a trick that's mean, but wouldn't be seen;
Come Clean, My Lad, Come Clean.

When exams are called and you want to pass,
And you know how you could lead your class,
But the plan's not square—you know it's mean;
Come Clean, My Lad, Come Clean.

With the boss away you've a chance to shirk,
Not lose your pay—not have to work,
He'll neither fire you nor vent his spleen;
Come Clean, My Lad, Come Clean.

When you're all alone with no one about,
And not a soul would find out,
You're tempted to do a thing that's mean;
Come Clean, My Lad, Come Clean.

For a home awaits, and a girl that's true,
And Church and State have need of you,
They must have your best—on you they lean;
Come Clean, My Lad, Come Clean.

—EUGENE C. FOSTER.

Sunday; January 26

Theme: REVERENCE FOR THE GOOD, THE BEAUTIFUL, AND THE TRUE

Suggested Scripture: Philippians 4: 8; Psalm 139: 1–4, 7–12, 18*b*; Matthew 5: 1, 2, 8; 7: 16*b*–18; 12: 33, 34*b*, 35.

Text: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true... whatsoever things are lovely ... whatsoever things are of good report ... think on these things."

Selected Hymns: "I Would Be True," Howard Arnold Walter; "Life's Mirror," Madeline S. Bridges; "To Keep Content," Elizabeth H. David (Altered); "True Hearted, Whole Hearted, Faithful and Loyal," Frances R. Havergal; "Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak," Frances R. Havergal.

Instrumental Prelude: "The Rose Garden," Bilbre.

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Jehovah, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle?

RESPONSE: He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

Offertory:

PASTOR:

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

MUSIC: "Take My Life, and Let it Be," Frances R. Havergal.

RESPONSE:

Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought;
Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned;
Ours is the faith, the will, the thought;
The rest, O God, is in Thy hand. Amen.

(For music, see service for January 12.)

Opening Prayer:[1]

O Thou who art the God of power and of love, we come to Thee with thankful praise and adoration. Without Thee there is no life, nor any joy. Thou hast made the world in all its beauty. Thou dost cause the sun to give us warmth and light. The shining stars obey Thy will; the flowers also are Thy ministers.

Teach us, O Father, true obedience to Thy perfect law. From all proud thoughts defend us. In our ignorance, Thy wisdom give us. Make us strong in Thine eternal strength. And thus, enfolded by Thy love, we live in fellowship with Thee, O God, for ever. Amen.

Closing Prayer:[2]

O God, our Father, everything that is beautiful and good cometh from Thee. We thank Thee that Thou hast so made us that we can enjoy the memory of all that we have seen. We are glad that we can think when we will about the mountains and the sunsets, the woods and the flowers, which we have known and loved, and about the stories we have read, and the pictures we have delighted in.

Thou art teaching us day by day to know and to desire the things that are worth knowing, and to put away from our thoughts all that is mean and unworthy. As we go about our studies, in our

[1]HUGH HARTSHORNE, *The Book of Worship of the Church School.*

[2]HUGH HARTSHORNE, *Manual for Training in Worship.*

work, in our games, and in all our companionships with one another may we be ever looking for what is noble and honorable and true, because we know that it is of these things that Thou dost think.

And so by thus living day by day with the memories and the thoughts and the purposes of which Thou dost approve, shall we fit ourselves for more and more perfect companionship with Thee, our Father and our Friend.

And all this we ask and achieve through the friendship and the grace of our Master, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Sermon, Story, and Illustrations.

One of the best known stories in the English language is that of "The Great Stone Face," by Hawthorne. Although it is an old story we never tire of hearing it. To-day it has a particular message for us as we think together of Reverence for the Good, the Beautiful, and the True.

Up among the mountains of the North there is a place where the rocks of an overhanging cliff have so piled themselves together, by some curious chance, as to form the outline of a great stone face. The Old Man of the Mountain, the people call it. Huge and majestic, it has stood there through the centuries like some mighty guardian of the valley below it.

For many generations legends had been told about the Great Stone Face. One of them was that some day a child would be born in the valley who was destined to become the greatest and noblest person of the time and whose countenance should bear an exact resemblance to the Old Man of the Mountain.

One day a boy by the name of Ernest heard the story, and began to wonder about it. For hours he used to gaze at the vast features of the Great Stone Face, and his fancy would color them with dignity and goodness and power. To him it was the most wonderful face he had ever seen, and he longed for the time to come when the great man should appear who was to be like this ancient guardian of the valley.

Many years passed by, and still Ernest used to go and look up at the Great Face. Sometimes there were strange moments when it seemed that he could almost talk with it. And he would think and think upon the deep things of the human heart or of some great

good which was to come to mankind. Day by day he lived and grew wise in the presence of good and beautiful things.

Did you ever notice how the expression on people's faces seems to tell you what they are thinking about? A person who is cross inside is pretty apt to be all frowns outside, isn't he? And one whose face is covered with cheery smiles is probably happy and good and kind, isn't he? That is how it was that Ernest's face began to show the kind of man he was.

Now and then, as time went on, someone who had been born in the valley and had gone away would come back to the village where Ernest lived—someone who had won fame and power and money in the great world outside. Every time a native son returned the villagers would always think that at last the man had come who should fulfill the prophecy of the old legend. But Ernest was always disappointed. No one who returned seemed so wonderful or beautiful as the Old Man of the Mountain.

By and by Ernest grew to be an old man, and still no one came to the valley to fulfill the prophecy. His friends had not thought of him as being great at all. He was just a simple workman like the rest. But no one ever walked or talked with him without feeling better and happier. He spoke truths that touched the hearts and shaped the lives of all who heard him. In the evening at the close of day the people would often gather after work, and he would speak to them in his simple way, explaining some of the beautiful and wonderful and true things of life.

One evening, as Ernest was talking to the people, a strange thing happened. They were gathered on a hillside from which all could see the grand and massive features of the Great Face. He had begun to talk to them, and as the evening sun cast its soft glow over the valley its rays rested on his face. Never before had the people noticed in Ernest's expression the beauty, the strength, and the tenderness that they now saw. Suddenly someone in the audience threw up his arms and cried:

"Look! Look! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face."

And it was so. At last the prophecy had been fulfilled. As he had been thinking about the Great Face, and about what the good man would be like who should have a face so wonderful and strong, his own features grew like that of which he thought, and his own

face came to glow with all the peace and beauty and goodness and power that he had seen in the old man of stone up there on the mountain.[1]

What happened to Ernest is true of life. As we live in fellowship with the good, the beautiful, and the true, we become good, beautiful, and true. If we think on good and beautiful things, our faces show it. If we think on mean and ugly things, it shows in our faces. We become like the things we see and think about, and the people with whom we associate.

Do you like to make and build things? Most of us do. Maybe you have never thought about it, but all of us are builders. God has set every single one of us to building a house. This house we live in is made up of our thoughts and our deeds. Every time we think something, whether good or bad, and every time we do something, whether good or bad, we are making the house that our minds and hearts must dwell in. It may be a very beautiful house, or a very mean and ugly one. We can have it one sort or the other according to the way we choose.

Here we are going to school, playing and talking with other boys and girls, and hearing them talk. Some day you may hear things that are not good to hear. If you listen to the kind of talk that you would be ashamed for your mother to hear, or to an ugly story, and build your own thought out of it, presently your house will be all made up of ugly and dirty things. The tramp who trudges the road, and who has to sleep in a dirty shed at night because he has no other place to live, may be better off than the boy or girl who deliberately builds out of ugly thoughts a shed for his mind to live in. The tramp may live in a shed because he cannot help it; but the boy who gathers vile thoughts to put in his mind is building a shed deliberately, when he might have made something beautiful and fine.

Just suppose, however, that a boy determines to think, as Paul said we ought to think, of that which is "true, and lovely, and honourable, and of good report." Then he is building for his mind a house high and lofty and beautiful. When his mind lives in that sort of a house, the low and common things cannot reach it.

So it is also with things we do. Let boys and girls be truthful and courageous, let them stand up for the right at all times, let them

[1]Based on Hawthorne's story. Theme used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.

stand for fair play and a square deal, let them look for the beautiful in the world and in people, and every such fine act is like a great stone laid in the walls of character—the house we are building for ourselves and for God.

The Worth of Little Things

Sometimes boys and girls seem to get the notion that little thoughts and little acts have no effect on character. A life of goodness is made up of many, many little thoughts that are good, and many, many little acts of goodness. On the other hand, a life of badness is made up of many, many little thoughts and acts. If we take care of the little things, the big things will take care of themselves.

Think of the many *little* things of importance:

1. Our life consists of days, and the days are composed of minutes, and the minutes of seconds, and seconds are little things.

2. The minutes are filled with little things. (Enumerate a few of the many small things with which our days are packed.)

3. Our feelings are colored by little things—little smiles, little frowns, little sorrows or joys, little remarks, either kind or unkind, little gifts, *ad infinitum.*

4. The happiness of other people depends on little things also. If we are hurt or helped by what others do, then they are helped or hurt by what we do.

5. The happiness of a home is built on little things. Little courtesies, little misunderstandings, little sacrifices, little faults, little disobediences, little quarrels, little acts of kindness—all go to make a home happy or unhappy.

6. Character is made good and beautiful and true by the faithful doing of little things. Big liars all begin as little liars. Big thieves are only little thieves grown up. Big habits started out as little habits. All habits have this in common: They grow in strength all the time, so that no matter how small they are at the beginning, they become in time strong enough to overcome us, if they are bad, or strong enough to make us fine, noble characters, if they are good.

7. The Bible tells us that Jesus always noticed the little things.

8. Who will help us do the little things? Would the great God who made the heavens and the earth take time to help boys and girls do the little things of life? He will and does, for he is our Father.

KINDNESS

Little words of kindness—
How they cheer the heart!
What a world of gladness
Will a smile impart!

Little acts of kindness—
Small may be their cost,
Yet when they are wanting,
Life's best charm is lost.

—ANONYMOUS.

A LITTLE WORD

A little word in kindness said,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's sad,
And made a friend sincere.

Then think it not a worthless thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

From *Merry Chimes.*

CHAPTER II: FEBRUARY

THEME FOR THE MONTH: GOOD CITIZENSHIP

Sunday, February 2

Theme: RESPECT FOR LAW

Suggested Scripture: I Corinthians 9: 24–26; 10: 23; 10: 31; Psalm 78: 1.

Text: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Selected Hymns: "Suppose," Abbie Farwell Brown; "God of Our Boyhood, Whom We Yield," Anonymous; "I Would Be True," Howard Arnold Walter; "God Send Us Men Whose Aim 'Twill Be," F. J. Gillman, altered; "Forward Through the Ages," Frederick L. Hosmer.

Instrumental Prelude: "Be Not Afraid," from *Elijah*—Mendelssohn.

Opening Sentences:

PASTOR: Enter into his gate with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise.

RESPONSE: This is the day which Jehovah hath made.

PASTOR: We will rejoice and be glad in it.
We are free to do anything.

RESPONSE: But not everything is good for us.

ALL: We are free to do anything, but not everything builds up character.

Offertory:

MUSIC: "Souvenir," by Drdla.

RESPONSE: As the offering is brought forward, let the congregation stand and sing in unison the *Response*, "We Give Thee But Thine Own." If there is a Children's Chorus, you may prefer for them to sing the *Response*.

We give thee but thine won,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee. Amen.

Opening Prayer:

Father of us all, whose love and mercy have brought us to the gateway of the second month of this new year, grant that we may enter into it with glad and grateful hearts. Grant also that we may form and confirm our resolution to walk more closely with Thee, and labor more faithfully in Thy Service, to the end that we may stand up for Jesus every day of our lives, and help boys and girls the world around to know him as their Friend and Master. In the early weeks of this another year help us to consecrate our lives anew to Jesus and his ideals. Help us to be brave and true and heroic for his sake. Amen.

Closing Prayer:

Our Father, we desire to live happy and successful lives in this world in which Thou hast placed us. We desire to live for others rather than for ourselves, for we realize that our own happiness and success come through serving others. Help us to know that Thy world is a world of law, and that if we would respect and serve others, we must live by the laws of our country, the laws of our own consciences, and the laws of God. Help us to be law-abiding citizens, our Father, for we want to be good citizens. Amen.

Sermon and Illustrations:

How many of you have noticed signs at the intersection of streets which read, "Keep to the Right"? Sometimes when you are riding down town and traffic is particularly heavy you will find a policeman in the middle of the street directing automobilists to "Keep to the Right." When you are walking along a sidewalk or footway you are expected to pass other people on the right-hand side.

Do you know how this "Keep to the Right" custom came into existence? Three hundred years ago, and even less, men dressed in jerkins and doublets, with tight-fitting leggings and broad shoes, crowned with a short cloak and a hat with drooping feathers. This was the common dress of our English forefathers before they came

to this new land. In addition to this dress, which now seems to us very elaborate, most of them wore a long and narrow sword, which hung at the left thigh from a richly-embroidered belt; and last, but not least, a suspicious-looking dagger, almost hidden from sight, its jeweled but crafty hilt protruding at the right hip, just where a man's angry fingers would be sure to find it when vengeance was in his heart.

It was in the days when men dressed in this fashion that it became the custom for gentlemen to pass each other in the streets upon the right-hand side. In those days men thought they gave proof of being gentlemen by being ever ready to draw their swords to avenge the least insult, real or imaginary. Of course, before doing so they were expected to give their antagonist fair warning, so that he might defend himself. If in the fight a man's sword was struck out of his hand he would then draw his dagger as a last resource.

Do you know the difference between a rapier and a dagger? It is this: You get fair notice when a sword is to be drawn, for the right hand of your opponent must cross his body and make a long upward movement before the blade comes away from the scabbard, but with a dagger the right hand slides quickly to the right hip, the dagger is out in a flash, and you feel it in your body before you see it with your eyes. Especially would you need to be on your guard if your enemy were passing upon the left, when his dagger would be close to your ribs as you passed and might be treacherously thrust between them before you could defend yourself. So you begin to understand why it was necessary to establish the custom for gentlemen to pass one another upon the right, when their right hands and their sudden, sneaky daggers would be as far as possible from their neighbor's ribs.

It was for the safety of others that this custom was established. It is for the safety of yourself and others that to-day we have the traffic law that automobiles shall "Keep to the Right." Suppose there were no laws governing the way a man shall drive on the streets. It would hardly be safe, would it, for a man either to drive or to walk? Why do we have "Stop" signs at certain streets? Is not the object of all traffic laws to protect the life and safety of those who ride and walk on our streets and thoroughfares? If you were the only person in this city it would not be necessary to have traffic laws, for there would not be anyone to harm you or for you to harm.

There are thousands of others, however, besides yourself in this city, and, therefore, it becomes necessary to have laws which protect you and the others. Are traffic laws meant to hamper our individual freedom, or to give each of us greater freedom?

What would happen if there were no laws against stealing the property of other people; or burning people's houses; or hurting people or taking the lives of others? Would you want to live in a place where there were no such laws?

I want to give you a thought which you should write deep in your memory and never forget: The world is made up largely of other people. That is a very simple thought, but I wonder how many of us realize it fully.

Have you ever wanted to do something and your father or mother or some friend has said, "You can't do that"? And you have replied, "I don't see why I can't do it. It doesn't hurt anybody else." If it is wrong it does hurt somebody else. We do not act alone. Everything we do touches someone else. No one lives to himself. Because no one lives to himself it is necessary to have laws for the protection of others.

Did you ever hear the story of cats and clover? A good many years ago a great scientist by the name of Darwin discovered that red and purple clover had something to do with plain, ordinary cats. The way he made this discovery is very interesting. He covered a hundred red and purple clover tops with little bags of muslin, and when the clover was ripe he found these covered clover tops had no seed. Then he found that the other clover tops had all come to seed, and then he knew that this was because the bumble bees which had carried pollen from flower to flower had fertilized the clover and that the clover tops that had been covered were not fertilized because the bumble bee avoided them. So you see plainly that the clover depends on the bumble bee to bring it to seed. Then he found that the baby bumble bees were nursed in the ground in shallow cradles and that the field mice hunted for them and ate them, so that the mice which killed the bees thereby harmed the clover. He then discovered that the clover near the village was fertilized because the mice that destroyed the baby bumble bees were caught by the village cats and so the cats without knowing it, by killing the mice that killed the bees, were helping the clover to come to seed. The bees depend on the cats and the clover depends on

the bees, and without knowing it they help or harm each other. The mice feed the cats, and the bees feed the clover and the clover feeds the sheep and the cows, and the sheep provide wool which is made into clothing, and the cows give us milk and shoe leather and other necessary things.

Does this not help us to see that no one lives to himself? We depend on one another. We either help or hurt each other. In such a world as this laws are an absolute necessity. The Good Citizen respects and obeys the laws, for he knows that they are made to secure the well-being and safety and happiness of all of us. We want to be good citizens, therefore we will respect the laws of our land, of our state, and of our city. We will also respect the laws and customs which govern our homes and our schools, for we realize that all of them are made for our own benefit.

Flowers of the Law

In talking to a florist one day I remarked that my geraniums would not blossom, but instead ran all to big leaves and rangy stems. The florist smiled. "The answer to your trouble," said he, "is very simple. Put the plants in smaller pots." "Why smaller pots?" I asked. "Because," said he, "as long as the roots run wild with more freedom than is good for them, the plant runs wild also, but once let the roots come up against the sides of the pot and the plant will settle down to being a useful member of your household." On the way home I pondered over the advice of the florist. Did it apply to human beings as well as to geraniums? I made up my mind it did. In these days when we hear so much about individual rights it is well to keep in mind the very wholesome truth that only in those places where every citizen is willing to sacrifice something for the common good is there a chance for the blossoming of all that is good and noble. Imagine a situation where everyone could go just as he pleased, where roots, so to speak, ran entirely wild, without any law to give them form or keep them separate from the others. Under such conditions an evil man would rob others in his neighborhood; a sick man would infest all the others around; a man who used vile language would poison the ears of little children; in other words, no person would be safe, and civilization would rapidly melt away into the worst form of savagery. In order to prevent all of this each

of us gives up rights; we agree not to spit on the sidewalk, or tell dirty stories, or lie about our neighbors, or steal, or do one another bodily harm. In other words we place about ourselves a wall of law, against which our roots grow in bountiful security, take shape and feed into our daily lives those qualities that make American citizenship such a beautiful thing in the world. Let us, therefore, think often of the geranium with its roots against the sides of the pot, and its branches green in the sunlight and crowned with the glory of crimson flowers. Let us, then, apply thought to ourselves, and understand that peace, and comfort, and freedom all are the glorious blossoms that arise in any spot where the roots of society are enclosed, happily, in the strong walls of the law.—JOSEPH B. EGAN, *Journal of Education.*

Sunday, February 9

Theme: AN IDEAL CITIZEN

Suggested Scripture: Psalm 1; Psalm 37: 6; Psalm 89: 14; Psalm 99: 4; Psalm 106: 3; Job 9: 2*b*; Isaiah 26: 7*a*; Ephesians 6: 10–13.

Text: "Blessed are they that keep justice; and he that doeth righteousness at all times." (Psalm 106: 3.)

Selected Hymns: "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies," Katherine Lee Bates; "God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand," Daniel C. Roberts; "Our Native Land," Anonymous; "Our Country," John Wreford; "Now Thank We All Our God," Martin Rinkart; "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," Samuel F. Smith.

Hymn Story and Comment:

February is the month in which we think much about patriotism, for it gave to our country two of its greatest men—Lincoln and Washington. While our thoughts are to-day on our country and one of its great heroes, it is a good time to learn some patriotic songs. There is one song, written more than thirty-five years ago, which seems to grow more popular every day. It is "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies."

This song was written by Katherine Lee Bates, professor of English in Wellesley College. She had just traveled across our coun-

try, and she was so greatly impressed by its beauty that she wrote this hymn about it.

Let us open our hymn books to the song and read it together. (While the boys and girls are seated the pastor leads them in a unison reading of the four verses of the song.)

This wonderful poem, you see, reminds us of the many, many things of which our country can be proud—the great wheat and oat fields of the West that furnish food for thousands and thousands of people; the great blue and purple mountains that rise majestically over orchards of apple and peach and grape and plum; the beautiful, prosperous cities that are the pride of our land from coast to coast; the heroic pioneers and pilgrims of other days who braved dangers that we might have peace and plenty.

Most of all we like to sing of the heroes and patriots who have given their lives to make our nation great. Let us read again the second verse,

"O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness."

And the third,

"O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life."

The family of Abraham Lincoln was one of these pioneer families who crossed the country when it was still a wilderness. Our country has had many heroes who have defended her in strife and who have loved her enough to give their lives for her, but none of them is greater than the man whose birthday we honor to-day—Abraham Lincoln.

Let us sing this song now, and as we sing may we think of the many, many things we of to-day owe to those heroic men and women of other days who gave their lives for our country. (Congregation stands and sings.)

Prayer: (Let this be a prayer of thanksgiving for Abraham Lincoln, the great hero of justice; and a petition for leaders with his spirit of justice.)

Responsive Scripture:

PASTOR: Jehovah loveth justice.

CONGREGATION: The works of his hands are truth and justice.

PASTOR: Thou dost establish equity;
Thou executest righteousness.

CONGREGATION: Righteousness and justice are the foundation of Thy throne.

PASTOR: Blessed are they that keep justice; and he that doeth righteousness at all times.

CONGREGATION: And He will make thy righteousness to go forth as the light, and thy justice as the noon-day.

Instrumental Prelude: "The Star Spangled Banner."

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: How can a man be just with God?

CONGREGATION: The way of the just is uprightness.

Offertory: "Judge Eternal, Throned in Splendor," Henry Scott Holland.

Closing Prayer:

Our Father, we thank Thee for the great heroes that our country has produced and whose memory we honor. Especially do we thank Thee this day for the noble and courageous life and daring ideals of Abraham Lincoln. As we study the life of this great man to-day, may we purpose to make his high ideals our own ideals, striving to be, like him, a citizen of whom our nation can be proud. In Jesus' name. Amen.

At Close of Service: During the service there should be displayed back of the pulpit, or in some other conspicuous place in the room, a picture of Lincoln, with the American flag above it. The boys and girls now stand and render salute. Two or three verses of "The Star Spangled Banner" may be sung, after which the members of the congregation repeat "The Pledge of Allegiance":

"I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Sermon, Story, and Illustrations:

One month ago we decided that we should take the Bible—God's Word—as the guide for our daily lives. Abraham Lincoln, one of our greatest American citizens, was a true follower of God, and the Bible was his guide. Like President Wilson, Abraham Lincoln kept the Bible on his table and studied it often.

Lincoln was born and grew up in such poverty as few boys have ever known. His mother died when he was very young, so that not until he was seven years old, when a kindly lady took charge of his father's household, did the ragged, barefoot boy know what it was "to feel like a human being." The forlorn lad was expected to work from the time he could hold an ax in his hand. Abe's father, who was lazy and shiftless, hired him out to the neighbors to dig ditches, plow, drive oxen, and do many other similarly unpleasant things, keeping the few dollars the boy earned and growling because the lad loved to read when he had finished his work. Often Abe would come home at night cold and wet and aching, and while other boys were lounging around he would roll a log on the fire to give him light, or place a lighted pine knot on the wall of the cabin, and by the dim, flickering light read such books as he could borrow from friends.

The turning point in his life came when he found two old law books that had been thrown away with some rubbish he was hauling. By the light of smoking pine knots he read these books and carefully retained the information they gave. His wide reading enabled him later to speak eloquently and forcefully, especially against the hated slave trade which he opposed so whole-heartedly. One day, passing through the slave market of New Orleans, he saw a girl being auctioned from the slave block. His indignation was so aroused at the sight of this helpless girl being sold as so much merchandise that he decided then and there to fight slavery with all his might if ever he got the chance. His chance came, as we know, and he did fight it hard.

Few men in history have faced greater trials and difficulties than those which Honest Abe faced and overcame. He was not bitter, though he suffered many taunts and was called a "gorilla," a "baboon," a "clown," a "butcher," a "traitor," a "fool," an "ignorant backwoods lawyer," and many other terrible things. He lived his life above these criticisms and expressed in his actions the

immortal words he later uttered: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

Many of his friends lost patience with him and found fault; his enemies mocked him; his closest admirers and followers doubted him; but nothing could push him aside from the path of right and duty as he saw it. His patience, understanding, sympathy, large-heartedness, justice, and faith in God never failed him. With him men were neither great nor small—they were right or wrong. He never compromised from the time he first ran for office and prepared an address in which he declared that "this country cannot exist half slave and half free." Upon being urged by his friends to strike out that radical portion of his speech if he would be elected, he replied: "I know there is a God, and that he hates the injustice of slavery. . . . If He has a place and a work for me, and I think He has, I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything."

To his spirit of humility and justice were added kindness and forgiveness. Abraham Lincoln will always rank as one of the greatest presidents of our nation, and, above all, as one of the noblest souls of all God's creation. He was the ideal Christian citizen. On this day which we celebrate in memory of this great and good man, let us pledge our devotion to his country and our country, to Christian ideals, and to the God to whom Lincoln was true.

And so they buried Lincoln?
 Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin lid,
 In all the years since that wild spring of pain?
They slew themselves, they but set Lincoln free.
 In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
Shall beat, while pulses throb to chivalry
 And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.

—James T. Mackay.

American Hymn

Speed our Republic, O Father on high,
Lead us in pathways of justice and right;

Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,
Girdle with virtue, the armor of might!
Hail! Three times hail to our country and flag!
Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all!
Girdle with virtue, the armor of might!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

—MATTHIAS KELLER.

BENEDICTION

And now, Our Father, dismiss us with Thy blessing, granting unto us that strength that will enable us to serve acceptably our country and our Saviour. Amen.

THE CITIZENSHIP STANDARD

Called on to act as judge of the junior-republic supreme court in a case which involved the question whether a prisoner who was a good football player should be released for the day in order to strengthen the republic team, I listened to comprehensive arguments for continuing the temporary injunction I had granted. At the end of the speech the boy judge of the republic sat down but almost immediately arose again. "Your honor," said he, "just one thing more: In most schools and colleges nowadays a fellow has to gain a certain standard of scholarship in order to be a member of any athletic team. Now, up here at the junior republic our *standard is citizenship*, and if a fellow can't keep out of jail he's no business to play on the football eleven."

—THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE.

Sunday, February 16

Theme: THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY (TRUST IN GOD)

Suggested Scripture: Isaiah 55: 1–11; Psalm 121; Hebrews 11: 1, 7, 8, 17, 24–29, 32–34; Isaiah 12: 2.

Text: "I will trust, and not be afraid, for Jehovah is my strength and song."

Selected Hymns: "Faith of Our Fathers," Frederick W. Faber;

"American Hymns," Matthias Keller; "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies," Katherine Lee Bates; "From All Thy Saints in Warfare," Horatio Nelson; "O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand," Leonard Bacon; "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," Samuel F. Smith.

Picture: Large picture of Washington with flag draped above it; Washington at Valley Forge, Brueckner.

Instrumental Prelude: "American Hymn," Matthias Keller. (Tune, "Angel of Peace," Matthias Keller.)

Opening Sentence:

PASTOR: Blessed is the man whose strength is in the Lord,
In whose heart are the highways to Zion.

CONGREGATION:

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth to victory all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.
Amen.

ALL: Let us, as a nation, be just—observe good faith toward all nations, cultivate peace and harmony with all, and give to all mankind the example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Opening Prayer: (In Concert. George Washington's Prayer for the Nation.)

"Almighty God: We make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy Holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; and entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large.

"And finally that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion and without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation.

"Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen."

Closing Prayer:

Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee that our nation came into being through the faith and courage and trust of men like Washington. That although he fought for freedom and liberty, he stood always for harmony and peace at home and good will among all the nations. Keep us true to these ideals and to Washington's God and to the land our fathers loved. When our country calls for courage and sacrifice, make us ready and willing to serve it with the best we have to give. In every way, our Father, in every day, make us worthy successors of the great and noble heroes of the past who have left in our keeping the honor of their country and ours. In Jesus' name we ask it. Amen.

Offertory: Music, "Ave Maria," Gounod. (For music, see service for January 5.)

RESPONSE:

Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought;
Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned;
Ours is the faith, the will, the thought;
The rest, O God, is in Thy hand. Amen.

(For music, see service for January 5.)

Sermon, Story, and Illustrations:

The same faith which inspired the leaders of old upheld George Washington in the task of leading a new nation. The secret of his strength was his faith and prayer. This was revealed in his prayer at Valley Forge.

"With his lean, ragged levies, undismayed,
He crouched among the vigilant hills; a show
To the disdainful, heaven-blinded foe,
Unlauded, unsupported, disobeyed.
Thwarted, maligned, conspired against, betrayed—
Yet nothing could unheart him. Wouldst thou know
His secret? There, in that thicket on the snow,
Washington knelt before his God and prayed."

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Washington believed in religion as a necessary and invaluable force in government. He once said, "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." At another time, when urging the people to their religious duty, he said: "While we are zealously performing the duties of Good Citizens and Soldiers, we certainly ought not to be inattentive to the highest Duties of Religion. To the distinguished Character of Patriot it should be our highest Glory to add the more distinguished Character of Christian. I commend the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His Holy keeping."

Washington believed in law enforcement. Would that we had his passion for law observance to-day! The feud with the liquor interests began during his administration. The feud with the liquor interests is yet in our midst to-day. The boys and girls in your congregation are not too young to be interested in this vital issue. In the very short to-morrow they will be the ones to say whether the Eighteenth Amendment shall continue and be enforced or whether it shall fall into continued bad repute. In Washington's day Prohibition was not even a dream, but self-interest swayed the acts of those dealing in liquor, and they had the spirit of rebellion against law.

"A tax on distilled spirits, which had been levied by Congress a few years before, caused at the time great commotion. Instead of subsiding with time, this kept on increasing, until civil war was threatened. There seemed to be no alternative but to meet force with force. Fearing more serious measures, Washington issued a proclamation, commanding the insurgents to disperse before the next September, or he would call out the militia to enforce the laws."[1] When the matter came to a final issue, all opposition was put down and peace was restored without the shedding of blood.

Washington's fame for truth-telling is world wide and will last throughout history. We need such standards to-day.

Of his many noble sentiments, proverbs, and statements, the following is perhaps the best remembered: "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." To his own conscience he was ever true. When the voice of God

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spoke through his better self, he obeyed. And—he spent much time in "talking with God" in order that he might hear his conscience when it should speak.

A Lesson in Stewardship

Much of Washington's sturdy character was inherited from his father, who gave George a lesson in Stewardship that made a lasting impression. When George was only four years old, his cousin brought him a fine, large apple. He did not want to divide with his brothers and sisters. His father could not prevail upon him to share it with others so he tried a different plan, which succeeded .He told the little boy that the Almighty would have plenty of apples the next fall. Later, one fine morning, Mr. Washington took George by the hand, and, accompanied by a guest, led him to the orchard. The ground was covered with the finest fruit, and the trees were also bending under the weight of apples.

Reminding George of the time when he had been so reluctant to divide his apple, his father said to him: "Look up, my son, and see how richly the Almighty has made good my promise to you." With tears in his eyes, the little boy said: "Father, forgive me this time, and see if I am ever so stingy any more."—Reprinted from *Worship for Youth*, Stacy, Powell and White, publishers. Used by permission.

When Washington Apologized

All biographies of Washington tell us that he had a temper which, if not held in control, would have been violent. But he was man enough and Christian enough to apologize and forgive. When a young man, he quarreled with a friend; harsh and angry words passed between them and as a result of the argument Washington was knocked down.

Friends of the two who knew George's high-strung disposition expected nothing else but a duel, which would have been perfectly justified by the customs of the times. Instead of challenging, George thought the matter over, decided that he was in the wrong, and went to his former friend the next day. "I was in the wrong. I am sorry and I beg your pardon," he said. He never did a finer thing than that.—*Target.*

Influenced by Kindness

General Washington was once interviewed by a prior of a religious brotherhood who came to plead for a respite on behalf of a prisoner who had been sentenced to death for treason. After listening to his earnest entreaties, Washington replied, "The state of public affairs demands the severest measures against traitors and spies, or I would cheerfully release your friend." "Friend!" replied the prior, "he is the only enemy I have," and upon further inquiries he related the indignities to which he had been subjected at the hands of the man whose life he now entreated. Washington was so impressed by such an example of forgiveness that he granted the reprieve, and the prior returned just in time to save the man as he was going to the gallows.—H. O. Mackey.

Ready to Go

When President Washington dined at four, new members of Congress invited to dine at the White House would sometimes arrive late, and be mortified to find the President eating. "My cook," Washington would say, "never asks if the visitors have arrived, but if the hour has arrived."[1]

Is it too rash to think that the seemingly small matter of "being on time" or "being late" is a partial index to one's character?

Sunday, February 23

Theme: Good Citizenship and Work

Suggested Scripture: Matthew 25: 14–22; Luke 12: 42–45; Corinthians 4: 2; Micah 6: 9–13; Luke 2: 41–52.

Text: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

Selected Hymns: "O God, Who Workest Hitherto," Thomas W. Freckleton; "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life," Frank Mason North; "Send Thou, O Lord, to Every Place," Mrs. Merrill E. Gates; "O Master Workman of the Race" (Tune, "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies").

Instrumental Prelude: "Träumerei," by Schumann. (See page 87).

[1]Orison Swett Marden.

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: O Jehovah, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the Earth.

RESPONSE: I will give thanks unto Jehovah with my whole heart;
I will show forth all thy marvelous works.

Concert Prayer:[1]

Oh Thou Christ of Galilee, who didst go into the homes and the hearts of many folk and kindle there a light which has burned through all the centuries, make me an humble sharer of thy glory and goodness, that so, I may find a purpose and meaning in my life. Teach me to speak and act so that I may cheer and help men.

Offertory:

MUSIC: "Heaven is Here, Where Hymns of Gladness," John G. Adams. (No. 209, *Hymnal for American Youth.*)

Stories and Illustrations for the Sermon:

WASN'T AFRAID TO WORK

I was talking with a boy the other day who was going to earn his way through college this year by freezing ice cream and shaking down a furnace. His brother had found what seemed to me a more genteel way of getting the same result without having his hands dirty—dish-washing. I asked the boy if he wouldn't dislike the drudgery. Then he explained enthusiastically how it wasn't half so bad as dish-washing because he could eat with his mates, and that there was such a variety that he couldn't tire of it, and that he could edge it in between his recitations, and that when his work was done it left him no after-worries, and so on and so on, until I really envied him and almost wished I were as young and as interested as he.—WM. BYRON FORBUSH.

LOOKING FOR A SOFT PLACE

A young man informed the Superintendent of a Railway Division that he would like to secure a position where the hours were short,

[1]From *Prayers for Quiet Hour*, by Floyd Tompkins.

the work light, the occupation clean, and the compensation good. The official replied, "There is only one position of that sort on this road. I have it, and I don't purpose to resign."

Railroad officials, or any thoughtful executive for that matter, are not employing men, if they know it, who are looking for easy places. The young, conscientious fellow who loves hard work, tells the truth at all times, and is not afraid of difficulties will always find a job.—L. M. CROSS.

"The Seventh Law is the Law of Good Workmanship."—Boy Scout Law.

THE GOOD CITIZEN TRIES TO DO THE RIGHT THING IN THE RIGHT WAY

The welfare of our country depends upon those who have learned to do in the right way the things that ought to be done. Therefore:

1. I will get the best possible education, and learn all that I can from those who have learned to do the right thing in the right way.

2. I will take an interest in my work, and will not be satisfied with my slipshod and merely passable work. A wheel or a rail or a nail carelessly made may cause the death of hundreds.

3. I will try to do the right thing in the right way, even though when no one else sees or praises me. But when I have done my best, I will try not to envy those who have done better, or have received larger reward. Envy spoils the work and the worker.—W. J. HUTCHINS, "*Children's Code of Morals.*"

THE PLACE OF WORK

If a young man has chosen his vocation so that his best abilities and enthusiasms will be united with his daily work, he has laid the foundations of success and happiness. But if his occupation is merely a means of making a living, and the work he loves to do is sidetracked into the evening hours or pushed out of his life altogether, he will be only a fraction of the man he ought to be.—FRANK PARSONS, *Choosing a Vocation.*

Doing a Good Job

It is a rule that a workman will follow his employer's orders; but no one has a right to make him do work discreditable to himself.

Judge M., a well-known jurist, living near Cincinnati, loved to tell this anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job even when directed to. He had once occasion to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplaned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The judge then went to dinner, and coming out found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once just as they were, and continued to walk. When he returned the boards were all planed and numbered, ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was done there was no part of the fence as thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The judge stared. "Why do you spend all that labor on the job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only a dollar and a half." And he took it, and went away.

Then years afterward the judge had the contract to give for the building of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master builders, but the face of one caught his eye. "It was my man of the fence," he said, "I knew we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

It is a pity that boys were not taught in their earliest years

that the highest success belongs only to the man, be he a carpenter, farmer, author, or artist, whose work is most sincerely and thoroughly done.—*Living Age.*

My Talent

I cannot speak to crowds; I can speak to one,
And tell him what for me the Lord hath done.
I like to think that He whose love I tell,
Spoke to one needy heart at Jacob's well.

His brother, Andrew sought for Christ to win;
He preached: three thousand souls were gathered in.
When Philip's feet were led to one strange tryst,
He showed one seeking soul, the seeking Christ.

If 'mid the ones and twos my work shall be,
Gladly will I fulfil this ministry,
Some many talents have, I have but one,
Yet I, with them, may share the King's "well-done."

—H. T. Lefere.

Working for the Gods

The story is told of a sculptor who was set at the task of carving some statuary which was to be placed against a wall in a church building. The sculptor finished the front of the carving and then set about to work on the section of the statue which would not be exposed to the public gaze. A friend, who counted the reward of work in terms of hours and monetary gain, said to the sculptor, "Why do you spend so much time on the back of that statue? No one will ever see it. Why not save all of that labour?" The sculptor replied, "My friend, I am working for the gods, not for men." How many of us feel that we are working for the commendation of the gods, rather than for the praise of men?

Labor Well Spent

From the pages of history there comes the story of the man who was given the task of building a house for a man who was going into a far country. The man instructed the workman to erect the

house according to certain specifications, promising him a specific sum of money in return for his work. As soon as the man had left the country the workman set about his task. Immediately there came to his mind this question: "Why should I not make some money on this deal? Mr. X has agreed to pay me a certain sum. He will not inspect the house when he returns. Why shouldn't I put shoddy material into it and make some money for myself?" Over and over again the temptation came to him to betray the trust of his employer.

The final outcome was that the carpenter set to work, using the cheapest material possible, and in time completed the house at a much smaller cost than his employer had anticipated.

In time the man returned, and asked to see the house which the carpenter had built. The carpenter led him to the house, and then the man said, "This is your own house. For some time I have wanted to do something for you. I decided that you should build your own home without knowing it. It is yours."

Good Citizenship and Work

The good citizen is a hard and honest worker. He works as if for the gods. He realizes that work is necessary to the ongoing of society, and so he gives himself without reserve to some worthy profession, counting service to his fellow men of more worth than financial return to himself.

The good citizen realizes that a man must work for success: that success is not the result of a gamble. The good citizen realizes that "gambling degrades the sense of value. There is the attempt to win money without regard to any of the three forms of legitimate exchange, viz., (1) for value received, (2) for service rendered, (3) as a free gift. Consequently, the individual winning money by gambling loses the sense of the true worth of the money thus obtained. Herein lies the explanation of the fact that habitual gamblers can seldom keep the money they win. It vanishes as easily as it comes."—*C. O. P. E. C. Commission Report*, p. 76. (Longmans, Green & Co., publishers.)

CHAPTER III: MARCH

THEME FOR THE MONTH: THE GOOD, THE BEAUTIFUL, AND THE TRUE

Sunday, March 2

Theme: HONESTY AND TRUTH

Suggested Scripture: John 14: 6; John 18: 38; Deuteronomy 5: 20, 16: 20; Leviticus 19: 35; Philippians 4: 8; Hebrews 13: 18.

Text: "Take thought for things honorable in the sight of all men."

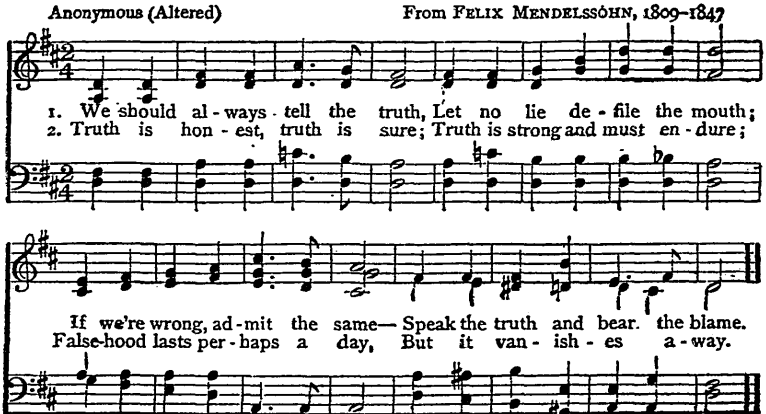
Hymn for the Month: "True Hearted, Whole Hearted," Frances R. Havergal.

Selected Hymns: "A Good Rule," Anonymous; "Play the Game," Abbie Farwell Brown; "The Honest Lad," E. Hershey Sneath; "Always Speak the Truth," Anonymous; "Ever Be True," Anonymous; "Truth," Anonymous; "I Would Be True," Howard Arnold Walter; "O Jesus, I Have Promised," John E. Bode.

Truth

FRITZ. 7.7.7.7.

Anonymous (Altered) — From FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809–1847



Instrumental Prelude: "True Hearted, Whole Hearted, Faithful and Loyal," Frances R. Havergal. (May also be used as a Processional.)

Call to Worship:

Oh, magnify Jehovah with me, and let us exalt His name together.

Song Response: "The Gloria." (May be chanted.)

Responsive Sentences:

PASTOR: Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place?

CONGREGATION: He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul into vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

PASTOR: Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.

Offertory:

MUSIC: "Saviour, Teach Me, Day by Day," Jane E. Leeson.

RESPONSE: (See service for January 12 for words and music.)

Sermon, Story and Illustrations:

Just a few days ago we observed the birthday of one of America's greatest men—George Washington. We are always glad to read about and to hear the things Washington said. On one occasion he made this statement: "I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an *honest man.*"

I wonder how many of us regard honesty as highly as Washington did. Many boys and girls seem to think that there is no harm in telling "fibs," as they say. Now I know some people who start out by telling little "fibs," but before they know it they are telling big, full-grown lies. The big liar started out by telling his mother that he had been visiting at a friend's house, when he had really been out with the gang, or by telling his teacher that he was ill, when he had really been playing "hookey." When he started out he didn't mean ever, I suppose, to tell a big untruth. And, I am sure, his conscience must have hurt him the first time he told even the smallest untruth. But he kept on and kept on telling little "fibs" until his conscience was deadened, and then he began to tell big "fibs," and then, finally, he was a victim of the habit of untruthfulness.

When a little sea crab sees a big hungry-looking fish bearing down upon it, with an evil glare in its eyes as if to say, "I am going to make a nice dessert out of you," the sea crab runs into the nearest oyster shell that is open, pinches the oyster, and down comes the shell lid. The little crab is safe inside, and it cracks its crooked legs for joy as it dances about. The oyster, you know, cannot hear, see, or smell the approach of an enemy, and so the crab, in saving its own life, saves the oyster, too.

There are many enemies which some people do not believe in because they cannot hear, see, or smell them. One of these enemies is Lying. A little lie seems to be such a small thing. How can a "fib" hurt anyone? If it were a big enemy like hurting or killing people we could avoid it, but the enemy of Lying and the enemy of Dishonesty slip up on us usually without warning. Just as the little crab warns the oyster that danger is near, so our conscience (the little crab which God has sent for our warning) tells us of the approach of Dishonesty and Untruth. When it pinches our heart, if we drop the lid instantly we are safe. The first time you are tempted to tell an untruth, or to steal a very small thing, you may have a twinge of conscience. If you shut your heart instantly to the temptation you are safe, but if you do not heed the warning of conscience the first time, then the next time you are tempted to tell an untruth, conscience will not warn you as loudly.

God makes it hurt when you cut or burn yourself, otherwise many would bleed or burn to death, without knowing anything was happening. Conscience is a kind of pain put into our lives by God to tell us we are doing something that will injure our hearts and lives. If we don't stop at once when we feel a pain of conscience, then conscience will finally become discouraged, so that we will bleed or burn to death in our hearts without knowing that anything is happening.

A soldier who was in the Great War has told us how his conscience worked. One day, soon after he went up to the front, he saw another soldier do something very horrible to an enemy prisoner. He sobbed with rage and sorrow, he said, but did not rebuke the other. Next day he saw another act almost as cruel. He resented the act, but said nothing. Next day he saw another cruel act, and he felt less resentful. Next day another cruel act, and he even smiled. Next day another, and he laughed. Next day another, and who was it that

did it? Yes, it was this soldier himself. His conscience made him cry with sorrow the first time, but the result of saying nothing to show his disapproval was that his conscience gradually ceased to speak, until it gave him no more pain.

That is the way conscience works with us when we are tempted to be dishonest or to tell an untruth. If we keep on disregarding conscience, finally it is eaten away by our own follies, and we go on in the face of danger as if nothing were happening. There is an ugly fly with a long red crooked body which lays its eggs in the bodies of caterpillars. The eggs come out into grubs which start eating the caterpillar's body. The caterpillar, however, goes on eating the leaves, and feels no pain. Then it turns into a chrysalis. But instead of a beautiful butterfly coming out of the chrysalis, several of these ugly flies crawl out of the empty shell. Each wrong thought that comes into our mind, and each wrong act that comes into our life, if we allow it to stay, begins to eat our conscience and heart away.

(In outlining and developing the sermon for to-day for yourself, you may want to emphasize these and other similar points: (1) Would there be any courts of justice if we could not count on people telling the truth? (2) Would there be business establishments and banks and loan houses, if people were dishonest? (3) Would our lives be safe if dishonesty and untruth were common?)

An Honest Man

Jacob Hamlin, who lived in southern Utah fifty years ago when the pioneers frequently had trouble with the Indians, was noted, writes a contributor, for his honesty. As spokesman for the white settlers he gained the complete confidence of the Indian chiefs. To them he typified fair dealing, and they loved him for it.

"Take this horse," Hamlin said to his son, "and go over to Chief Big Feather and trade it for some Navajo blankets. Make a good trade."

The boy tied the horse to the horn of his saddle and led him to the reservation. "I want blankets for pinto," he said to the chief.

"How many?" asked Big Feather.

"Go get the blankets and I'll tell you," the boy replied.

Big Feather brought armfuls of blankets from his wigwam and began to put them in a pile. He had made a large stack before he

paused; but the boy, remembering the words of his father, said, "More!" Big Feather made a second stack and the boy was satisfied. He rode away with blankets that were worth twice as much as the horse he had traded for them!

"Well, Dad," he said when he reached home, "how's that for a good trade?"

Jacob Hamlin took the blankets from the pony and piled them into a high stack. Then he split the stack in two. "Ride back to Big Feather at once with half these blankets. Tell him that Jacob Hamlin never drives an unfair bargain."

The boy rode slowly back to the reservation. "Father sent these blankets back," he said sheepishly to the chief.

Big Feather smiled, "I knew he would," he said. "Jacob Hamlin, him honest man."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Stick That Grew Short

A poor woman, whose bag of meal had been stolen, applied to a sheik for redress. He called before him all the men of a camp near by, one of whom must have been the guilty party, and giving to each of them a little stick, he said:

"Keep these sticks until the morning, and then bring them to me when I will measure them. They are all the same length now, for if any one of you has the meal bag his stick will have grown longer."

The next day when the sticks were measured one was found to be much shorter than the others, and the owner was at once denounced as the thief. He pleaded guilty and was punished. Knowing that he was the thief, and believing that his stick would grow, he had broken off a piece, so that after it had grown it would still be the same size as the others.—*Exchange.*

Sunday, March 9

Theme: The Power of Kindness

Suggested Scripture: Matthew 6: 12–15; Matthew 5: 43–48; Luke 6: 31.

Text: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

Hymn for the Month: "True Hearted, Whole Hearted," Frances R. Havergal.

Selected Hymns: "Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True," W. J. Rooper; "Father, Lead Me Day by Day," John P. Hopps; "For All Thy Care We Bless Thee," Sarah Doudney; "O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee," Washington Gladden.

Instrumental Prelude: "La Cinquantaine," Gabriel Marie.

Call to Worship: (Refrain—Congregation Standing.)

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of thee,
Heaven and earth are praising thee
O Lord most high! Amen.

PASTOR: Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with all thy might.

Unison Reading:

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Offertory:

MUSIC: "Jesus Calls Us, O'er the Tumult."

RESPONSE:

We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee. Amen.

Stories, Illustrations, and Poetry:

(For the use of the pastor in preparing the sermon and story talk.)

The Sea Captain

About fifty years ago a party were traveling in a stagecoach from one town to another in Scotland. A lady saw from the coach window a little barefooted boy walking along the highway. He looked so tired that she pitied him, and asked the driver to give him a seat in the coach, saying that she would pay for it at the end of the journey.

The lady asked where he was going.

"To the seacoast," he replied. "I want to find a captain who will let me go with him as a cabin boy."

The lady talked kindly with him and gave him some good motherly advice. When she said good-bye she slipped half a crown into his hand; and that is the last we hear of him for twenty years.

Now for the rest of the story. A stagecoach was going over the same road twenty years later when a tall sea captain looked from the coach window and saw an old lady walking. He stopped the coach and asked her to get in, telling the driver he would pay for the seat.

"I always feel like being kind to tired travelers," he said. "Twenty years ago I was walking over this same road, a poor barefooted lad, when a lady stopped the coach and took me in."

The lady looked at him a moment and then exclaimed, much astonished, "Why, I am that very lady! I was rich then; now I am poor and alone."

"Dear madam!" exclaimed the captain, "how glad I am to see you! I want to thank you for your kind words that day. I can never really repay you for the good you did me. But always after this you shall receive fifty pounds a year from my estate."

In the long run all love is paid by love;
 Though undervalued by the hearts of earth,
The great eternal government above
 Keeps strict account, and will redeem its worth.
Give thy love freely; do not count the cost;
 So beautiful a thing was never lost
 In the long run.

—Selected.

The Wheat Field

Some children were sent to reap in a wheat field. The wheat was yellow as gold, the sun shone gloriously, and the butterflies flew hither and thither. Some of the children worked better, and some worse; but there was one who ran here and there after the butterflies that fluttered about his head, and sang as he ran.

By and by evening came, and the Angel of the wheat field called to the children and said, "Come, now, to the gate, and bring your sheaves with you."

So the children came, bringing their sheaves. Some had great piles, laid close and even, so that they might carry more; some had theirs laid large and loose, so that they looked more than they were; but one, the child that had run to and fro after the butterflies, came empty-handed.

The Angel said to this child, "Where are your sheaves?"

The child hung his head. "I do not know!" he said. "I had some, but I have lost them, I know not how."

"None enter here without sheaves," said the Angel.

"I know that," said the child. "But I thought I would like to see the place where the others were going; besides, they would not let me leave them."

Then all the other children cried out together. One said, "Dear Angel, let him in! In the morning I was sick, and this child came and played with me, and showed me the butterflies, and I forgot my pain. Also, he gave me one of his sheaves, and I would give it to him again, but I cannot tell it now from my own."

Another said, "Dear Angel, let him in! At noon the sun beat on my head so fiercely that I fainted and fell down like one dead; and this child came running by, and when he saw me he brought water to revive me, and then he showed me the butterflies, and was so glad and merry that my strength returned; to me also he gave one of his sheaves, and I would give it to him again, but it is so like my own that I cannot tell it."

And a third said, "Just now, as evening was coming, I was weary and sad, and had so few sheaves that it seemed hardly worth my while to go on working; but this child comforted me, and showed me the butterflies, and gave me of his sheaves. Look! it may be that this was his; and yet I cannot tell, it is so like my own."

And all the children said, "We also had sheaves of him, dear Angel; let him in, we pray you."

The Angel smiled, and reached his hand inside the gate and brought out a pile of sheaves; it was not large, but the glory of the sun was on it, so that it seemed to lighten the whole field.

"Here are his sheaves!" said the Angel. "They are known and counted, every one." And he said to the child, "Lead the way in!" —From *The Golden Windows*, by Laura E. Richards. Little Brown & Company.

Kindness Had the Right of Way

One day something surprising happened on Fifth Avenue in New York city. The green lights were shining, and all the traffic was pouring up and down the avenue, and it would have been as much as anyone's life was worth to try to get across in the midst of it. Then, all of a sudden, a policeman down in the middle of the street at one of the corners held up his hand. The automobiles threw on their brakes, and there was a screeching and sliding of wheels coming to a sudden stop, and everyone wondered what had happened. Was there a fire engine coming which must have the right of way so that it could go dashing to a fire?—or was it an ambulance which must have a clear way so that it might get quickly to someone who was sick or hurt? But no, there was no fire engine in sight, or ambulance either. Then the people looked closer, and what do you suppose they saw? There was a cat with two kittens which she was trying to carry across the street. The policeman had seen her and was afraid she might be run over by one of the automobiles, so he stopped them all. The cat took one kitten across the street and left it on the other side, then trotted back for the other kitten and carried that one in her mouth safely over also. Then the policeman smiled and waved his hand, and all the traffic started up again.

Furthermore, nobody was sorry, but everybody was glad. They were surprised when all of a sudden they had to stop, but when they saw what they were stopping for, they smiled too, and liked the policeman for what he did. For the policeman had an idea of the kind of thing that should have the right of way. . . . People who had so much business on hand and were hurrying to do it, could afford to stop simply for the sake of kindness. For a little while on the

avenue nothing but just kindness would have the right of way.—From *Chimes and the Children*, by W. Russell Bowie. Revell.

True Worth

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming of
Great things to do by and by;
For whatever men say in their blindness
And spite of the fancies of youth
There is nothing so kingly as Kindness
And nothing so royal as Truth.

—Alice Cary.

Indecision

There are wonderful things we are going to do,
Some other day;
And harbors we hope to drift into,
Some other day.
With folded hands, the oars that trail
We watch, and wait for a favoring gale
To fill the folds of an idle sail,
Some other day.

—Author Unknown.

Which Loved Best?

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said little Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell";
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can";
To the cradle then she softly crept
And rocked the babe till it sweetly slept.

Then stepping softly she took the broom,
And swept the floor and dusted the room,
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as a child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think the mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?"

—JOY ALLISON.

Sunday, March 16

Theme: THE BEAUTY OF FRIENDSHIP

Suggested Scripture: Ruth 1:16, 17; I Samuel 18:1–3; Luke 10:38–42; John 15:13–15; John 13:34, 35; Matthew 19:13–15.

Text: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Hymn for the Month: "True Hearted, Whole Hearted," Frances R. Havergal.

Selected Hymns: "Looking Upward Every Day," Mary Butler; "Father, Lead Me Day by Day," John P. Hopps; "I've Found a Friend, O Such a Friend," James G. Small; "Beautiful Lives," Anonymous.

Instrument Prelude: "Minuet in G," Beethoven.

Call to Worship:

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer. Amen.

Prayer:[1]

O Lord, grant to us so to love Thee with all our heart, with all our mind and with all our soul, and our neighbor for Thy sake, that the grace of charity and brotherly love may dwell in us,

[1]From *Service and Prayers for Church and Home*, by Wilber P. Thirkfield, Copyright 1918. Used by permission of the Methodist Book Concern.

and all envy, harshness, and ill will may die in us; and fill our hearts with feeling of love, kindness, and compassion, so that, by constantly rejoicing in the happiness and good success of others, by sympathizing with them in their sorrows, and putting away all harsh judgments and envious thought, we may follow Thee, who art Thyself the pure and perfect love, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Prayer Hymn:

O Master, let me walk with Thee,
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move,
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way. Amen.

(*Hymnal for American Youth.*)

Offertory:

PASTOR: Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

MUSIC: "I've Found a Friend, O Such a Friend."

RESPONSE:



The Sermon, Story, and Illustrations:

Develop the sermon around these points:

The Joy of Friendship
The Nature of Friendship
The Place of Friendship in the Christian Life.
The Demands of Friendship
1. With earthly friends
2. With Jesus

Bible Stories:

The Story of Ruth (the Book of Ruth)
The Story of David and Jonathan (I Samuel 18: 1–3.)

What Is Friendship?

At a social function the conversation drifted to the subject of friendship, and an athlete said, "In my opinion a friend is a balancing pole that enables us to walk the tight rope of life without falling." Said a physician, "I believe a friend may be likened to soft bandages and a soothing ointment for the cuts and bruises of life." "A friend is a golden link in the chain of life," said a jeweler. To a botanist it seemed that "a friend is a vine that clings to us and hides the discrepancies and rough places of life." A woman in mourning responded, "A friend is the one who comes in when the whole world goes out."—W. H. Brown.

Friendship Demands Cooperation

One man alone could not build a city or a great railroad. One man alone would find it hard to build a house or a bridge. That I may have bread, men have sowed and reaped, men have made ploughs and threshers, men have built mills and mined coal, men have made stoves and kept stores. As we learn better how to work together the welfare of our country is advanced.

1. In whatever work I do with others I will do my part and will help others to do their part.
2. In all my work with others, I'll be cheerful. Cheerlessness depresses all the workers and injures all the work.
3. When I have received money for my work, I will be neither a

miser nor a spendthrift. I will save or spend as one of the friendly workers of America.

The Eighth Law is the Law of Team Work.—From *Boy Scout Law.*

The Unselfishness of Friendship

Once in far-away Japan there lived a rich man who owned a large ranch—not of alfalfa, or wheat, or other grain—but rice. One afternoon he stood looking over his large fields of rice, saying, "What a rich man this great harvest makes me!" Suddenly he felt an earthquake and saw that the waves of the sea were running away from the land and rolling far out. He knew that it would only be a little while before the waves would return in a great flood, which would overflow the little strip of land along the seashore, in the valley below the high plain on which his ranch was situated, and all the people in the little village would be drowned. It was a holiday and the people in their merrymaking and fun and laughter had not noticed the earthquake. The rich man cried to his servants, "Bring torches! make haste! set fire to the rice! Then he and his servants set on fire stack after stack of the rice. In a moment the flames and smoke rose high, the big bell from the village pealed the fire-signal, and all the boys and girls and men and women ran pell mell up the hill as fast as they could to see the fire, and to try to save the rice crop of the rich man. When they saw him setting fire to his rice, they shouted, "Look, he is mad; he is setting fire to his rice." "Look!" shouted the old man. They looked and saw the raging and surging waves of the sea come rolling in. They looked again a few minutes later and saw nothing but the straw which had been the thatched roofs of their homes tossing on the waters and their whole village blotted out by the sea. "That is why I set fire to my rice," said the old Japanese. "If I had not done that you would have all been drowned in those waves!" He stood among them almost as poor as any of them, but he had the consciousness that by his act of sacrificial friendliness he had saved four hundred lives that day.—Adapted from *Gleanings in Buddha-fields*, by L. Hearn.

The Lord Christ wanted a tongue one day
 To speak a message of cheer
To a heart that was weary and worn and sad,
 And weighed with a mighty fear.

He asked me for mine, but 'twas busy quite
With my own affairs from morn till night.

The Lord Christ wanted a hand one day
To do a loving deed;
He wanted two feet, on an errand for Him
To run with gladsome speed.
But I had need of my own that day;
To His gentle beseeching I answered "Nay!"

So all that day I used my tongue,
My hands, and my feet as I chose;
I said some hasty, bitter words
That hurt one heart, God knows.
I busied my hands with worthless play,
And my wilful feet went a crooked way.

And the dear Lord Christ—was his work undone
For lack of a willing heart?
Only through men does He speak to men?
Dumb must He be apart?
I do not know, but I wish to-day
I had let the Lord Christ have His way.

—ALICE J. NICHOLS, *The Pathfinder.*

FRIENDSHIP ASKS NO REWARD

Once there was a Persian Ruler, who lived in a great palace with his three sons. The father had a beautiful pearl which he decided to give to the son which showed himself the noblest. He called the three boys before him and asked each to tell the noblest deed he had performed in the last month. The eldest said: "Father, as I was traveling in a foreign land, a merchant trusted me with many valuable jewels, and he did not count them. I might easily have kept one or two and they would not have been missed, but I carried those jewels and delivered them all as safely as though they had been my own." "My son," said the father, "you were honest, and did a noble deed!"

"Father," said the second son, "as I was walking in the country the other day, I saw a child playing by a lake, and while I watched,

the child fell in and I saved the child." "You have done your duty," said the father, "and you too have done a noble deed."

"Father," said the third boy, "As I crossed over the mountain the other day, I saw a man who had done me a great wrong, sleeping near the edge of a dangerous precipice. I would have walked by without a word, only something within me called me to go back and awake him lest he fall over the precipice and be killed. I did this, knowing all the time that the man would not understand, and that he would be angry with me, as indeed, he was."

"My son," cried the father, "your deed was the noblest. To do good to an enemy without hope of reward is indeed the noblest of all. The pearl is yours!"—From *World Stories Retold*, by W. J. Sly.

The Friend of Boys and Girls (Matthew 19:13–15)

One day a great crowd of men gathered about Jesus, the great Teacher. All sorts of men were there—rich men and poor men; soldiers with their swords and spears and sandals; rough fishermen, barefooted, fresh come from their boats and nets; and priests dressed in their gorgeously colored robes.

Suddenly, as Jesus was speaking, at the outer edge of the crowd a noise was heard. Some women and children were trying to get near to Jesus. These women wore red and white handkerchiefs tied over their heads, which showed they were poor women from the more neglected sections of the city and country. Some were carrying their babies, some were holding their smaller children by the hand, and others were followed by large boys and girls clinging to their mothers' skirts. All were trying to press nearer to Jesus. Some one of the disciples of Jesus noticed these women with their children, and said: "Women, do you not see how busy Jesus is? He has grown-up people to talk to, and has no time for you and your children. Take them away; carry them home where they belong!"

Jesus heard what his friend said, and cried out: "Do not send the children away. Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." There were many of them—mothers and their children, little babies, small children, older boys and girls. But Jesus received them all. He let them all come near him. And he blessed them all. So Jesus was the friend of boys and girls while he was here on earth. He is the Great

Friend of boys and girls to-day, and he has told us that if we are his friends we will keep his commandments.

Sunday, March 23

Theme: BEING TRUSTWORTHY

Suggested Scripture: II Timothy 4:7; Matthew 26:31–35; 69–75.
Text: "I have kept the faith."
Hymn for the Month: "True Hearted, Whole Hearted," Frances R. Havergal.
Selected Hymns: "O Jesus, Prince of Life and Truth," Anonymous; "God of Our Boyhood, Whom We Yield," Anonymous; "I Would Be True," Howard Arnold Walter: "We Would See Jesus," J. Edgar Park.
Instrumental Prelude: "Souvenir," Drdla. (Leading to rising chords.)
Call to Worship:

ALL SING (standing)—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise.
PASTOR—This is the day which Jehovah hath made.
CONGREGATION—We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Offertory:

PASTOR: From whom do all our good gifts come?
CONGREGATION: Every good and perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father.
PASTOR: Since God has done so much for us, what can we do for Him?
CONGREGATION: Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, even the least, ye did it unto me.
MUSIC: "Press On, Press On Ye Sons of Light," William Gaskell.
Offering Brought Forward
OFFERING RESPONSE:

We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee. **Amen.**

Prayer:[1]

O God, our Father, we are made strong by the strength of Christ. Our hearts are bound to him as we remember how he was faithful to Thee even unto death. The more we think of him the more we love him, and the more eager we are to follow him. To whom shall we go but to him? There is none other whom we can trust so completely, none other who can teach us the way of life, none other who can reveal to us the glory of Thy face.

Help us to trust him. Would that we might never betray his trust in us. May cowardice die in our hearts and loyalty be born anew with each new day, for each new day we would renew our allegiance to him who is the Master of Life.

And all our prayer we offer in his name. Amen.

Sermon, Stories, and Illustrations:

Develop your sermon with the story of Peter's denial as a background. After reading the denial at the beginning of the service, turn to a consideration of some problems of "trustworthiness" that are within the range of experience of the boys and girls in your congregation. Take up such a commonplace phase of conduct as Keeping Promises. For example: A boy borrows a book from the library and fails to return it when it is due. What is the right thing to do about it? A friend tells a girl a secret, which she promises not to tell, but she breaks her promise. How will she explain to her friend when the friend discovers what the girl has done? A boy promises to do a certain piece of work after school for his mother. Instead he stops at a friend's house and plays till dinner time. Who will do his work for him? Will his mother have much faith in his promises? Why is it easier to make promises than to keep them? Why should we keep our promises? Is failing to keep our promises a kind of lying?

Let your sermon answer such questions and problem situations as these. Use the story of Peter, and the stories and illustrations which follow here to challenge your boys and girls with the nobility and bigness of being trustworthy, and to set forth the unadmirable qualities of one who cannot be depended on.

[1]From *Manual for Training in Worship*, by Hugh Hartshorne, Scribner's.

Obedient to Trust

An English boy was once set to watch his father's field. On no account was he to let anyone go through it. The boy had scarcely taken his post when some huntsmen came up and ordered him to open the gate. He declined to do so, telling them that he meant to obey his orders. At last one of them came up and said in commanding tones: "My boy, you do not know me, but I am the Duke of Wellington. I am not accustomed to being disobeyed. I command you to open the gate." The boy lifted his cap and answered firmly: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to obey his orders. I must keep the gate shut. No one can pass through but by my master's express permission." Then the duke took off his own hat and said: "I honor the man or boy who can neither be frightened nor bribed into disobeying orders. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French but the world."—*Young Folk's Treasury.*

Living Up to Expectations

E. W. Cassels tells this story: "One of two brothers fighting in the same company in France fell by a German bullet. The one who escaped asked permission of his officer to go and bring his brother in."

"He is probably dead," said the officer, "and there is no use in your risking your life to bring in his body."

But after further pleading the officer consented. Just as the soldier reached the lines with his brother on his shoulders, the wounded man died.

"There, you see," said the officer, "you risked your life for nothing."

"No," replied Tom; "I did what he expected of me, and I have my reward. When I crept up to him, and took him in my arms, he said, 'Tom, I knew you would come; I just felt sure you would come.'"

There you have the gist of it all; somebody expects something fine and noble and unselfish of us; someone expects us to be faithful. —*Exchange.*

Faithful to a Trust

In these days, when so many people are false to the trusts committed to them, an incident like the following is worth remembering:

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor.

One day when he was watching his flock a hunter came out of the woods and asked, "How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," answered the boy; "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track and said: "My lad, if you will leave your sheep and show me the road, I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They would stray into the woods and may be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two wouldn't be much to your master; but if you think necessary, I myself will stay and take care of them."

The boy shook his head.

"The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and——"

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust; how do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly cornered him. He said: "I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who ate it gladly, coarse as it was. Presently his attendants came up and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke who owned all the country around. The duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very great and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

True Unto Death

When Pompeii was destroyed many were buried in its ruins. Some were discovered in the streets, as if they had been trying to make their escape; some were found in deep vaults, as if they had gone thither for safety; while still others had ascended to lofty passages to breathe air free from the choking smoke of the volcano. Everywhere about the ill-fated city were found the hapless victims of that memorable and terrible eruption of Vesuvius, when once more their homes and haunts were brought to light by the spade of the excavator.

But there was one person who had remained and perished in his proper place. This was the Roman sentinel, discovered at the city gate where he had been stationed by his captain, his hand still grasping his war weapon. And there, while the heavens threatened and the earth shook, there while the lava streamed about him and hot ashes showered down upon his devoted head, he was found at his post.

And there, more than sixteen hundred years later, was his body unearthed, an enduring and impressive lesson upon the grandeur and glory of character, imperishable even in death.—*People's Home Journal.*

Keeping Faith

The other day, riding into Buffalo on the train, I picked up a morning paper and read the story of an old man who had been in charge of a gasoline station in that city. Robberies by automobile bandits had become alarmingly numerous. A few days before, speaking of these, the old man had said to his nephew, "No bandits will ever get a penny of my employer's money unless they take it over my dead body." His nephew had remonstrated with him, saying, "But, uncle, you would not give up your life to save a little money, would you?" The old man had replied, "No! I would not give up my life to save a little money, but I have a trust committed to me and I intend to fulfill it."

That morning I read in the newspaper how the night before three bandits had driven up to the gasoline station and demanded the old man's money. He knocked one of them down and grappled with the second, when the third bandit shot him in the back. Alarmed at

what had happened, the three jumped into their machine to make their "getaway." The old man tried to wrench the license tag off the machine but was too weak to do it. He succeeded, however, in getting the number of the car. He dragged himself into the office and tried to make up his accounts for the day, but he swooned away on the floor, where he was found some time later by a doctor who had come to the station for gas. He was aroused and told that he must go to the hospital; but he refused to go until he closed up the books and put them in the safe. Then he went out and locked up his gas tanks, and then he locked the door of his office, and then went to the hospital; and there the old man died.

But before he died his employer came to see him. Looking up into the employer's face, the old man held out in his trembling hand the bunch of keys that symbolized the trust that had been committed to him and said, "Here are your keys, and they didn't get a nickel."—From "*Stewardship Stories*," by Guy L. Morrill. Doubleday, Doran & Company.

Sunday, March 30

Theme: GREATNESS THROUGH GIVING

Suggested Scripture: Micah 6:8; Matthew 7:24–27; Matthew 22: 35–40; Luke 19: 12–26.

Text: "For I say unto you, that unto every one which hath shall be given."

Selected Hymns: "Father, Lead Me Day by Day." John P. Hopps; "Fight the Good Fight with All Thy Might," John S. B. Monsell; "Immortal Love, Forever Full," John G. Whittier; "Just As I Am, Thine Own to Be," Marianne Hearn.

Hymn for the Month: "True Hearted, Whole Hearted," Frances R. Havergal.

Instrumental Prelude: "Morning," Grieg.

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: The Lord is in his holy temple, Let all the earth keep silence before him.

CONGREGATION: Hymn No. 17, *Hymnal for American Youth* (refrain).

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of thee,
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord most high! Amen.

Offertory:

PASTOR: From whom do all our good gifts come?

CONGREGATION: Every good and perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father.

PASTOR: Since God has done so much for us, what can we do for Him?

CONGREGATION: Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, even the least, ye did it unto me.

MUSIC: "Press On, Press On, Ye Sons of Light," William Gaskell.

Offering Brought Forward.

OFFERING RESPONSE:

We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee. Amen.

Sermon, Stories, and Illustrations:

Do you like a short short story? I am going to risk your interest in a short story and offer for your study a series of stories and incidents from which you may be able to get some help in answering the question, What is most worth while in life?

The first story has to do with a little creature whose home is in the sea. It is called the Acorn Barnacle. If you have ever visited the seashore you have found the barnacle spotting the rocks everywhere up to the tide mark, and thickly clustered on the timbers of piers and jetties. It resembles certain other forms of sea life, but differs from the limpet in that it cannot travel, but is fixed down hard to the rock or timber where you find it.

Its shape is like an inverted ice-cream cone with the end nipped off, and inside the tip are two hard lips that open and shut without ceasing. When these lips open there emerges a feathery hand, which clutches and vanishes again. All throughout the day this grasping hand keeps busy.

The history of the barnacle is an interesting one. In the beginning

of its life, so scientists tell us, it starts with a shapely and complete little body. It can swim and move about as it chooses. It can even see and enjoy the light. But throughout the centuries the acorn barnacle has continuously failed to live up to its possibilities. It has taken an evil way.

Soon after it comes into existence it settles down on a rock and holds on. Then it builds up around itself a hard wall to keep everything else away from it. Then nature begins to shape for the little creature the two hard lips, the doors of its house, which shut very quickly and let nothing in. Its whole body now begins to change, and its powers are lost one by one. First it loses its sight and becomes blind. Since it does not leave the home to which it has attached itself, some of its limbs change into tentacles for holding on. The rest of the body changes into the little hand or tongue that continually grasps and grasps and grasps. Its body has been practically changed into an enormous hand. It has chosen *to get, not to give.*

Do you know people who, like the acorn barnacle, have decided that the most worth-while thing in life is to get? In the beginning of its life the barnacle had a beautiful body, which could see and feel and move about. Now as we see it on the rocks it is as a lifeless thing, dead to light and beauty. Unable to move about, it is a prisoner within walls of its own making, a deformed something, hideous and greedy.

The second story has to do with that beautiful gem, the pearl. I suppose you know how pearls grow. Some irritating particle like a grain of sand forces itself into the oyster's home, and, in order to relieve itself of the pain, the oyster covers the particle over with fine glistening matter until out of this troublesome thing there is created a beautiful pearl.

Do you know what happens to pearls when they are not worn? They lose their beauty. If they are kept locked away in a vault, unseen and unused, their sparkling lustre becomes dull and their gorgeous whiteness becomes dim. As long as they are in touch with living flesh, in constant, daily use, they retain all of their original beauty. Does the same law of usefulness that governs the pearl govern your life and mine?

The third story finds its setting in England during the World War at the time of the Zeppelin raids. During those days many

people took refuge in their cellars as protection from the bombs. A little boy and his father were looking at the beautiful painting, The Light of the World, in St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The father explained to the boy that it was a picture of Jesus knocking at the door of the House of Life, and waiting patiently till the door should be opened; and how it was necessary that the door must be opened from the inside.

The son looked at the picture for a while and then asked, "Did Jesus get in?" "No," replied the father, "don't think he did." "Why?" questioned the boy. "Couldn't they hear?" "Yes! they heard," said the father, "but I don't think he got in."

The boy thought for a moment and then said, "They couldn't have heard, and I know why: They must have been living in the cellars!" Do we sometimes live so far down in the cellars of our lives that we cannot hear Jesus when he knocks and tells us that the way for us to achieve greatness is by giving our lives in the service of others?

More Blessed to Give Than to Receive

There was once a little prince who had all sorts of wonderful playthings. Nice things to eat, fine clothes to wear, servants to wait on him, and ponies to ride. The king and queen—his father and mother—were always thinking what they could do to make this little prince happy. They were always giving him something new but he never seemed to be happy very long. He soon tired of the things he had and grew cross and peevish and wanted something else. Men were sent to far-off countries to bring back whatever they might find of things strange or rare or beautiful which they thought the prince would lke. They brought curious kites from China, baby elephants from India, ponies from the Shetland Islands, tiny canoes from the South Seas, and all manner of mechanical toys and pet animals. But the prince played with them for an hour or two and then he became unhappy again. People were brought in to play all kinds of musical instruments and to dance before him. Magicians and acrobats performed wonderful feats. He had all the sweetmeats and cakes he could eat but nothing seemed to please him for very long. He soon tired of everything.

At length, a very wise man came to court and the king and queen

asked him to help them make their boy happy. He looked over all the playthings and all the other possessions of the prince very carefully. Finally, he said, "There is something among these things which is bewitched and the prince cannot be happy while he has it." But the wise man could not, or would not, tell them which one of the things was enchanted.

"All these things must be gotten rid of," said the wise man. "He must give them all away and then the bad charm will be broken."

Next morning, a herald went into all the towns around about calling the children to the palace so that the prince could give them his toys. You may be sure there was a big crowd at the palace gate the next morning. Laughing and jostling one another, the children waited for the prince to come out. His servants brought out loads and loads of toys and gave one to every boy and girl there. Such laughter there was, such shouting! Such whirring of rattles, such tooting of trumpets and thumping of drums! Never before had the children seen such wonderful things as were given to them that day. You would have thought the prince would have been happy, wouldn't you? But, when it was all over, while he had more color in his pale face, and more brightness in his eyes than had been seen there for many a day, the evil spell was not broken. In a few hours, he was dull and sad and miserable again.

When the wise man was sent for and told what had been done, he said, "That will not break the evil spell. The prince must give his presents, himself, one by one to the children, and give just the thing that suits each child."

So the next day the prince started out with his tutor calling at house after house, giving each child the thing he wanted most. Soon they came to a house, where they found a poor lame boy who dearly loved music, but he had no instrument to play. He had long wanted a violin but he was too poor to buy one. The prince at once saw that the poor crippled boy could make fine use of his lovely violin which had come from Italy. *Now it happened that the Prince was more fond of that particular violin than of any other one of his treasures.*

He hesitated. He did not like to part with it. But when he looked at the poor boy again and saw his pale face and saw how eager he was to have the wonderful violin, he ran back to the palace as fast

as he could and fetched his favorite toy and gave the violin to the crippled boy.

From that very day the prince grew strong and merry. *The enchantment was broken for he had learned just what Jesus said was very true:* "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—From *Stewardship Stories*, by Guy L. Morrill. Doubleday, Doran & Company.

CHAPTER IV: APRIL

THEME FOR THE MONTH: FAITH

Sunday, April 6

Theme: FAITH IN OURSELVES

Suggested Scriptures: Matthew 17:14–20; 24:13.
Text: "Ask and it shall be given unto you . . . knock and it shall be opened unto you."
Hymn for the Month: "Just As I am, Thine Own to Be."
Selected Hymns: "Marching with the Heroes," William George Tarrant; "O Jesus, I Have Promised," John E. Bode; "March on, O Soul, with Strength," George T. Coster; "Just As I Am, Thine Own to Be," Marianne Hearn.
Instrumental Prelude: Air, Beethoven.
Call to Worship:

PASTOR: By faith we understand that the worlds have been framed by the work of God, so that what is seen hath not been made out of things as they appear.

CONGREGATION:

Be thou a guide unto my feet
In ways I do not know:
Be thou the Gleam that I shall need
Whatever path I know.

Offertory:

MUSIC: "Ave Maria," Gounod. (For music, see service for January 5.)

RESPONSE:

Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought;
Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned;
Ours is the faith, the will, the thought;
The rest, O God, is in Thy Hand. Amen.

(For music, see service for January 12.)

Prayer:[1]

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the strength that comes from Thee. Forgive us that we so often give up and fail to finish the thing we begin, that we do not begin the thing we know we ought to do. Thou hast given us strong bodies and minds just so we may be able to do hard things.

Make us self-reliant, confident that we can do all that we ought to do, because we know that Thou wilt give us no trial which we shall not be able to endure.

We think as we pray of those whose strength is taken away through sickness or sorrow, through lack of food or rest, our classmates, our mothers or fathers, the victims of war, those who are without work. Give them fresh courage. May their hope be fixed on better days to come, and may each of us strive to the utmost of his power to bring the better days, when suffering and sorrow shall flee away, and the whole world shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea. We ask it in Jesus' name. Amen.

Sermon and Illustrations:

During the past two or three years there have appeared several motion pictures depicting the trials and difficulties of those who seventy-five and a hundred years ago pushed beyond the ranges to open up the great unexplored West and Northwest. Have you seen the motion picture, "The Covered Wagon"? If you have, you recall some of the trying difficulties which faced the early pioneers.

It is doubtful if there would have been such a mad rush of gold diggers to California in 1849 if it had not been for the towering mountain range that separated the East from the Western coast. If there had been open roads to invite the people, and cooling shade and comfortable hotels for them to stop in, I doubt if it would have been possible to interest very many sturdy and adventurous men in going West even for "gold." But there loomed up before them the Great Rockies, barriers which seemed to shut off all progress to the West. The mountains challenged these early pioneers. They seemed to say to the people, "Try to conquer us if you can. We don't believe you have the confidence to try. You can't cross us. We will conquer you in the attempt." With such a challenge as that

[1]From *Manual for Training in Worship*, by Hugh Hartshorne, Scribner's.

flung at them, these daring explorers pushed on beyond the ranges to California.

What was on the other side of the mountains? What could one see from those lofty heights? What was on the top? These were the questions which came to men's minds. No price was too great for them to pay for the privilege of being explorers.

You and I are explorers. All progress throughout the history of mankind has come as a result of the "exploration" spirit—the desire to see if we cannot somehow get a little farther than those who have gone before us.

All progress is climbing upward over mighty obstacles, led on by dauntless explorers who are not afraid of truth and where it leads. Imagine Christopher Columbus trying to persuade an ignorant and unbelieving people that the world was round instead of flat and then finally, urged on by faith in himself and his dream, setting out on that vast uncharted sea to prove that his faith was right.

Can we catch the thrill of Joaquin Miller's splendid verse in which he describes that voyage with the fear-mad mate begging the self-confident explorer to turn back again?

"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say
If we sight naught but sea at dawn?"
"Why you shall say at break of day,
Sail on! sail on! sail on and on!"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone,
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say——"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! sail on!"

—JOAQUIN MILLER, *Columbus.*

Imagine Fulton, dissatisfied with the slow, ordinary modes of travel, building and launching a steamboat on the Hudson River. The people laughed and jeered at his attempt, calling his boat Fulton's Folly, but this man who had confidence in himself was not to be discouraged. To-day, because he had faith in himself, we cross

the mighty ocean in a few days' time in boats luxuriously equipped —veritable floating palaces.

Have you ever read Kipling's famous poem in which he makes his hero say:

"There's no sense in going further— it's the edge of cultivation,"
So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and sowed my crop—
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—so:
"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—
"Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

Do you ever get the notion that the days of pioneering and exploring are over? That there is nothing to challenge your faith in yourself to-day? Have you ever thought that all of the mountains have been crossed, that all of the peaks have been climbed, that all of the rivers have been forded, that all of the new worlds have been discovered? If you have thought that you have made a great mistake.

Listen to what the poet Berton Braley has to say on chance.

"No chance? Why the world is just eager
For the things that you ought to create.
Its store of true wealth is still meager,
Its needs are incessant and great.
It yearns for more power and beauty,
More laughter and love and romance,
More loyalty, labor and duty.
No chance? Why, there's nothing but chance!"

To the whole wide world the cry goes out, "We Want Leaders Who Have Faith in Themselves." We want leaders with all of the fine courage and daring and confidence of the early pioneers and explorers. We want leaders who will lead the world over the Great Divide into a New Day of Brotherhood and Justice."

Will you not be an explorer? An explorer who has faith in himself?

Be Strong!
We are not here to sleep, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be Strong!
Say not the days are evil,—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce,—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be Strong!
It matters not how deep-entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.
—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

There is an interesting story about William Carey, the great missionary to India. You know he was a cobbler, and in his shop he had made a map of the world and thought about the world and prayed for it, and at last God prompted him to go out to India as one of the first missionaries. His motto was:

"Expect great things from God.
Attempt great things for God."

He overcame many things by trying, and very early in his life he learned that the only way to succeed is to try—and to keep on trying.

When he was a boy he was very ambitious and never permitted anything to beat him if he could help it. There was a tree near his home that none of his boy friends had been able to climb. Carey wanted very much to climb that tree and tried and tried again but always failed. But he did not give up. He said, "It shall not beat me. I am going to climb that tree."

So every day he tried to climb the tree, but failed without exception. One day, however, after tearing his clothes and scratching his legs, he got more than halfway up, when down he fell, all in a heap. He had broken his leg.

He suffered a great deal during the long weeks he was forced to stay in bed while his leg was healing. Finally he was up and around the house and soon he was out in the yard. What do you suppose was

the first thing he did? Why, to go to that very tree and try to climb it. And this time he succeeded. He went to the top and down again and he was satisfied. He would not let any difficulty overcome him.

The Boy Who Wanted to Know

Among the early settlers in America were two families by the name of Hoover and Minthorn who settled in New England and Maryland. Branches of these two families moved West, where Jesse Hoover met Huldah Minthorn and they were married. The second son, Herbert Clark Hoover, is the president of our land today. Herbert's uncle, John Minthorn, was a missionary among the Indians in the wilds of Oregon. When Herbert was eight he spent a summer in what was then the Indian Territory. One day his cousins led him around the corner and left him face to face with an Indian chief in full dress. They ran away and expected him to follow, but "Herbie" swallowed his fear, stood firm, and began to ask the chief questions about his feathers and war paint. His uncle had three Indian boys living in his home and from them the white boys learned how to scout and trail and build shelters out of bark.

Herbert's dentist was Dr. William Walker, who was a geologist as well as a dentist. It was in Dr. Walker's office, while looking at his specimens of rocks, that Herbert determined to have an education, for the doctor had to say "I don't know" to many of his questions and Herbert wanted to know! He wanted to know how coral looked in the water on its family tree and why some rocks were in layers and some were not. He wanted to know when the earth was made. "I believe in God all right, because somebody had to make things," he said to his cousin.

Wanting to know things made him learn chapters in the Bible and read every book he could find. It took him through high school and to Leland Stanford University, the first boy to occupy the Boys' Dormitory. There he studied geology to his heart's content and when he graduated he was a mining engineer. From that time on he began to take his place in the world and to find out some of the things he had wanted to know. When he was twenty-three he was sent to West Australia to solve a mining problem and lived in a sun-scorched land faced with a task that a man twice his age and experience might have refused. Then he was called to China as

Director General of Mines, then to Siberia, Burma, and finally, when the war broke out, to Belgium as Food Administrator, where he saved thousands of lives by knowing how to make one loaf of bread do the work of two and getting other people to see it, also. After the war he was called "The World's Family Doctor," because he had helped to save the lives of thousands and thousands of people. To-day he is the president of our great nation because he had faith in himself, and because he believed in himself others believed in him.

Sunday, April 13

Theme: FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER

Suggested Scripture: Matthew 7:1; Matthew 9:98–13; Luke 5:27–29; 19:1–10.

Text: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Hymn for the Month: "Just As I Am, Thine Own to Be."

Selected Hymns: "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life," Frank Mason North; "We Would See Jesus," J. Edgar Park; "O Jesus, Prince of Life and Truth," Anonymous; "I Would Be True," Howard Arnold Walter.

Instrumental Prelude: "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life."

Call to Worship:

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer. Amen.

Offertory:

Pastor:

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

MUSIC: "Fairest Lord Jesus," Munster.

RESPONSE: As the ushers bring the baskets to the pulpit, let the congregation stand and sing together:

We give Thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee. Amen.

Prayer:[1]

O Thou who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, we thank Thee for the power of faith by which Thou art transforming the world. Forgive us our mistrust. Forgive us if we have prevented any one from being all he should be because we failed to trust him enough. Thou dost trust us in spite of all our failures; and we know that we couldn't be half what we are if it weren't that our fathers and mothers and friends believe in us and expect us to do our best.

Help us to have faith in every one of Thy children, just as we want them to have faith in us. And so, by the power of the faith which Jesus had in his disciples, by the power of the faith which Thou dost have in Thy wayward and quarreling children, by the power of the faith which we have in one another may the days of peace and goodwill be established in the earth.

We ask it in the name of him who trusted even those who slew him. Amen.

Sermon and Illustrations:

The annals of the poor are short and simple. They, however, record heroic deeds. One of these records tells how a poor navvy became a hero by forgetting self, even when death was clutching him.

Many years ago when England was digging canals, the laborer who delved therein was called a navvy. The name, an abridgment of navigator, connected the digger in the public mind with works of internal navigation. In course of time it came to designate a laborer on railroads and other public works.

There was a particular navvy by the name of Bill whom some of his fellow laborers did not trust. Just why they did not have confidence in him I do not know. I do know that they let Bill know very clearly that they had no faith in him. You can imagine the effect this had on Bill. He made mistakes, many of them, and perhaps now and then had done some things which might shake the faith of others in him. At this particular time he was trying very hard to live down the mistakes of the past. He needed encouragement and needed it very badly, but how was he to get encouragement from mates who did not trust him?

Bill was disheartened. In fact, he was so discouraged that he was

[1]From *Manual for Training in Worship*, by Hugh Hartshorne, Scribner's.

at the point of quitting his job when a new "boss" was placed over his group. Now this new "boss" had some peculiar ideas as to what it is that makes a man do his best. The first day he was on the job he came to Bill and said, "Bill, you have an important job. The lives of several men are in your keeping. I do not have to tell you that I am counting on you to guard the safety of your mates as you would your own safety. I have discovered that some of the men do not trust you. I do. I want you to know that I am counting on you to live up to my faith in you."

Bill's job was this: His usual post was at the top of the embankment, among the tip-carts. He was a "top-man" over a shaft of a tunnel which was being cut on a railway. The shaft was two hundred feet deep and ran down through solid rock. Bill's duty was to watch the large iron bucket filled with rocks, as it was hoisted from the bottom, run it to the tip-cart, and return it empty to the navvies below. If a rock fell off the bucket Bill shouted, "Waur out below," and the men ran farther into the mine.

One day, as Bill was leaning over the shaft, swinging in a loaded bucket, his foot slipped and he fell into the shaft. He knew he would be dashed into pieces; but he thought of his mates below. If he screamed, they would rush out to learn the cause of the unusual noise, and some of them would be smashed by his heavy body. If any of them were at the bottom, and he did not give the usual warning, they would be killed. His mates heard one moment his clear voice, "Waur out below," the next, the thud of his smashed body. They were saved. Bill was more than an uneducated navvy; he was a hero because of the trust of a man.

A number of years ago the daily papers carried an account of how General Scott was called out West to deal with some Indians who were causing trouble. Feeling that they were not being fairly treated, the Indians had become resentful. According to the reports of some cowboys, the Indians had actually killed somebody. A serious uprising seemed possible. The white people were alarmed and began to arm themselves to put down the rebellion. The situation didn't improve, so they sent for General Scott. General Scott, as you know, was a veteran from the days of the Western Indian wars. In all of his dealings with the Indians the General has gone on the principle that they are good and can be trusted.

So when the call came General Scott went West and, instead of getting together a band of men and going out to fight the Indians, he sent a messenger to them and said he would like to talk things over. And then he went unarmed to the camp of the Indians in revolt. A few of them came around, and General Scott was friendly to them, asked them how they were, and gave them some presents. The next day they came back and had a good talk, and he kept on talking things over with them till they felt that he was their friend and that they could trust him. So he asked some of them to go along with him back to town. Without any hesitation they agreed to go. And they didn't have to be chained or tied to their horses. They came along of their own accord—and all because he trusted them and believed they would.

I like to do things for people who believe in me. Somehow their faith gives me strength and courage and even ability that I didn't have before. I like to try to be fine and noble when I know that others believe that I am fine and noble. It's a mighty hard pull, though, isn't it, when people don't have confidence in you? When people don't believe that you can do things you just don't have much inspiration to try.

Have you ever thought about how much Jesus trusted people while he was here on earth and how very much he is trusting us to-day? Next Sunday is Easter, and we are led to think of that last terrible week when his life was drawing to its end in the body. Judas betrayed him, and still he believed in his disciples. Peter denied him, and still Jesus believed. I have an idea that many times, perhaps, when you were trying to do something, you said, "What's the use? Nobody cares anything about what I'm doing. I'm going to quit." Jesus didn't say that. It would have been easy for him to decide that no one cared anything about him or about what he was doing. One of his disciples betrayed him, and another denied him, and the others fled in terror when he was arrested. But he didn't quit. He kept on believing.

Suppose Jesus hadn't trusted his disciples. We would never have heard of him, for he left no writings by which the world could know or remember him. He trusted his friends to tell the story of his life throughout the world. Because he had faith in others, you and I to-day know of Jesus, and worship him as our Hero and Master and Savior. He is trusting us to-day, just as he did his disciples two

thousand years ago, to carry his message to others through our daily lives.

This is the sort of faith the Father has in us, and it is the sort of faith he expects us to have in one another.

Hymn for Unison Reading

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

"I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love and lift!"

Faith in Others Helps Us to see the Good in Them

What did Jesus teach about seeing good in others? If you will read carefully each of the following references you will see how Jesus tried always to see good in others:

1. Matthew 9:10–13. Jesus even ate with publicans and sinners—an act that was greatly criticized by his enemies.
2. Matthew 9:9. Jesus called a publican to be one of his disciples. This is described in more detail in Luke 5:27–29.
3. Luke 19:1–10. Zacchæus, also a publican, became such a devoted follower of Jesus that he was willing to restore fourfold to any persons whom he had unjustly taxed the money that belonged to them.

When did Jesus judge people? When he first met them? How did he judge them? By what people said about them? By the kind of clothes they wore? Or did he look on the heart of a man and have faith in his possibilities?

Sunday, April 20 (Easter Sunday)

Theme: FAITH IN THE RISEN CHRIST

Suggested Scripture: Luke 24:1–9; Mark 16:1, 2, 5, 6*a*; Matthew 28: 2–6; John 1:25; Romans 6:4*b*.

Text: "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Hymn for the Month: "Just As I Am, Thine Own To Be."

Selected Hymns: "The Day of Resurrection," John N. Neale; "Christ the Lord Is Risen To-day," Charles Wesley; "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," Edward Perronet; "We Would See Jesus," J. Edgar Park.

Instrumental Prelude: A medley of Easter Hymns, including: "There's A Green Hill Far Away," "Fairest Lord Jesus," "Jerusalem the Golden," "Crown Him with Many Crowns," "In the Cross of Christ I Glory."

or

"I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," standing alone as the prelude.

Call to Worship:

I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

or

PASTOR:

O sing unto Jehovah a new song;
For He hath done marvelous things:
His right hand and His holy arm
Hath wrought salvation for Him. (Psalm 98:1.)

CONGREGATION:

Bless Jehovah, O my soul.
O Jehovah my God, Thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty. (Psalm 104:1.)

Unison Reading:

I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep.

He that is a hireling and not a shepherd beholdeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep and fleeth, and the wolf snatcheth them and scattereth them;

He fleeth because he is an hireling and careth not for the sheep.

I am the good shepherd; and I know mine own and mine own know me.

Even as the Father knoweth me and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep;

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd.

Picture for Study: "He is Risen," Plockhorst.

Offertory Service:

SENTENCE: Every good and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father. Freely ye have received, freely give.

MUSIC: "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," Isaac Watts.

RESPONSE: All things come of Thee, O Lord,
And of Thine own have we given Thee. Amen.

(For music, see service for March 16.)

(Instead of the regular offering-ushers you may choose to have the Easter offering presented by girls, gowned in white robes, and wearing wreaths of greenery on their heads.)

Prayer:[1]

Our Father in Heaven we thank Thee for Easter and what it means to us as Christians. As Jesus rose into a new and glorious life, so may each new day that comes to us bring new joys, new hopes and new opportunities to serve the world as Jesus served it. We thank Thee that Jesus lived and died and rose to live again, and that He is with us now and ever will be. Help us to understand His wish for our lives that we may serve Him gratefully and loyally all our lives long. Help us to be happy today and to try and make others happy for Jesus' sake. We know of no better way to celebrate the resurrection of Jesus than to promise Him again our joyful and willing allegiance, and this we do. Amen.

Prayer Reponse:

Redeemer, come. I open wide
My heart to thee, here, Lord, abide.

[1]From *A Curriculum of Worship for the Junior Church School*, Edna M. Crandall, The Century Co.

Let me Thy inner presence feel;
Thy grace and love in me reveal. Amen.
(Tune: "Waltham.")

Carol by the Choir: "Sing We Now Our Hymns of Gladness."
Anthem by the Choir: "Hail the Morn of Mystic Beauty."
Carol by the Congregation: "Ring, Ye Bells of Easter Day."
Processional and Recessional Hymns: "Fight the Good Fight," "Christ the Lord is Risen To-day," "The Day of Resurrection."

Sermon and Story:

On this Easter morning let us imagine that we are taking a walk in the woods. Shall we sit down under this big shady oak tree for a brief rest? Now that we are seated, I fancy I can hear voices. Do you hear them? If you do not hear these voices, let us see if I can interpret to you what I hear.

The first voice I hear is that of an acorn just above our heads. "Will not somebody save me," the acorn says. "I do believe I am falling."

Now there comes another voice: "Do not be afraid, my dear friend. You are going to fall, all right. That can't be helped. But take my word for it, it won't hurt you, really."

This second voice is that of a tiny bird perched on a twig, on the end of which the frightened acorn trembles and cries with fear. Shall we continue with our imaginary conversation? It may prove to be interesting and helpful.

Again the acorn speaks. "Don't be silly," he says to the tiny bird, "how can I possibly fall forty or fifty feet and not be hurt!"

The bird answers him very quietly, "I know what I say sounds very strange to you, but it is quite true. Your fall will be for your betterment and advancement in life."

"Don't talk to me of the strangeness of what you say," returns the acorn scornfully; "you talk sheer nonsense. How can it help me to fall right down there? Oh, I'm going. I feel myself slipping. I just know I am going."

"Yes, you are going," answers the tiny bird, but still very gently. "It doesn't matter how much you want to stay here, you'll have to go down. But when you have gone down, even if you don't believe

me now, remember what I have told you. You have to go down in order that you may come up."

The acorn is yet scornful and unconvinced. "You say that I must go down in order that I may come up. How can I get back here if I go down there?"

"I didn't say you'd come back here on this twig," answers the bird. "In fact, you never will come back to this place. When you get down there you'll soon be covered up with the dark brown earth, and you will lie in the darkness for quite a long time. But one day you will feel that you have a bigger life than ever you had before, and in sheer joy and strength you will push your way up through the earth. Then you will go on developing your new life until you will become a tree, as big and strong as the one on which you hang to-day."

Still the acorn does not believe. "I do not believe you. And now I'm going. No, I'm gone!"

We hear a gentle thud and the acorn has dropped at our feet. But it does not stop when it falls. It hops and rolls until it comes to a standstill close by an oak sapling, only a few inches high. Now we can hear the acorn groaning as it comes to its new resting place: "Oh, my! How I do wish I was up there again. It was nice to swing on the branch in the wind all day."

And now there comes a third voice, the voice of the little oak sapling. "Cheer up, old chap! You've got nothing to despair about. This fall is really for your betterment and progress in life."

"Why, that's exactly what the bird said," answers the acorn. "But," continues the acorn, "I told him it was nonsense, and I still think it is."

"Well," replies the sapling, "I once spoke like you, for when I came down I thought like you. But you see I'm not dead yet, and am I not a good deal bigger and stronger than you?"

"But you're not an acorn," answers the doubting one. "You're a tree."

"That shows all you know," says the sapling.

"Why, what do you mean?" asks the acorn, very much interested.

"Just simply this," says the sapling, "that I am an acorn. And so is that big fellow from whom you have just fallen."

"Why, that's what the bird told me," replies the acorn.

"Well, it's certain he told you the truth," answers the sapling. "Oak trees are only acorns fully developed."

"And do I have to be buried in the earth?" questions the acorn.

"Yes," replies the sapling, "and then you'll be resurrected. Your body will decay but your life will continue and will strengthen until you are enabled to lift the earth out of the way. Then you will go on developing until you become a beautiful oak tree, and strong enough to withstand the fiercest storms."

I think, perhaps, the conversation of our friends is over now. I wonder if they have given us anything to think about. I have a notion the acorn is going to be thinking a great deal during the next few days.

From what we know about Jesus I believe we will decide that the bird and the sapling spoke truth to the acorn, for Jesus tells us there is no death for those who trust in Him. He has told us that it is necessary for us to give ourselves away in service to others in order to live big, fine, and strong lives. On one occasion, you recall, he said that if a man really wanted to save his life, the way to do it was by losing it for others. The acorn thought it was going to lose its life when it fell to the ground and buried itself, but the sapling testified that it was just beginning to live when it lost itself. That is what Jesus meant, I think. He was saying that we just begin to live really when we lose ourselves in the service of others.

When they placed Jesus in the tomb the Roman soldiers thought that his life was at an end. But really it had just started. He lost his life in the service of others, and thereby truly saved it. Our bodies may decay in the grave but our spirit, the life that controls our body, will never die. Jesus says that He is the Resurrection and the Life, and that all who believe on Him and who live a life of service as He did, will have life forever.

(An appropriate Easter setting can be made by planning a background of greenery, studded with potted plants and Easter lilies. The plants and lilies can be sent to the hospital, or to any sick in the congregation. A cross adorned with Easter lilies can be the center of the background.)

Sunday, April 27

Theme: FAITH IN THE FATHER GOD

Suggested Scripture: Hebrews 11:1–7, 8, 17, 24–29, 32–34; Daniel 3:1–18.

Text: "I will trust, and not be afraid, for Jehovah is my strength and song."

Hymn for the Month: "Just As I Am, Thine Own to Be."

Selected Hymns: "God is My Strong Salvation," James Montgomery; "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," Isaac Watts; "God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand," Daniel C. Roberts; "Faith of Our Fathers," Frederick W. Faber; "From All Thy Saints in Warfare," Horatio Nelson.

Instrumental Prelude: (Violin and Piano "Largo," Handel.)

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Trust in Jehovah with all thy heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding.

CONGREGATION: Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid, for Jehovah is my strength and song.

Unison Reading: Psalm 46.

Responsive Reading: Psalm 91.

Introduction and Comment re *Responsive Reading:*

The under dog always wins our interest and sympathy. If the under fellow keeps fighting we admire him. Israel was the under dog among the nations of the world in the days of the Old Testament. For years she had bravely resisted the attacks of powerful neighbors, trusting always in Jehovah, the God of her fathers. At last she had fallen subject to the mighty power of Babylon, and her people had been led away to the foreign land as captives. For a time they were free from the calamities and destruction of war and settled down to a quiet and prosperous life in their new home. Then came the fear that the proud and mighty Babylon itself would fall before even a greater power, perhaps Egypt. In Babylon Israel had been allowed to live her own life and worship Jehovah. But if Babylon should fall what could she do? Her people might again be scattered, and the religion of Jehovah, the God of their fathers, destroyed forever. The answer to the fear in the hearts of the people came through the voice of a prophet in a new song. He told them

that their refuge and safety was in the Lord. If the people will dwell in the presence of the Lord, the prophet told them, He will defend them in the day of distress. With these words He cheered His people: "He that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

This song of the prophet is in our Book of Psalms, for it was one of the treasured hymns of the Hebrew people, as a hymn of confidence and trust in God.

Let us read responsively the Ninety-first Psalm.

This hymn tells us that if we live as in the presence of God the Most High, there is nothing we need fear. We shall be as safe from all kinds of calamities and dangers as men in a fortress in the time of war. The truth of the Lord will cover us as fully as a shield and buckler. The ancient shields and bucklers, you know, were made to protect the whole person from the arrows of the enemy.

This is what the Psalm means to us, absolute safety if we trust in the Father God. This is what it meant also to the ancient Hebrews, safety from the things that they had to fear: plagues, pestilence, and the arrows of their enemies.

Picture for Study: The Departure of the *Mayflower*, Bayes.
Comment on Picture:

This is a picture of the departure of the *Mayflower*. The little vessel had brought over the band of Pilgrims. It had been their home during the long voyage and even after they landed in America during the time of the building of their first home. Now it was ready to go back to England. We are sure that it took faith and confidence in God for these people to leave their homes and safety in England and set out for a strange land. It did take faith in God, a great deal; but it must have taken very much more faith, I think, to remain in the new land amid the dangers, which they had already come to know, when they could so easily have gone back with the *Mayflower* to their homes and friends.

In the picture we see them watching the little ship sail away. Some of them are praying for help and strength, but all of them, we feel sure, possessed abundant faith in God, else they would have been on the ship and not on the shore.

Offertory Service:

PASTOR:

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?
I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord,
I will pay my vows unto the Lord, in the presence of all the people.

MUSIC: "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."

RESPONSE:

We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine Alone.
A trust, O Lord, from Thee. Amen.

Prayer:

Father of us all, we thank Thee for the certain faith and confidence we have in Thee. We thank Thee that it is possible for us to go forward day by day trusting in Thy loving care and knowing that all will be well with us. We thank Thee that Jesus has shown us that in Thee do we live and move and have our being, and that we know that Thou hast made us for Thyself. We thank Thee, too, for the faith that has enabled men and women in ages past to do great things for Thee. May their achievements in Thy name and for Thy cause inspire us to be faithful to Thee and to be strong and brave in doing Thy work in the world. Grant unto us, we pray Thee, fresh courage each new day to do the things we have to do, and may we always feel secure and safe from harm, because we have given ourselves to Thee whole-heartedly, and because our lives are in Thy keeping. In Jesus' name we make our petition this glad day. Amen.

Sermon:

I know some boys and girls who are afraid of the darkness of the night, who go in fear along a country lane or a city street in the dark, and don't like to be alone in a room of their own house without a light. It may seem peculiar that fear of the dark has anything to do with a confidence or trust in God. I wonder if it doesn't have much to do with it. For those who are afraid of the darkness of night must fancy that God goes to sleep in the night, and cannot take care of them as He does in the daytime.

Do we not know that God never slumbers or sleeps? He makes us sure of that by the things He does in the night. He has made many flowers to bloom in the darkness—the evening primrose, the great water lily, and a great number of other flowers. One of the largest flowers is called the Queen of the Night. Also there are more butterflies on the wing in the darkness than there are in the daylight. It is true, the scientific men do not call them butterflies, but you and I may very properly call them butterflies of the night. Many caterpillars feed by night, and some of the most richly coloured beetles are asleep all day and busy in the darkness. One of the sweetest songsters among the birds sings by night. And one reason why flowers open in the dark, and butterflies sip their nectar in the night is, I think, that you should be sure that God is not slumbering or sleeping, but keeps watch over us by night as well as by day.

I am sorry for those people who live on the worlds which have no night.

Night, you know, is just the shadow of the world, which stretches out on the side of the earth opposite the sun. There are worlds which have no shadow. They are lighted by two suns and the inhabitants may see one sun rising while the other is setting. I doubt if the people who live on the worlds of lasting day know as much as we do of the vastness of God's universe. If we had never seen the stars how little we should know of the power and glory of God! It is to nighttime, then, that we owe our knowledge of the greatness of the universe. It is when we are being swept around through the shadow of the earth that we see and understand that God has thousands and tens of thousands of other suns besides ours, and millions on millions of other worlds, which He is keeping and guiding through the immensity of space as a shepherd leads his flock. Think of that when you read or repeat the Twenty-third Psalm. Let us repeat it now. The Great God who is your Shepherd is also the Shepherd of millions of worlds, and He thinks of the flowers which open in the dark, and of the butterflies which flutter over them.

Why should we be afraid of the dark, or of anything, since the mighty God, whom Jesus has taught us is a Loving Father, watches over us through day and night, and life and death, and forever?

The great men and women of history have been those who have trusted in the love and care of the Father God, and have lived as

in His presence. Wherever we go we find the Father God. If we go to the ends of the earth He is there. If we fly into the heavens He is there. If we descend into the earth He is there. This is His world, and we are His children. We and the world are enfolded in His Loving Presence.

Let us say with the Hebrew poet to-day, "I will trust, and not be afraid, for Jehovah is my strength and song."

CHAPTER V: MAY

THEME FOR THE MONTH: OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES

Sunday, May 4

Theme: TESTING TIME

Suggested Scripture: Ephesians 6:10–18.
Text: "God did prove Abraham." (Genesis 22:1.)
Hymn for the Month: "Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True."
Selected Hymns: "Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True," W. J. Rooper; "Keep Thyself Pure! Christ's Soldier," Adelaide M. Plumptre; "O Jesus, Prince of Life and Truth," Anonymous; "Who Is on the Lord's Side," Frances R. Havergal; "Fight the Good Fight with All Thy Might," John S. B. Monsell.
Instrumental Prelude: "Souvenir," by Drdla. Or the first hymn used in the service played through twice.
Call to Worship: Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.
Hymn Response to Call:

Be strong—be strong,
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
(*Worship and Song*, No. 169.)

Offertory Service:

PASTOR: Give unto the Lord the glory due His name.
Bring an offering and come into His courts.

MUSIC: The hymn which is to be used next in the service after the Offertory.

RESPONSE:

Bless Thou the gift our hands have brought,
Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned.
Ours is the faith, the will, the thought.
The rest, O God, is in Thy hand. Amen.

(For music see service for January 12.)

Prayer:[1]

O Lord God, strong and mighty, we would draw near to Thee, confessing our weakness, beseeching Thee to make us strong. We would, O Lord, be strong in body that we may do our work in life well and cheerfully. We would, O Lord, be strong in heart, full of courage, lightly regarding pain and danger when they lie in the path of duty. We would be strong in love, tender-hearted, loving our neighbor as ourselves and Thee supremely with all our strength. We would be strong in faith, believing Thy word and Thy promises; ever trusting in the victory of good over evil; ever confident that all things work together for good to them that love Thee. We would be strong in hope; undaunted by seeming defeat; ever looking beyond the mists and clouds of time into the clear shining of the eternal life. Hear our prayer, O Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer. Amen.

Sermon, Story, and Illustrations:

A good many boys and girls agree that school life might be a lot of fun all through if it were not for "exams." And some, I imagine, wish most eagerly that their schooldays were over that they might be finished with "horrid exams." If any of you really do hope to be done with "tests" and "examinations," then I am afraid you are going to be very disappointed.

Life is just one long series of "tests." Have you noticed that many things in daily life are tested both before and after they are put into use? Every new ship before she goes into service must take her test to see if the propeller shaft has a flaw somewhere. The ship must submit to many other tests before it goes into service, and then every time it docks it is examined and tested to see if it is good for future service. Do you remember what happened to the ill-fated *Vestris* because the examiners failed to give the vessel a good testing? Scores of lives were lost, as you recall. Every long-distance train has its wheels tapped at stopping places to see if they are still sound. Every factory boiler is tested to see whether it can still stand full pressure. The wires of every elevator are regularly tested to see if any steel strands be torn or broken.

Many men in responsible positions are tested before they get into them. Engine drivers are tested to make sure that they know red

[1]From *Liturgical Services.* Copyright The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

from green and can still see well. Ships' officers, captains, and mates are tested for these same reasons among others. Doctors and dentists and lawyers must pass their tests before they can practice.

You can see at once why *things* are tested. If the cracked wheels were left on the train engine and broke when it was going full speed, there might be a smash and many lives lost. You are tested for the sake of others the same as the engine. Others are depending on you now to take your place in the work and play of the world. When you leave school others will depend on you to take a yet larger place in the world's work. Surely it is best that you be tested before you leave school.

You are tested in your play as well as in your school studies. You are tested as to whether you can play clean, play with and for the team and not by and for yourself, and whether you can take a beating. It would be very unfair if you were never tested in these things until you were out into the great game of adult life where clean play and team play and good sportsmanship are looked for.

Life is just one long series of tests. Everything you get tests you whether you can make the right use of it—time, strength, money, power. It is by tests and examinations that we develop character. The All-Wise Father has so arranged things that we grow and develop as we meet tests and difficulties. If there were no hard knocks in life we should all become lazy and worthless to ourselves and to all others around us.

Have you ever met up with the hermit crab in any of your reading or observation? You may have seen him on the shore with his body concealed in a shell, his biggest claw covering the opening very neatly. Or you may have seen him crawling along the bottom of a rock pool, and at the first sign of danger, retreating into his borrowed shell, and blocking up the entrance with his claw. Some boys and girls retreat at the first sign of difficulty, and, I am afraid, in time become worthless like the hermit crab. But we must go on with our story.

If you have ever seen him when the water was rough you have been tempted to laugh at the way in which he grabs and grasps at anything that may afford him an anchorage. If you have seen him when he happened to be without a shell you have also been tempted to laugh at the comical appearance of his dwarfed fourth and fifth pair of legs. The hermit crab seems to know that he is a pathetic and

helpless-looking creature, for when he is in danger he makes haste to find an empty shell, and when he has found one he pokes into it with his claws, and if he decides that it is a safe and comfortable covering he darts into it with much speed, and makes himself so fast and firm by a ridge on his back and the two little hooks at his tail that you could not pull him out without tearing him in two. Sometimes, however, he has to give up his borrowed home, as, for instance, when a wave may dash him against a stone and break his shell, or when he grows too large for his house and is forced to give it up and search for a larger shell in order to be comfortable.

It is a rather miserable sort of life the hermit crab lives. Generally, crabs are such hardy fellows, strongly shielded by their own natural shells. This hermit crab is a pitiful creature, who must cover his body with a shell that does not belong to him, and hide himself in any hole he can find, and eat anything the waves may throw in his way. The hermit crab eats whatever other crabs disdain to eat.

How did he come to be such a poor creature? Because he ran away from difficulties and tests. The scientists are quite sure that he is so helpless because of laziness. Long ago his ancestors had a strong, shelly coat, like the more respectable crabs, and all their legs adapted for walking or swimming, but they did not like to work, so they lay in holes and under stones, taking such food as they could get with little trouble. Lazy son succeeded lazy father, for generation after generation, and so gradually, Nature allowed the hard armor which protected the crab to wear away. Nature would not go to the trouble to provide what was not put to use. Then some forefather of the hermit crab began to cover himself with an empty shell, and the bad example was followed by those who came after him, and, in consequence, the fourth and fifth pair of legs, being huddled up and cramped in the borrowed shell, began to dwindle and dwarf until they became useless.

It is Nature's law: If we would grow we must use the powers we have. Nature's law is more exacting than that: If we would even keep the powers we have, we must use them. There is no need to say more about the hermit crab. In his case we see the reward of laziness. Nature tested the crab, and it could not pass the examination.

God is placing difficulties in our way every day to test our

character. If we would grow and be strong we must meet every test that comes to us. The reward of laziness is loss of life and character. The reward of meeting difficulties and tests is growth.

The Reward of Difficulties

I have read about a king who lived a long time ago, who took great delight in teaching his people good habits, for he said, "Bad luck comes only to the lazy and indifferent and careless, but to the busy workers God gives the good things of life."

On one occasion, in the night, he placed a large stone in the middle of a road to see what the people who passed by would do. He watched and listened. Nobody attempted to move the stone, but all grumbled rather loudly and freely about its being there. At last the king summoned his people to meet near his palace at a certain time. Then he told the people that he himself had placed the stone there, and stooping down he removed it. Underneath the stone a little hole was seen in which was a small iron box, and on it these words were written: "For him who lifts the stone." Then he opened the box, turned it upside down, and out rolled a beautiful gold ring and twenty bright gold coins. Then everybody wished he had removed the stone.

Is not life always like the above story? The difficulties at school and in life are the very things that contain the gold; the things you cannot do are the things you must never rest until you can do. Great discoverers and inventors and writers have always acted upon that plan, and when they succeeded at last they "touched the gold" and found themselves famous.

Sunday, May 11

Theme: Meeting Difficulties Squarely

Suggested Scripture: Matthew 16:24–27; 21:28–31*a*; Luke 17:1 *c.*
Text: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself . . . and follow me."
Hymn for the Month: "Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True."

Selected Hymns: "For All Thy Care We Bless Thee," Sarah Doudney; "O Jesus, I Have Promised," John E. Bode; "Father, Lead Me Day by Day," John P. Hopps; "O Lord of Life and Love and Power," Ella S. Armitage; "Soldiers of Christ, Arise," Charles Wesley.

Instrumental Prelude: "The Pilgrim's Chorus," Wagner.

Call to Worship:

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

Offertory Service:

PASTOR: Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

MUSIC: "Thine Arm, O Lord, in Days of Old," Edward H. Plumptre.

RESPONSE:

We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee. Amen.

Prayer:

Our Father, we realize that there are many hills in life which must be climbed. We know that we must go over the hills if we ever expect to reach all that lies on the other side. We thank Thee for the hills of life. In front of us are the steep, rough hills of difficulty over which the road of life insists on running. Sometimes when we first see these hills we do not like them. But they are there we realize, our Father, and we have determined to go over them. Give us the necessary strength and courage and vision to meet all of the difficulties of life squarely, and the will to overcome them for our own sake, for the sake of others, and for the sake of our Lord and Master and Hero, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Sermon, Story, and Illustrations:

Last Sunday we talked together about the tests and examinations in life that we have to meet in order to be the fine, strong characters that we should be. To-day let us tell some stories together, and see if we can discover some things about the difficulties and obstacles of life that will help us as we grow into noble manhood and womanhood.

A very famous minister tells us that when he was a boy he lived beside the sea. One of his great delights, he says, was to get on board a fishing smack, lie down on the deck, and gaze into the tanks or fish pens where great live cod could be seen swimming across the patch of light across the hatchway. The fish had been caught out in the deep sea and kept alive in the pens to bring them fresh to market. But it was found that the dull and lazy life of the fish in the tanks made them soft and flabby and not very tempting to eat. A certain fisherman with a touch of genius, so the minister says, hit upon the idea of putting a catfish into the tank beside the cod. Now the codfish and the catfish got on as well together as a cat and a dog which did not know each other. The catfish was always biting at the cod and keeping him on the move; they had a sluggish lazy life no longer, and the result was that they came to the market firm and wholesome and good—thanks to the catfish.

If you will pardon the comparison, we are all like fish in a tank, and there are catfish about to keep us from settling down to become slack and soft and good for little or nothing. That is, the difficulties of life will keep us from becoming good for nothing, provided we do not give in to them completely. If we surrender to difficulties, then they will overcome us.

Recently I discovered the interesting story of an obscure brush maker who died in a Western state some fifty years ago. At the age of sixteen this brush maker was a bright, ambitious, hopeful student in an Ohio college. His parents being poor, he worked on the farm in the summer to pay for his winter's schooling. He was an earnest follower of Christ, and it was his intention to become a missionary to Africa. A violent attack of fever destroyed his health and left him with a disease of the eyes, which in a year's time rendered him stone blind. Whatever the boy suffered in this destruction of all his earthly hopes, he kept to himself. He was outwardly the same cheerful, light-hearted fellow. As soon as he had strength he began to learn brush making, and supported himself by that trade. A year after he was established at it he began to gather into his little shop on Sundays the boys whom he found on the river wharves, to teach and talk to them. This work he continued for thirty years, until the time of his death. He had a peculiar aptitude for interesting boys, and the experience of his own life gave a force and pungency to his appeal which it would have lacked

had it come from men who had met fewer difficulties. Throughout the whole of his life he was unable to see that he had done any good. When he died, however, a letter came from one of the most influential and wisest statesmen of our country—a man whose strength urged many a reform which has helped to elevate and civilize the nation. "Whatever I am," he said, "and whatever I have done, I owe, under God, to John B——. It was he who took me out of the slough and made a man of me."

Blindness! Such a difficulty! But this young man met it squarely and to-day the world is far better because he lived. Let us not be discouraged by any circumstances, however hard. If God forbids you to plant an oak, plant an herb. It is He who will give the increase, and only the future can tell how great the harvest will be.

How big and ferocious difficulties appear to be sometimes, and then when we walk straight up to them, how small they actually become! Some years ago a young forest ranger was sent from his camp with a supply of fish to stock a small lake across the mountain. There was only one trail across the mountain. Halfway up the mountain side the young ranger discovered a brown bear calmly munching berries some hundred feet in front of him. His first impulse was to turn back, but immediately there came the thought that he could not afford to admit himself to be a coward. Then came the thought, why not dump the fish in the bushes, rest a few hours, and return to his camp as if he had carried out his responsibility. A voice seemed to whisper to him, "Why don't you throw the fish away? Why risk your life to save a few fish? No one will ever know." And then another voice said to him, "You will know! You will know!" This second voice persisted until he decided that he would face the difficulty. With his hunting knife grasped firmly in one hand, and his pail of fish in the other, he walked straight toward the bear. Ten, twenty, thirty feet he walked, and the bear paid him no attention. Seventy, eighty, ninety feet, now he was even with the bear, and yet it gave no notice of him. Safely by the bear, he hastened on to the lake, deposited his fish, and then returned to his camp. On the return trip the bear was nowhere in sight. A few days later he chanced to discover that this particular bear was tame, and that he had wandered away for the day from his keeper, who lived at the foot of the mountain.

I wonder if many of the difficulties which seem to us so ferocious

and terrible would not prove to be tame and friendly if we walked straight up to them and said, "Make the most of it. What are you going to do?" Most of the goblin shapes we think we see at night disappear when we turn the lights on.

The Value of Difficulty

A man was once studying for a while the emperor moth. He watched the moth struggling to break its way out of the cocoon in which it had come to life. The innumerable fine threads of the cocoon meshed it round, and the prisoner was having a hard struggle to go free.

It seemed as if it would be exhausted, and if it got out at all it would be with bruised wings and strength quite spent. So the man thought he would help the moth, and he quickly slit the cocoon, ended the struggle, and opened the way to freedom for the emperor moth. But, alas! something was wrong! The moth moped, and instead of flying crept about the cage. Its colours never blazed out in their full beauty, but remained dull; its wings were never spread for flight, but drooped weak and listless, and after a while the moth died.

What had happened? Why, this: The man who sought to help the moth did it a fatal harm. The Creator of the moth meant the hindrance of the cocoon to be a real help to the moth. It was meant to find its strength by forcing its way through the cocoon. Only so could its wings fit themselves to fly.

The man who thought to help the moth by taking away the hindrance only did it harm. The Creator of the moth, who knew best, set this hindrance at the beginning of its life because He meant its colors to be glorious and its wings to be strong.

Now the Creator of the moth is also the Creator of men, and because he wants us to have winged souls that shall mount to heaven he sets hindrances in our way to help us. They will help us if we meet them squarely.—From *Balanced Burdens*, Stuart Robinson. Doubleday, Doran & Company.

Splitting Through

He was seated in the Lounging Room of the Hamilton Club in Chicago with a friend. He is the district manager of one of the big

life assurance companies of Canada. When he took charge of his district, the Great War was only two weeks young. Business was at a standstill. The outlook for the future was uncertain. His task was one which might well have daunted the most courageous man.

"If I had not had it hammered into me when I was young that when I started to split wood I was to cut it through, in spite of knots or anything else, I believe I should have given up in the first six months and accepted almost any other position which was offered me."—*The Target.*

Sunday, May 18

Theme: THE VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS

Suggested Scripture: Matthew 25:14–23; Luke 19:12–27.
Text: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things."
Hymn for the Month: "Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True."
Selected Hymns: The same as those suggested for May 11.
Instrumental Prelude: "The Pilgrim's Chorus," Wagner.
Call to Worship:

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

Responsive Scripture:

PASTOR: The fear of the Jehovah is the beginning of knowledge.
CONGREGATION: Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom.
PASTOR: How much better it is to get wisdom than gold.
CONGREGATION: To get understanding is rather to be chosen than silver.
PASTOR: If any of you lacketh wisdom, let him ask of God . . . and it shall be given him.
CONGREGATION: Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

Prayer:

Our Father, grant unto us this day and always the ambition to have clean hands and pure hearts. Help us to keep out of our lives the many little things that are mean and unadmirable.

Help us to realize that it is the little things that count in life—the little kindnesses, the little services, the little sins. We know, our Father, that we can never be prepared to be faithful over big things until we have shown that we can be faithful over little things. Give us the disposition to watch our speech, our actions, our thoughts, to the end that everything we do and think may be in harmony with Thy will and purpose. In Jesus' name we ask it. Amen.

Offertory Service:

PASTOR: Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

MUSIC: "O Lord of Life and Love and Power."

RESPONSE:

We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

Sermon and Illustrations:

For two Sundays now we have been thinking about the place and value of difficulties and obstacles in our lives. We have already seen that there are "testing times" in our lives which all of us must answer to. We have also decided that the only thing a self-respecting child of God can afford to do is to meet difficulties squarely and honestly. To-day I want us to think about the supreme importance of little difficulties—little things that we are sometimes inclined to overlook.

Stretch your imagination and visualize a little brown mouse stopping a big, fast-moving train. I heard of that very thing happening once. A fast boat train was suddenly pulled up, the wheels loudly creaking and screeching under the strain of the sudden application of the brakes. You can be sure that everyone wondered what was the matter, but all they could learn was that the signal was against them. But why was the signal against them? Even the signalman could not tell the passengers of the train that, for he had pulled the lever to drop the signal to let them pass by. After a time it was found that all the trouble was caused by a little mouse that had been playing about the wheels that worked the signals and had got caught in the cogs, and so had prevented the wheels from turning.

Thus it was that a little brown mouse was big enough to stop a big boat train. This train that was stopped by a mouse was in England, but I have also heard of a train that was stopped by a mouse in our own country. In the city of New York there are great tunnels under some of the streets called subways. Through these subways trains of steel cars run by electricity and tens and tens of thousands of people ride back and forth on them every day.

One day at the busiest hour of the morning, when the subway trains were flying and more people than you could count were riding in them, all of a sudden the trains everywhere began to slow down until they were only crawling along, and soon they stopped altogether.

What do you suppose was the matter? What was it that had stopped all those great steel trains which had been rushing along, had slowed them down, and brought every one of them to a halt? What could be strong enough to do all that?

Here is the answer: One single rat had done it all! Over on the river where there is the huge power plant which generates the electricity that runs the trains in all the subways, a rat had gnawed the covering of the fine wires round a part of one of the dynamos. When the covering was gnawed through, the electricity leaped out like a flame of fire and melted all the rest of the wires so that the great machine for the time was ruined, and all the working of the power house came to a stop.

One rat in the wrong place stopped the subway trains of the great city of New York. That is the way it is sometimes with the little difficulties and sins in our lives. They do not seem to be big or important, and sometimes we laugh when our parents, or some older persons, tell us to have an eye to them, for they might do so great damage. We feel so big and strong and confident. What harm will one little evil thought do? What harm will one little lie do? The trouble is that some day that little evil thing may get into the power house of our conscience and may begin to gnaw there. And then there will be a flare-up, and all the wheels of our best strength come to a stop, and we cannot do anything until we have got rid of that little light sin, and made ourselves right again.

David once prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." After the rat stopped the subway trains the people in the power house were doubtless more careful than ever before to keep rats out. We

must keep out of the house of our heart the little crawling, evil things, which do more damage than we ever guess if once they get inside.

The little things in life do count. I once heard of a man who, desiring a boy for his office, refused to engage one applicant for the position because he continued to write the test work given him to do without removing a hair from his pen. "The boy who is careless about a hair on his pen will be careless about bigger things," he said. The boy did not think a hair was big enough to lose him the situation; but it was. Many a character has been lost through one falsehood—just a little fib. Those who have been deceived have said ever afterward, "You don't know when you can trust him." You see, you can't tell how big the little thing is.

A ship was once wrecked on the coast of Ireland. No one was to blame, for the captain was very careful and the weather had been good. But the ship went down off the rocks and after the disaster a diver was sent down to see if the trouble could be discovered. The diver brought up the compass and it was found that it was not true. When it was examined they found in it a little piece of steel, the point of a blade of a knife. The day before the wreck one of the crew, while cleaning the compass, broke off the point of the blade, and it had done all the damage. It had deflected the compass, and the ship with some of its crew and all of its cargo had gone down.

Do you remember how Jesus awards great honor to those who have been faithful in "few things"? And do you remember how once he said, "He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much; and he that is unrighteous in a very little is unrighteous also in much"? It will be well for us to take these words of Jesus to heart.

Sunday, May 25

Theme: MASTERING SELF

Suggested Scripture: II Timothy 2:1–3; Philippians 2:3–5; I Corinthians 3:16–21.
Text: "As a good soldier of Jesus Christ."
Hymn for the Month: "Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True."
Selected Hymns: "God of Our Boyhood, Whom We Yield," Anony-

mous; "Purer Yet and Purer," Anonymous; "O Jesus, Prince of Life and Truth," Anonymous; "O Master, Let me Walk with Thee," Washington Gladden.

Instrumental Prelude: "Ave Maria," Schubert. (Music on page 72.)

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Sing praises unto Jehovah. . . . And give thanks to His holy name.

CONGREGATION: The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life.

Unison or Responsive Reading: Psalm 26.

Prayer:

Our Father, we know that apart from Thee we can do nothing. In our task of mastering ourselves, in order that we may be worthy children of Thine, grant that we may live every day in Thy protection and care and strength. Amen.

Offertory Service:

PASTOR: Every good and perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father.

Freely ye have received, freely give.

MUSIC: "O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee."

RESPONSE: All things come of Thee, O Lord,
And of Thine own have we given Thee. Amen.

(For music, see service for March 16.)

Sermon and Illustrations:

Of all the many difficulties and things in life which we must overcome, our own self is the greatest. Mastery of self is the greatest achievement of all achievements. That great Christian, the Apostle Paul, tells us to live always as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

The essence of soldiership, you know, is not to do as one pleases. The essence of good soldiership in the Kingdom of God is self-mastery.

What will we do if we live as good soldiers of Jesus Christ? Jesus is lord of the body. Therefore you must master your body. You cannot eat just what you please, for good health is essential to a good disposition and good work. You cannot neglect any part of your body, for if you do you will be handicapped in all the after battle of life.

Bring your mind under control. Compel it to do things it does not want to do. Study the books which you do not like. Pick out the

study which you like the least and say: "I'll conquer you if it is the last thing I do." It is a disgrace to grow up with an undisciplined mind, a mind that jumps around like a grasshopper, and never settles down to any serious work. You never can read the great books unless you have a disciplined mind.

And then you must discipline your spirit. You must bring it under subjection to Jesus. You must get rid of your faults of disposition and temper, and you cannot get rid of them without hard work. Vanity and laziness, and peevishness, and babyishness must be driven out of the house and kept out. You must build up all the virtues, and that is a bigger job than putting up a twenty-story building. You must build up the graces—the beautiful traits of character—and you will have to work at that as long as you live in this world, and you will still be working at it through the ages of eternity. A disciplined spirit is a spirit which knows how to bow low before God. It is a spirit which knows how to serve others. It is a spirit which is so strong that it is able to forgive, and so Christlike that it is glad to obey God all the way down to the end of life.

Bring your own feelings under control. I have read of some workmen who were finishing the dome of a high building. One of the men acted as a scaffold for another man who stood on his shoulders. This enabled him to reach the dome. The work to be done necessitated the pouring of hot metal on the dome. In pouring it out some of the hot metal ran over and fell upon the bare arms of the man who was holding him up, burning the flesh right through to the bone.

Had he moved, the man on his shoulders must have been hurled down hundreds of feet and killed; but he neither moved nor cried. The man who was being held knew nothing of this until he was safe down again, then his mate fainted on the scaffold, and he found out what had happened. The man had suffered terribly during those awful moments, but he never gave way to his feelings. That mastery of himself saved his mate's life.

Master the temptation to be looked at rather than to be of service. Unless I am badly mistaken, that is a temptation common to us all. Have we not seen girls more anxious to look beautiful than to be good and useful? Are not boys tempted sometimes to "show off," displaying their cleverness rather than their kindness? Was

there not a fig tree once that had plenty of leaves, but Jesus "found no fruit thereon"?

When poor Marie Antoinette was coming into Paris to be married to the king, she sent word ahead of her that all beggars, cripples, blind, sick, and other unpleasant-looking folk should be cleared off the streets that there might be nothing to mar the beauty of the bridal procession. Poor thing, she was all blossom, pleasant to the eye of those who were in no need, but disappointing to the poor hungry people who had hoped great things from her coming.

There was another—a King—who, when He came into a city, attracted to Himself the very people whom Marie banished—and to-day millions worship Him as their Lord and Savior.

One of the Psalms speaks of people who are "lighter than vanity," and are "deceitful upon the weights." The Psalmist was thinking of people who in their appearance make a large show, but really amount to very little when they come to the test. In the Book of Daniel there is a story of a king named Belshazzar, who had such a high opinion of himself that he thought nothing could ever hurt him or overthrow his kingdom. He was a wicked and selfish man, and one night while he was enjoying a great feast spread in the royal hall there appeared a hand which wrote upon the wall, and the words it wrote were these: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Anyone who fails to master himself is "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Conquer your temper, and keep it—for certainly no one else wants it. In a long line, waiting to get to the paying teller's window in one of the world's largest savings banks, the other day, stood a man who wished to close his account. Passing on, after drawing his money, he noticed he had received twice as much as his book called for, so he stepped back and asked if there were not a mistake in the amount.

"Who are you, anyhow?" shouted the teller, so loudly that everyone around could hear. The depositor quietly gave his name.

"Well, your book calls for sixty-two dollars and fifty cents," the teller answered, still talking angrily at the top of his voice.

"All right," replied the depositor, this time lifting his voice until even the passers-by could hear, "you've given me just twice too much."

It so happened that among those within hearing was the president of the institution. Losing one's temper has never yet gained anyone anything. (The pastor may well continue the sermon, covering such points as: Mastery of Pride, Conceit, Greed, Tattling, Spitefulness, Dishonesty, Carelessness, Indifference, Selfishness, etc.)

A Test of Self-Mastery

We do not often think of gruff old half-sick Thomas Carlyle as chivalrous, especially toward his brilliant, spicy-tempered wife, but when his friend John Stuart Mill borrowed the manuscript of his *French Revolution,* upon which he had spent more than three years of his life, and he failed to take care of it and it was burned to ashes, Carlyle said not a word of reproach to him, but when he had gone he turned to his wife and said, "How miserable Stuart Mill must be!"—*Clipping.*

Cool-headedness

"The coolest act I ever saw," says Mr. Rex Stuart, a railway engineer, in the *American Magazine,*" was some months ago on the run between New York and Albany. We were a little late and were traveling fast when I saw two little girls on the track straight ahead. A freight was coming north on the opposite track. One of the girls saw the danger and jumped clear. The other was caught.

"There is only six feet between the rails of the two tracks, and she was trapped in there. She turned sidewise, then put her hands straight down at her sides, shut her eyes, and stood perfectly still. I looked back after we hit the curve, and she was still standing there as stiff as a poker, waiting for the trains to pass. Of course, it would have been better if she had dropped flat on the ground, but she scarcely had time to do that. It was a very cool-headed deed as it was.—*Exchange.*

CHAPTER VI: JUNE

THEME FOR THE MONTH: GOD'S WORLD.

Sunday, June 1

Theme: GOD IN NATURE

Suggested Scripture: Psalm 19: 1–2; Psalm 104.
Text: "God created the heaven and the earth."
Selected Hymns: "This Is My Father's World," Maltie D. Babcock; "The Summer Days Are Come Again," Samuel Longfellow; "All Beautiful the March of Days," Frances Whitmarsh Wile; "God of the Earth, the Sky, the Sea," Samuel Longfellow; "For the Beauty of the Earth," Folliott S. Pierpoint.
Hymn for the Month: "This Is My Father's World."
Picture for Study: Spring, or The Lake, Corot.

Comment on the Picture:

God has created a beautiful world beyond description for us to live in. It was beautiful last autumn when the leaves were red and golden, and in the winter when everything was covered with snow, and icicles were hanging from the trees and houses, the world was more than gorgeous. As much as we may like the world in the autumn and winter, I imagine most of us like it best in the spring and summer when the skies are so blue, the grass so green, and the flowers a regular riot of color almost everywhere. On this summer day let us think of the many beautiful things about us, for the thought of our service is "God in Nature."

Instrumental Prelude: "Largo" from "New World Symphony," Dvořák.
Call to Worship:

PASTOR: In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.

CONGREGATION: The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth forth His handiwork.

PASTOR: The earth is Jehovah's and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein.

CONGREGATION: Jehovah reigneth—let the earth rejoice.

Vocal Response to Call:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty.
Perfect in power, in love, and purity. Amen.
(Tune, "Nicæa.")

Concert Scripture:

Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.
Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.
For God is the King of all the earth:
Sing ye praises, with understanding.
God reigneth over the nations:
God sitteth upon His holy throne.
(Psalm 47:6, 7, 8.)

Prayer:[1]

O God, we thank Thee for everything.
For the sea and its waves, blue, green and gray and always wonderful;
For the beach and the breakers and the spray and the white foam on the rocks;
For the blue arch of Heaven; for the clouds in the sky, white and gray and purple;
For the green of the grass; for the forests in their spring beauty; for the wheat and corn and rye and barley.
We thank Thee for all Thou hast made and that Thou hast called it good.
For all the glory and beauty and wonder of the world;
We thank Thee that Thou hast placed us in the world to subdue all things to Thy glory
And to use all things for the good of Thy Children. Amen.

Offertory Service:

PASTOR: All the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land

[1]Adapted from the *One Thousandth Psalm,* Edward Everett Hale.

or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's. It is holy unto the Lord.

Of all that Thou shalt give us, we will give to Thee with grateful hearts.

MUSIC: "For the Beauty of the Earth."

RESPONSE:

Of Thine own we offer,
Of Thy gifts we give,
Unto Thee, O Father,
In whose life all live. Amen.

(For music, see Typical Order of Service.)

Sermon and Illustrations:

Have you ever thought of our world as a big, beautiful palace which God the Builder has filled with riches and beauty, and in which He has placed man as King? Well, that is just what our world is—a magnificent palace which God is building for us. One of the finest things about it all is that God is asking us to help him in making this palace still more beautiful.

Do you enjoy looking at the lovely ceilings of palaces and magnificent public buildings? I am sure you do, and there are some gorgeously beautiful ceilings in the fine buildings of this country, but none of them is more beautiful than the ceiling of the palace in which all of us live. To-night look up at the ceiling of our palace and see the moon and the millions of stars shining like glorious lamps in the sky. When you go outside after service, look at the fleecy clouds in their many beautiful forms. This evening watch the gorgeous sunset. Watch the west as it glows like a furnace of red-hot coals and then slowly dies out into gray ashes. No palace designed by man ever had such a beautiful ceiling. Next Sunday I want us to talk and think together about some of the interesting facts of this ceiling. We may learn the name and disposition of some of the stars and suns and moons, and how clouds are formed and what they do, but to-day we are just glancing briefly at some of the parts of our wonderful palace.

No king's palace ever had such beautiful pictures as are seen in this world which is our home. Think of some of the pictures: Snow-capped mountain peaks, glistening in the sunshine; tumbling waterfalls; fence corners piled atop with daisies; the magnificent forests of the Northwest; the orchards with their trees in blossom; gardens

of lovely flowers; the sweeping plains of the West; fields of waving corn; meadows in which are cattle and sheep and horses; valleys and plains with their rivers and streams. The pictures that hang in kings' palaces were all copied from these pictures which are natural and free in our palace.

In palaces there are usually good musicians, good singers and organists, and good musical instruments. Such wonderful musicians as there are in our great world palace! The lark, the thrush, the starling, the nightingale, and many other sweet songsters fill the air with their songs. Music, music everywhere in our palace.

How wisely and wonderfully heated and lighted is our palace! The moon and the stars by night and the sun by day give us light. The heat from the sun is so wisely tempered and administered that it brings the rosy-red blush to the face of the peach and the apple, and color to the flowers. It ripens the grain in the field, and so warms the palace that man can live in comfort in most parts of it for many months in the year without additional heat. And then when the sun goes so far away that its own heat is inadequate for the palace, man finds stored in the earth coal and oil and gas.

And what wonderful timekeepers there are in our world palace. If all the watches and clocks in the world should be destroyed we should yet be able to get the correct time from the sun, moon, and stars. Man's timepieces may go wrong, but the timekeepers God has placed in the palace always keep the right time.

One of the most marvelous facts of our world palace is the great variety there is among the peoples in it. How they vary in the color of their skins from the whitest Europeans or Americans to the blackest Africans. In their dress they differ from the many fashions of the people of America to those of China and Japan and India. There are countless designs in the architecture of the houses in which they live. In manners, customs, and speech there is endless variety, but all the people in the palace make up one big family, for God made of one blood all nations of the earth. It is His wish that they should live together in love, peace, and happiness, and not fight each other.

How well supplied with provisions is our palace. So many people in the palace, and yet provisions sufficient for all of them. It makes us sad when we realize that although there are sufficient provisions, some of the members of our palace family do not get their rightful

share. One of our greatest tasks in working with God to make our palace more beautiful and the people in it more happy, is to see to it that all of God's family receive their share of the provisions that God has stored in the palace.

Think of the infinite wisdom that is displayed in the perfect order in the palace! Such an enormous palace, and yet there is no disorder. The whole universe works smoothly, and like a mighty piece of machinery. Next Sunday we shall see a little more clearly just how smoothly things do work in our wonderful palace.

If we had eyes to see we would behold the glory of God in everything in the palace—in every flower, in every weed, in every blade of grass, in every drop of dew, and we would say:

"My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right."

Seeing Beauty Everywhere

There is a story told of a man who loved to see beauty and he always carried a microscope with him. He was traveling in Scotland and was visiting friends in the heather hills. If you ever have the chance do not fail to see Scotch heather. It grows wild in Scotland, out on the hills and on the moors, and is very beautiful. It has a little purple flower, and this great man of science was lying down upon the heather looking at a small heather bell in bloom. He looked at it long and lovingly and did not hear the sound of approaching feet and knew not that any one was near until a shadow passed across the glass of the microscope. When he looked up an old Scotch shepherd with his dog was looking at him curiously, wondering what he was doing in that strange place, with that strange brass instrument. The man rose and told the shepherd to look. The old man lay down in the heather and was a long time looking through the microscope. When he rose tears were in his eyes and he said, "I never knew it was so beautiful, and to think that I have trodden so many under my heavy foot." It was more beautiful than he had known.

Sunday, June 8

Theme: GOD'S HANDIWORK

Suggested Scripture: Job 26: 7–14; 28; 36:24–33; 37; 38; Psalm 65: 6–13; Psalm 96: 11–13.

Text: "The heavens declare the glory of God."

Selected Hymns: "This Is My Father's World," Maltie D. Babcock; "The Summer Days Are Come Again," Samuel Longfellow; "All Beautiful the March of Days," Frances Whitmarsh Wile; "God of the Earth, the Sky, the Sea," Samuel Longfellow; "For the Beauty of the Earth," Folliott S. Pierpoint.

Hymn for the Month: "This Is My Father's World."

Instrumental Prelude: "For the Beauty of the Earth."

Call to Worship:

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them. The heavens above bear testimony to Thy Power and Love.

Picture for Study: "When I Consider Thy Heavens," Taylor.

Unison Reading:

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.

Prayer Hymn:

My God, I thank Thee who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right. Amen

(*Hymnal for American Youth.*)

Offertory Service:

PASTOR:

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

MUSIC: "The Spacious Firmament on High."
RESPONSE: (See Response for January 12.)

Sermon and Illustrations:

A short time ago I read a captivating story of Lord Tennyson which I believe you will enjoy. It appears that the great poet was always a bit awkward and clumsy in his movements. One day when out for a walk with a friend they came to a stile. As Tennyson followed his friend over it, he tripped and fell to the ground. The friend, being considerate, walked slowly on, prepared not to smile when the poet should overtake him. After a little while, failing to hear footsteps, he glanced over his shoulder to see what had become of Tennyson, and was alarmed to see the poet lying face downward, exactly where he had fallen. Hurrying back to offer his assistance, he discovered that Lord Tennyson was looking intently into a little muddy pool by the fence which was all overgrown with duckweed. It occurred to the friend that the poet had dropped something in his fall and was looking for it. Just as he was preparing to make inquiry, Tennyson raised himself slowly on hands and knees, and with a face all aglow with delight, said: "What an imagination God Almighty has!"

He had been so intently studying the duckweed and all of the other interesting vegetation of the little pool that he had forgotten all about the fall. After he had straightened out the wrinkles in his clothes he went on with his walk, smiling pleasantly at the thought of all the works of God he had seen in the pool. The next time you read one of his poems think of him lying beside that pool, so eagerly seeing God in the vegetation that he had not time to think of his fall.

Hundreds and hundreds of years before the time of Tennyson, another great poet, a Hebrew, sang of the wonderful works of God in nature. "The heavens declare the glory of God," sang this poet, "and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Yet another Hebrew poet told of God's wonder in these verses:

"He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing.
He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds; and the cloud is not rent under them.

He hath compassed the waters with bounds, until the day and night come to an end.
He divideth the sea with his power, and by his understanding he smiteth through the proud.
By his Spirit he hath garnished the heavens."
—Job 26:7, 8, 10, 12, 13.

Are you on friendly terms with the stars? Certainly you can make friends with them. Try it the first night the stars are out. Spend an hour with them. Turn your imagination loose. Open your ears and your heart and see if they do not have some messages for you. Try it.

The Hebrew poet who said that "the heavens declare the glory of God" loved the stars as friends. His people spent much of their time in the open, underneath God's sky. Hundreds of shepherds roamed the hills, keeping watch over their sheep in the quiet of the night. The stars were the only companions the lonely shepheds had during those long, dark nights. I imagine the Hebrew poet was also a shepherd who spent long hours gazing at the myriads of lights that twinkled above him. To him they were windows opening into the heart of God. What do the stars mean to you?

How large is the universe? Nobody knows. In that vast space which we call the universe there are millions and millions of suns, each revolving upon its own axis as our sun revolves, and each traveling in its own path. Around many of these suns swing numberless worlds, much like our own, each sun with its worlds forming a group in the vast space of the universe.

When you look at the stars on the next clear night see if you can find one that shines with a reddish light, and one whose light is bluish, and others of which the light is pure white. The men whom we have called "the searchers of the sky," the astronomers, tell us that some stars shine with a clear, white light, like that of our sun, and those, they say, are all about the same age. Others shine with a steely blue light, and those are younger suns than ours, while others still are yellowish or dull red. Those stars are older than our sun.

The brightest star is Sirius, or the Dog Star, which is visible to us only during the winter months. This star is such an enormous sun

that the light it gives out is more than forty times as much as that shed by our sun. Sirius is near Orion, the most brilliant group of stars in our winter sky.

Also, you will see a beautiful constellation called the Pleiades. The Greeks told a story about this group of stars. Look it up. The Hebrews knew and loved these stars, and wrote about them. In the book of Job are these lines:

> "Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades,
> Or loose the bands of Orion?"

I am sure you know that gleaming wave of thickly clustered stars that we call the Milky Way. This band of stars stretching across the sky is so far away that we cannot see the separate bodies. Their light blends together, making what looks like a milky pathway along the sky.

Learn to know the brighter stars and constellations. Make them your friends, as did the Hebrews. Learn to call them by name. Learn about the winking Algol, which the Arabs long ago called the Demon, because it seemed to wink at them. Modern astronomers have learned that Algol is a great sun, having a dark companion which revolves around it, which cuts off part of its light from us. This is what makes it appear to be a winking star. Learn about the brilliant Sirius, the blood-red Acturus, and the Vega. Get acquainted with the Northern Crown, the Sickle, and all the other sparkling constellations. Do these giant suns, rolling through endless space at the command of God, speak to you of God's wonder and love? Have you learned to look up into the starry heavens at night and say with the Hebrew poet: "The heavens declare the glory of God"? What an imagination God has!

Do you enjoy the clouds? Do you like to watch them as they go racing and scudding across the sky? Have you ever considered that those odd-shaped masses are very useful to us? On a hot day how welcome are a few clouds which curtain off the sun and give us relief from its piercing rays. All too seldom do we remember that we could not live at all in the world without those huge mountains of white foam, or the thin gray mists, or even those thick black thunderheads which shut away the sun for a while and give us the rain that we and everything else upon the earth must have.

In your school work you have already learned how clouds are formed. When the sun touches the water on the surface of the ocean and the ponds and rivers and lakes, the drops of water change into vapor and rise into the air. We do not see these evaporated drops of water as they ascend, but when they reach a place where they stop and collect in one mass we can see them in the form of clouds. Sometimes when the sun is setting behind dark clouds we can see the long rays of the sun reaching down toward the earth. When they see this some people say that "the sun is drawing water." Indeed, that is what is happening, but the sun is always drawing water into the air.

The evaporated water is no sooner formed into clouds than they are driven about through the air by the wind. In their mad journey across the sky, when they come to a place that is colder than the air in which the drops of water collected themselves together, rain falls from the clouds, for the colder air congeals the beads of vapor into drops of water again. Sometimes the air is very cold and the beads of vapor become snow, and sometimes hail. Such an interesting and intricate system for keeping the earth cooled and watered! Indeed the heavens declare the glory of God!

Sunday, June 15

Theme: A WORLD OF LIFE

Suggested Scripture: Genesis 1:11–12, 20–25; Psalm 66:1–7; 98.
Text: "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."
Selected Hymns: "This Is My Father's World," Maltie D. Babcock;
"The Summer Days Are Come Again," Samuel Longfellow;
"All Beautiful the March of Days," Frances Whitmarsh Wile;
"God of the Earth, the Sky, the Sea," Samuel Longfellow;
"For the Beauty of the Earth," Folliott S. Pierpoint.
Hymn for the Month: "This Is My Father's World."
Instrumental Prelude: "The Rose Garden," Bilbre.
Picture for Study: The Lord Is Mightier Than the Voice of Many Waters, Taylor.
Call to Worship:

How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God; how great is

the sum of them. If I should count them they are more in number than the sand;

When I awake I am still with Thee.

Prayer:[1]

Our Father, we thank Thee for the voices which speak to us of Thee in sky and sea, in forest and in field. We pray that our ears may not be dull to hear Thy call to turn from things empty and foolish, unto Thee, the living God. Help us, our Father, to remember Thy bounty, not in mere accepting of it, but by carrying the gospel to those who have not heard. May the sunshine and the flowers, the song of birds, the laughter of little children, the music of the wind in the trees be in our hearts and quicken all our being into thankfulness to Thee for Thy manifold blessings. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Prayer Hymn:

Father Almighty, bless us with Thy blessing;
Answer in love Thy children's supplication;
Hear Thou our prayer, the spoken and unspoken;
Hear us, our Father.
Father of Mercy, from Thy watch and keeping
No place can part, nor hour of time remove us.
Give us Thy good and save us from all evil,
Infinite Spirit. Amen.

(*Hymnal for American Youth.*)

Offertory Service:

PASTOR: Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

MUSIC: "For All Thy Care We Bless Thee."

RESPONSE:

All things come of Thee, O Lord,
And of Thine own have we given Thee. Amen.

(For music, see service for March 16.)

Sermon and Illustrations:

Look at the world around you and see how pulsingly alive it is. Life is everywhere. From the bottom of the seas, from the valleys and the mountains, from the vegetation that carpets the soil, from the soil of the fields and woods, from the air we breathe, from the

[1] "A Prayer before the Lesson," from the *Sunday School Times.*

winds that blow, there is going up to God a never-ceasing murmur. Do you ever wish for ears to hear all these messages of the winds and waves and mountains and trees?

Men used to say that life was impossible at the bottom of the sea. First, they said, beccause it is in complete darkness. Second, because the terrible pressure would burst any organism. Third, because all motion would be impossible at such a depth. And so on, their arguments ran. Finally someone was inquisitive enough to send down a dredge. When it came up it contained some very beautiful creatures, so delicately made that they could scarcely bear the slightest touch. As for light, they made it with their own phosphorescence. Can you think of any place in the earth that is not peopled with life? Naturalists tell us that there are three hundred thousand different kinds of insects. A drop of water, we have discovered, contains thousands of curious and active creatures. A grain of dust may be the home of more than one hundred thousand bacteria. Life everywhere!

Who would dare to say that the trees and plants and flowers are not alive, too? Did you know that the trees are not so different from us in the way they live and grow, for they, too, take in food and have it digested? Their mouths are underground and the place where the food is digested is not inside the trunk, but in the leaves. Just the other way around from us, but no less wonderful. What an imagination God has!

Life everywhere! And all of it trying to express God. This is not a dead world. It is a world of life. Jesus has taught us that our Father is the God of the living. Stop for a moment and think of living in such a world as this—a world full of wonderful, interesting life. Stop again and realize that God has placed us in this wonderful world of life for the purpose of helping Him make it a happier and more beautiful place in which to live. Sometimes, I fear, we get the notion that this is a dead world, and that God has given it over to us to do with as we please. What can we as young people do to help others realize that this is God's world, a world of life, and that God wants us to see Him in the trees and stars and winds and waves and clouds, and to live with all of His creation as friends?

Do you like to study the small forms of life in God's world? May I tell you this morning about a most interesting group of

"farmer people"? A man who is a farmer tells of a company of farmers who built their home near his house. For some time, he says, he did not know that these new neighbors had moved on to his farm. For one reason, they had their farm buildings underground, and even kept their cows underground, using the roots of a tree as part of their cow house. He discovered his new neighbors when one day he pulled up the small tree, and by so doing made a mess of their cow house. Some of the cows were scattered about on the ground, he reports, and they were so plump they could hardly walk, and a few of them lay on their broad backs, kicking and sprawling in the most comical way. A dozen or more of the farmers rushed out quickly when their cow house was disturbed. They did not notice the man farmer, but seemed to think only of taking their cattle underground again. They did not drive their cattle into a new home, the farmer says, for the cows were much too fat and heavy to be driven. They carried them. I imagine it must have been very amusing to see a small farmer lay hold of a cow, twice or thrice as big as himself, and pull it and push it about until he got it into the right position, and then up with it in his arms, and stagger away to put it in safety.

I am sure you are wondering what kind of farmers these were. They were yellow ants, and their "cows" were aphides, creatures which gardeners and human farmers call "plant lice," or "blight." I am sure you have seen ants going up and down a rosebush. If you will take the trouble to watch them some day, you may see an ant go up to an aphis, and gently stroke its body. The stroking brings out of two tubes in the creature's body a drop of clear liquid, which is very sweet. This the ant drinks up, and he has some means of carrying this milk, as we may call it, so as to be able to pour it out again. His milk can is inside himself, and he carries the milk to the colony to which he belongs, and supplies it to those who are too busy there to go and get milk for themselves. Often the ants save the time which would be spent in such journeys by keeping aphides in their hills, or holes, and attend to them just as carefully as men attend to their cows.

Wonderful creatures the ants are. For a long while students of the small forms of life of the world were puzzled by the fact that one kind of ants cut and carry leaves to their settlement. What use

they made of the leaves it was not easy to find out, but in time it was discovered that the ants knew a secret by which they could improve the mushroom so as to make it more suitable for their eating. That sounds very much like human intelligence, doesn't it?

Ants are clever gardeners as well as farmers. In fact, they are so wise and industrious and brave, and understand so well how to work together, that it has been said that if they were as big as sheep they would be the masters of the world, and would reduce mankind to slavery! They might be very kind masters, however, for some poor, helpless beetles, who cannot procure food for themselves, are kept in anthills, and kindly fed by their generous hosts.

Isn't He a wise and loving Father who has planned this world? Everything in life pays tribute to Him.

A moment ago I told you that naturalists tell us that there are more than three hundred thousand different kinds of insects in the world. Some of these insects, like the ants, are very wise. You know what concrete is, and how useful we find it in building sidewalks and houses and other things. A tiny bee has made concrete for untold ages. The white ants have done so, too. We think ourselves more progressed than our forefathers, but for thousands of years one kind of insect has hung the walls of its home with bright tapestry, and others have covered their floors with silken carpets far more beautiful than we can produce. The common wasp found out how to make paper ages before man did so, and another insect had discovered the art of making beautiful polished pasteboard. A spider invented the art of ballooning thousands and thousands of years ago, and another constructed a diving-bell before man had thought of making a boat. A little moth was ahead of us with the air pump, but there is no end to the story which might be told of the arts and invention of insects.

Are you not glad to be alive in a world like this—a world of life everywhere? All the world is alive with beauty and wonder. All this life and beauty and wonder belong to God. To love God and to do His will is the only way truly to enjoy His works.

"Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around a deeper green,
Something lives in every hue,
Christless eyes have never seen.

Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with richer beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His, and He is mine."

Sunday, June 22

Theme: THE WHOLE WORLD IS GOD'S WORLD

Suggested Scripture: Psalm 98; 67; 96.
Text: "Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people."
Selected Hymns: "The Whole Wide World for Jesus," J. Dempster Hammond; "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," Reginald Heber; "Thy Kingdom Come, O Lord," Frederick L. Hosmer; "These Things Shall Be—A Loftier Race," John A. Symonds; "God Is Working His Purpose Out," Arthur C. Ainger.
Hymn for the Month: "This Is My Father's World."
Instrumental Prelude: "Andante Religioso," Thomé.
Call to Worship:

PASTOR: The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.

Declare his glory among the heathen: His wonders among all people.

CONGREGATION:

Soon may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph which records,
That all the earth is now the Lord's. Amen.
(Tune: "Old Hundred.")

Prayer:

Our Father in Heaven, we are thinking this morning of Thy children in far-away lands, and we pray for them who have never heard of Thee, and for them who are trying to live as Thou wouldst have them live. We know that Jesus loved all the peoples of the earth, for He told his disciples to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. We know that Thou dost love every one of Thy children, and we want to help in the great enterprise of carrying the message of Thy

love throughout the earth. Because all of us are Thy children, we love these people of other lands, and so we pray that we may come to hear His message and to follow Jesus. In His name. Amen.

Offertory Service:

PASTOR

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

MUSIC: "The Whole Wide World for Jesus."

RESPONSE:

Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought,
Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned.
Ours is the faith, the will, the thought;
The rest, O God, is in Thy hand. Amen.

(For music, see service for January 12.)

Prayer Hymn:

Send Thou, O Lord, to every place
Swift messengers before Thy face;
The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,
Where Thou Thyself wilt come. Amen.

(*Hymnal for American Youth.*)

Sermon and Illustrations:

Once upon a time a very beautiful church was being built, and before it was done all the people said: "Now the time has come to get the very finest artist in the world to make us a wonderful picture in glass, for our stained-glass window over the choir.

So, as grown-up people have a way of doing, they left it to a very wise committee to choose the artist and the subject of the picture. Because the name of the church was to be "The Church of the Christ-child," they wanted the picture to be about boys and girls in company with Jesus.

You know how an artist works, don't you? With a great big sheet of white canvas and a queer oval thing called a "palette" for his colors, with a hole for his thumb. Well, our artist painted and painted and painted, day after day, until he made what he knew was the very best picture he had ever painted, and he loved every

inch of that canvas: for there was Jesus, and all around him happy, smiling boys and girls.

The artist was perfectly delighted with his work, and, as it was all done, he sent word to the wise committee to come the next morning to see it, to be sure they liked it—before he started the glass window picture, you understand?

Then he went to bed. And he went to sleep, still very happy over the finished picture in his studio. But in the middle of the night he was quite sure he heard a little noise in the studio where his precious picture stood . . . he listened . . . yes! he knew he heard the sounds there! So he got up and hurried in, and there he found a Stranger with His thumb through the artist's palette, actually painting on the artist's picture.

The artist rushed up, crying, "Oh, stop! You are ruining it! You have spoiled it—and alas! the committee is coming to-morrow morning."

The Stranger turned calmly around, and just as calmly, He said: "When I came in the room I saw that you had spoiled it yourself, so I am merely making it right. You have five colors left on your palette; why did you use only one color for the faces of the boys and girls. Who told you their faces were all white in heaven?"

The artist looked surprised as he tried to think: "Why, no one ever told me, sir, but I always thought of it that way!"

The Stranger smiled kindly: "But, now, of course, you see how wrong you were. I have simply used these other colors and made some of the faces yellow, and some brown and some red and some black, for these little ones have come from many lands in answer to my call——"

"Your call?" asked the artist, puzzled. "What call was that, sir?"

The Stranger's wonderful voice replied in words that sounded strangely familiar: "Suffer the little children co come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Then the artist knew that the Stranger must indeed be the Lord Jesus himself, but, even as he knew it, the Stranger was gone, and the artist was alone facing his changed picture. And as he looked he smiled happily: for there were some yellow children with slant-up eyes, and he knew they were talking with their Master in Chinese! And next to them were quaint little brown children with great

brown eyes, and next to them black children, and next to them little red children—the happiest lot of boys and girls imaginable—and white ones too!

The artist looked and looked, he was so pleased, picking out where the children came from. "You came from India, you little brown fellows with turbans, and you cunning brown girls in gay shawls! You brown boys with red caps are from Arabia; and you little black children—you're from Africa; while you red ones live right near me here in America—you're American Indians." It seemed as if he kept on standing there looking and looking, and loving it better and better all night long . . . when all of a sudden he woke up, to find the morning sun shining in the window, and there he was: in bed! He simply could not understand!

He rushed into the studio, and there stood his picture—and all the faces were white, just like yours! Then he knew he had had a dream, but such a beautiful dream he could never forget it again.

You will remember that the committee were coming that morning to judge the picture, and oh! how he worked trying to make it look exactly the way the Stranger had made it look in his dream—and, sure enough, one by one quaint little yellow faces with slant-up eyes, and little brown faces with great brown eyes, and smiling black faces with smiling eyes, began to appear, and that picture became just as lovely as the dream picture had been.

Then the wise committee arrived, and they loved it, right off! only, of course, they used big, long words about it, the way grown-up people do: "Captivating!" and "Entrancing!" And a great many other big words they used in praise of the picture. But one quiet, kind lady, the mother of lively boys and girls just like you, said with a happy sigh: "Why, it's God's family at home with Him, isn't it? I love it!"

And I think God's family will always mean all of those five colors to you and me, will it not? In Christ's kingdom there is neither race nor color, but all are meant to be one in Him.—Taken from *Missionary Stories for Little Folks.* by Margaret A. Applegarth. (Adapted.)

Three Sundays ago we said that one of the most interesting things about our world palace is the many, many different kinds and races of people who live in it. Sometimes we may be inclined to think like the artist I have just told you about, that only white

boys and girls are children of God. If we do not think that, and I certainly hope we do not, I imagine sometimes, perhaps, we are tempted to think that people who do not speak our language, or wear clothes like we do, or eat as we do are very peculiar, and perhaps not as good as we are.

May I tell you of a conversation that took place once in a forest?

One fine summer evening a swallow, a bat, a dormouse, a squirrel and a mole fell into conversation about how they should spend the coming winter. Said the swallow, "It would kill me to stay here, so when the days begin to shorten and the nights grow cold, I shall join a number of my friends, and we shall wing our way over land and sea, until we reach a country which is bright and warm."

"That must be troublesome and dangerous," said the bat. "I take a much easier way. I get behind a shutter, or inside a church tower, or an old barn, hook myself up, and go to sleep, with my head hanging down, for that is the best way to have pleasant dreams."

The swallow thought that a stupid and miserable manner of passing the winter. "Why, you might be caught and killed in your sleep!" he said. The dormouse was sure that the bat was right, except in one point. "I don't approve of gadding about and going abroad," he observed. "I think flying is a foolish sort of business. The solid ground for me. My way of preparing for the winter is to eat all day long in the autumn, so as to get thoroughly fat and comfortable. Then I find a nice snug hole in the ground, curl myself up, and enjoy a snooze until the sunshine wakes me up in the spring."

Then the squirrel burst out: "Oh, that is a fine, lazy way to spend the winter. I should be sorry to be a glutton and a sluggard, and to miss the fine days of winter, for let me tell you there are glorious winter days, when it is jolly to frisk about among the pine branches until you are in a glow from snout to tail tip. Of course, one must provide for the hard times, and I do. I find a few good hiding places, and fill them with acorns and beechnuts and fir cones, and the like, and when there is nothing on the trees I have my stores to fall back upon." "Ah!" said the mole; "I can tell you of a better plan than that. I live underground nearly all the time. That is the safe place, down below the grass roots, and one doesn't feel the cold so much there. When the frost is very keen, and there are no worms

to be had, I take a nap; but as soon as the thaw begins I am stirring again, and waste no hour when I can be eating."

Then the swallow spoke again. "Underground! how can anyone live there? I should not like to be on the ground, even; and how you can endure short days and long cold nights, when you might go to delightful countries, where the sky is always blue, the sunshine golden, and the air is soft and warm, I cannot understand." The mole rejoined: "What nonsense you talk about blue and golden! Give me a nice dark place, where there is no bothering, blinding light." The bat struck in to say that both the swallow and the mole were mistaken, because the best time was neither daylight nor dark, but a happy mixture of both.

At last they agreed to ask the wise owl to judge among them. He said: "You are all right, and all wrong; right in your own way, wrong in despising the ways of others. The mole's silken coat and strong paws and covered eyes are made for underground work; the squirrel's clever hands and sharp teeth and active limbs and bushy tail were made for climbing and leaping; the swallow's shape and wings were made for life in the air. Go each your own way, and don't growl at another's."

I wish we were as wise as the owl, and did not call one another "silly" and "stupid" because we have different ways. The whole world is God's world, and all the people in it are his children, and our brothers and sisters, regardless of their color or race. May we not try to live in peace and happiness with all the people in God's world?

Sunday, June 29

Theme: GOD IS EVERYWHERE

Suggested Scripture: Psalm 139; Deut. 33:12, 25–28; Jeremiah 23, 24; Acts 17:24, 27, 28.

Text: "Whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

Selected Hymns: "There's Not a Bird with Lonely Nest," Baptist W. Noel; "Far Out on the Desolate Billow," Rossiter W. Raymond; "The Whole Wide World for Jesus," J. Dempster Hammond; "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," Reginald Heber;

"Thy Kingdom Come, O Lord," Frederick L. Hosmer;
"These Things Shall Be—A Loftier Race," John A. Symonds;
"God Is Working His Purpose Out," Arthur C. Ainger.

Hymn for the Month: "This Is My Father's World."

Instrumental Prelude: "To a Wild Rose," MacDowell.

Call to Worship:

How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God; how great is the sum of them. If I should count them they are more in number than the sand:

When I am awake I am still with Thee.

Prayer Hymn:

Father of Mercy, from Thy watch and keeping
No place can part, nor hour of time remove us.
Give us Thy good and save us from all evil,
Infinite Spirit. Amen.

(*Hymnal for American Youth.*)

Offertory Service:

PASTOR: Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

MUSIC: "God of the Earth, the Sky, the Sea," Samuel Longfellow.

RESPONSE: All things come of Thee, O Lord,
And of Thine own have we given Thee. Amen.

(For music, see service for March 16.)

Sermon and Illustrations:

In the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm the Hebrew singer tells us that if we ascend up into heaven God is there. I am sure we agree with him. Who can study the heavens at night without knowing that the Great God of Love and Creation is there, guiding every star and sun and moon in its own course? The singer tells us that if we go down beneath the earth we will find God there just as truly as we found Him in the heavens. And I am sure we agree with him again. Who can dig into the earth and find the many, many wonderful and mysterious things hidden there, without realizing also that God is there? Then the singer says that if we go into the most distant parts of the earth, we will find God there. And we believe that, too, for we know that God is the Father of all people the world around.

We say that God is everywhere, but I wonder if we always act as if we believed it. You know it is possible for us to live in a world of beauty and fail to see the beauty. If we are so minded, we can see only the mean and ugly. It is possible for us to live in a world of music and hear only clashing discord. In other words, we can have eyes and be blind, and can have ears and be deaf. Do you understand what I mean? I am trying to say that we can have eyes and yet not see the fine and beautiful and good things we ought to see. We can have ears and fail to hear the wonderful harmonies of the universe. In like manner, we can say that God is everywhere, and yet live as if we believed He were off somewhere in the clouds.

A great scientist tells us that those fish which live at the bottom of the ocean, beyond the reach of waves and tides, are probably utterly unconscious of the existence of water. This seems very strange, doesn't it? You would naturally think that if any fish in the world knew anything about water it would be those which live in the greatest quantity of it, and who never get out of it. We should not question it if someone told us that they knew nothing of air or sunlight, for they are always on the bottom of the ocean, but we can hardly understand it when we are told that they miss getting acquainted with the water in which they live and move and have their being.

Although it appears to be very strange, there is a comparatively simple answer. The explanation is this: At the bottom of the ocean there is perfect quiet; there are no waves, or tides, or currents; it is just as easy for the fish to swim in one direction as in another; it is as still to-day as it was yesterday, or last week, or last year. There is so much water that there is no water. Now I hope I haven't confused you. You see, water is so common and natural and quiet that so far as the fish is conscious, he doesn't know that the water exists.

We ourselves are not altogether unlike these fish. We live so completely in the love and protection of God that far too many times, I am sure, we forget that we are living and moving in God's presence. If God's love were removed from us, then we should very quickly realize that there is such a thing as God's love. The love of our fathers and mothers is so constant that we may forget about it for the time. But if our fathers and mothers should suddenly begin to hate us and mistreat us, then we should think of those

days when everything was nice and happy and harmonious. Then we should realize that our parents do really love us. There is an old adage that you do not miss the well until the water is gone. You do not think of the air, perhaps, until there is no air and you are about to suffocate, and then suddenly you realize that there is such a thing as air, and how very necessary it is.

I wonder if all of us are not guilty of failing to notice the things that are continually happening. It may be that every morning before or after breakfast we pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and the prayer is answered so regularly that I am not sure if we are often truly thankful. I have a notion if we missed a day now and again, and were never quite sure whether breakfast would be upon the table or not until we got there, we might have a more appreciative sense of God's goodness in answering our prayers.

These wonderful bodies of ours work so smoothly with all their veins and arteries, their complex network of nerves like the wires that run into a telephone exchange by the thousands, and their muscular movements so delicate as most often to escape our notice, that the miracle of health is neither noticed nor appreciated until there comes a jolt or jar or piercing pain. Then we begin to realize how wonderful it is to be healthy.

I want to be awake in this world of God's, don't you? God is everywhere, and I want to see Him. I want to see Him in every flower, in every sunset and moonrise and star, in every waterfall and mountain and hill and vale. I had rather be jolted and jarred and hurt and pained, and behold the glory of God everywhere in the world, than to live and move and have my being in God and be like the fish at the bottom of the sea, unconscious of the wonder of the world in which I live.

I think we had better cheerfully take our chance of all the changes of life, and pray only that we may have pure hearts, clean hands, seeing eyes, and hearing ears. Let us pray to the Father this morning that we may have eyes to see His wonder throughout the world, and ears to hear as He speaks to us through all of His creation.

CHAPTER VII: JULY

THEME FOR THE MONTH: LOYALTY

Sunday, July 6

Theme: LOYALTY TO THE FLAG

Suggested Scripture: Romans 13:1; Titus 3:1; Deut. 26:7; Psalm 51:18; 122:6; 128:5; 137: 1–6; Isaiah 62:1.

Text: "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers. . . ."

Hymn for the Month: "O Jesus, I Have Promised."

Selected Hymns: "God Bless our Native Land," Charles T. Brooks; "O Beautiful, My Country," Frederick L. Hosmer; "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies," Katherine Lee Bates; "God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand," Daniel C. Roberts; "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," Samuel F. Smith; "O Jesus, I Have Promised," John E. Bode.

Bugle Call: To the Colors. Flag Raised.

TO THE COLORS



Pledge of Allegiance: "I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: O come, let us sing unto the Lord.

CONGREGATION: (Sing.) "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

Comment on Flag:

The birth of the flag, June 14, 1777, was the natural expression of a new nation, whose freedom had existed less than a year. Born with lofty purpose, it sought an emblem which would fittingly be the symbol of the nation's ideals.

"When Freedom, from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!

"She mingled with its glorious dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;

"Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land."

—From "The American Flag," by Joseph Rodman Drake.

Prayer:[1]

O God, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for our country. We have received much at her hand. We have been kept safe from harm. The bread we eat, the clothes we wear, the schools we go to, the hills and woods and rivers, the manifold life of the great city—all these things our country has provided for us.

For generations the men we honor have labored to make our country into a great home for its citizens, a home where all who love freedom and righteousness may live at peace with one another and with the world. And now, as we grow into the

[1]From *Manual for Training in Worship*, Hugh Hartshorne. Scribner's.

strength of manhood or womanhood, we want to take our part, our Father, in the world's work. We want to shoulder a citizen's share of responsibility for the great home which is common to us all. We want to help purify it of all taint of evil. We want to add to its store of gold, so that everyone who lives within its protecting borders may enjoy the abundance of life which is their Christian heritage.

We pray for all who administer the affairs of government. Give them wisdom and self-control that they may carry out Thy purposes for our country. We pray for all its people, that they may have work to do and bread to eat and homes to love. Keep all Thy children in safety and peace and cheerful industry, both in this land and in all lands. And at last may Thy Kingdom come in all the earth. We ask it in the name of Jesus, who is leading all nations into the light of the knowledge of Thy glory. Amen.

Offertory Service:

PASTOR: Lay up for yourself treasures in heaven, where moths do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break in nor steal.

CONGREGATION: Every man, according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly nor of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

MUSIC: "America, the Beautiful." Katherine Lee Bates.

Sermon and Illustrations:

We call one who loves his native land a patriot. We are all patriots. It is as natural to love your native land as it is to love your father and mother. They are the folk you know best and to whom you owe the most. Your native land is the land you love best, and to which you owe most of the things that make life happy and worth living. But just as it is natural and good to love your own people and country, it is unnatural and evil to hate and despise any country and people whose ways are not our ways.

The really peculiar people in the world are those whose patriotism is so narrow-minded that they cannot enjoy people whose ways are different from theirs. I hope our patriotism is not of that kind.

Let us notice briefly three kinds of patriotism. First, let us call one kind *silver*, or half-dollar patriotism. A twenty-five-cent piece,

fifty-cent piece, or silver dollar, each has the head or figure of American Liberty on it. Silver patriotism is the cheap kind which costs those who have it nothing more than the waving of a flag and the shouting of a song, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Let us call the second kind of patriotism *letter of the law* patriotism. This kind of patriotism means the keeping of the laws of our government. This is the patriotism of the law-abiding citizen, who in his citizenship plays the game and keeps the laws that make for honesty, fairness, order, and cleanliness.

This kind of patriotism is not as common as it was a few years ago. Business men say there is far less honesty in business than there was fifteen years ago: that means bad citizenship—poor patriotism that does not play the game and keep the laws. You must help to make the game cleaner when you grow. Just now many people are trying to disregard and disobey the law of our country against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. When you grow up you must help to keep and to enforce this law.

Let us call the third kind of patriotism *Christian* patriotism. This kind of patriotism keeps the laws, not only in letter but also in spirit. It does more than this, however. Christian patriotism works and gives and sacrifices to the end that our country as a whole may be unselfish and Christian. Christian patriotism belongs to those who go forth at the command of Jesus to fight the evils and injustices that exist in our country. There are plenty of these evil monsters in our land to-day—disease, ignorance, prejudice, ill will, greed, selfishness. If you are to be a true Christian patriot you must lend a hand in ridding our country of those social evils which keep it from being a truly Christian nation.

All the folk in the world are neighbors to us nowadays. Our words reach them by radio across the seas as quickly as my words reach your ears. We can fly to them in a few hours. We handle daily things that their hands have made and handled. The world has one rightful Ruler and his name is Jesus. He wants us to enlist under His banner, and with Him go forth to lead our nation into paths of peace and righteousness. We are true and loyal to our great American flag only when we live as Christian boys and girls. We do not show our loyalty by merely waving a flag on the Fourth of July, or cheering the flag when it passes by in a parade, or when it is shown on the screen at a picture theater. We show our loyalty in

our lives, and if we fail to live as Christians, and fail to work for world-wide peace and brotherhood, the time of "no more war" for which our kinsmen have died, then we cannot truly say that we are loyal to the flag.

Sunday, July 13

Theme: LOYALTY TO FRIENDS

Suggested Scripture: Ruth 1:16, 17; John 15: 13–15.

Text: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

Hymn for the Month: "O Jesus, I Have Promised."

Selected Hymns: "Father, Lead Me Day by Day," John P. Hopps; "I've Found a Friend, O Such a Friend," James G. Small; "Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day," Jane E. Leeson; "Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us," *Hymns for the Young*, 1836; "True Hearted, Whole Hearted," Frances R. Havergal.

Instrumental Prelude: "Minuet in G," Beethoven.

Call to Worship:

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

Prayer:

O God, our Father, we thank Thee for our friends. We thank Thee for the lesson Jesus has taught us about how we should treat our friends. Help us, our Father, to be fair to our friends, to treat them as we would have them treat us, to share with them the good things we have, and to help them when they need us. Amen.

Offertory Service:

PASTOR: Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moths do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break in nor steal.

CONGREGATION: Every man, according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly nor of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

MUSIC: "America, the Beautiful," Katherine Lee Bates.

Sermon and Illustrations:

Joe and Bill were inseparable friends. Wherever you found one you usually found the other. Each thought more of the other than

he did of anyone else. One day Joe discovered that Bill was preparing to copy part of an address he had found in an old magazine and turn it in to his teacher as a composition of his own writing.

"Bill, I will not let you do this thing," Joe said. "It is not right, and you know it. You are simply lazy, and do not want to study."

"Preaching to me, are you?" snorted Bill. "I don't have time to write that old composition. Anyway, what good does a fellow get out of writing themes?"

"It doesn't matter whether you get any good out of it or not," replied Joe, "You are certainly not doing yourself any good by cheating. I will not let you do it."

"Oh, you won't," retorted Bill. "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"There's not anything I can do, I guess," said Joe. "I'm not going to tattle, but if you do this thing, you are not the fine fellow I thought you were."

"I don't care what you think," Bill exploded. "I am going to do as I please."

In your estimation, was Joe a real friend or should he have kept quiet? Does loyal friendship demand that we agree with everything our friend says or does, and that we permit him to do as he pleases? A real friend will tell us of our faults, will he not? I like for my friends to tell me when I am wrong, and I am sure you do. I have a notion that I cannot be loyal to my friend unless I do tell him of his faults in an attempt to help him to be the kind of person he ought to be.

In the Hope High School there was a club of girls who had organized under the leadership of one of the teachers for the purpose of making every new girl of their age who moved into the community feel at home with her new-found friends. The activities of the club grew until finally they had developed a motto, a club flower, and certain secret signs. In order to make use of their organization they began to hold occasional social meetings. For a time these meetings were very pleasant, and their work of being friendly with all new girls was greatly appreciated not only by the newcomers but also by their older friends in the community.

After some months the club began to be "clannish" and "high-hat" in its attitudes and activities. Certain girls began to snub and to "look down" on other girls in the club. At a meeting of the club

one day Gretta, the president, announced that she was planning to resign and, furthermore, that she was going to recommend to the Superintendent of the High School that the club be disbanded. She went on to explain that the club was not being true to the purpose for which it was founded, and that she refused to be a member of a group which preached one thing and practiced another. Some of the members claimed that Gretta was not loyal. Others insisted that she was loyal. What do you think? With several of the girls Gretta became very unpopular. Some of her one-time best friends opposed her, and one or two of them said some very mean things about her. She stood her ground, and the club was soon disbanded by the order of the high school authorities. Do you think Gretta was loyal or disloyal?

Our text tells us that a true friend is one who lays down his life for those whom he calls friends. You and I have very close personal friends for whom we are willing to sacrifice and suffer. I wonder if we have included in our list of friends all of God's children the world around. I want to tell you of some men who counted mankind everywhere as their friends, and who actually laid down their lives for their brothers and sisters.

It was left to Sir Ronald Ross, of the Indian Medical Service, to discover that malarial fever was not due to "bad air," as the name implies, but to the carrying by mosquitoes of germs from the blood of diseased people to that of healthy people. This caused some, among doctors, to imagine that possibly yellow fever arose from the same causes. During the Spanish-American war two gallant doctors—James Carroll and Jesse Lazear—determined to experiment upon their own bodies rather than risk the lives of other people. They deliberately went into the yellow fever hospital in Havana and allowed mosquitoes to feed upon their hands. Both took ill within four days with yellow fever in a very bad form, and though Carroll recovered, Lazear died— a true martyr, if ever there was one, to the cause of science and the welfare of mankind.

There was no doubt now that the mosquito was the cause of yellow fever, but it was still necessary to find out many more particulars before being able to deal effectually with the disease. So the doctors called for volunteers, and although everybody knew what had happened to Carroll and Lazear, plenty of willing martyrs appeared. Two fine young soldiers were the first to offer. Their

names were John R. Kissinger and John J. Moran, from Ohio. Dr. Reed talked the matter over with them, fully explaining the danger and suffering involved, and stating the sum of money which the General was prepared to give. Both young men declared that they were quite ready to undergo the experiment, but only on condition that they should receive no reward. When he heard this declaration, Dr. Reed touched his hat with profound respect, and said, "Gentlemen, I salute you!" Here is a description of how they dealt with Moran:

"A sort of mosquito den was prepared for him into which fifteen gnats, all suffering from yellow fever, were admitted. Five minutes afterwards the lad Moran, clad only in a nightshirt and fresh from a bath, entered the room, where he lay down for a period of thirty minutes. Within two minutes of his entrance he was bitten about the face and hands by the insects that had promptly settled down upon him. Seven in all bit him at this visit. At 4:30 P. M. the same day, he again entered and remained twenty minutes, during which time five others bit him. The following day, at 4:30 P. M., he again entered and remained fifteen minutes, during which time three insects bit him; making the number fifteen that had fed at these three visits. On Christmas morning, at 11:00 A. M., this brave lad was stricken with yellow fever, and had a sharp attack, which he bore without a murmur."

When some of the more fortunate of us, by and by, sail through the Panama Canal and marvel at the great skill of those who constructed it we ought not to forget the doctors, Lazear and Carroll, Kissinger and Moran, and also many others who cheerfully risked their lives to establish truths which enabled men to conquer the mosquito and thus make the construction of the canal possible. Patiently they discovered all its habits, how long it lived, how far it could fly, how long after a man took yellow fever would a mosquito take it from him, and having got it, how long would it be before its bite would become infectious? Armed with these and other facts, the long-legged army of disease spreaders had to retreat before the men who were ready to die rather than surrender.

Is not that a fine and beautiful story of how men are willing to give their lives for those they count their friends? Jesus was willing to give His life for His friends, and He has told us that if we are His friends we will keep His commandments. I am wondering to-

day if we really want to be friends of Jesus. If we do want to be His friends it will be necessary for us to live in love and brotherhood with all of God's children everywhere. I think we want to be loyal to our own immediate friends, loyal to the friends of Jesus, and loyal to Jesus himself.

Sunday, July 20

Theme: LOYALTY TO OUR HOMES

Suggested Scripture: Deuteronomy 5:16; 6:4–9; Leviticus 19:18; Matthew 6:25–31; Mark 10:42–45; Luke 6:31; John 13:12–14.
Text: "Honour thy father and thy mother."
Hymn for the Month: "O Jesus, I Have Promised."
Selected Hymns: "Father, Lead Me Day by Day," John P. Hopps; "I've Found a Friend, O Such a Friend," James G. Small; "Saviour, Teach Me, Day by Day," Jane E. Leeson; "Saviour, Like a Shepherdd Lead Us," *Hymns for the Young*, 1836; "True Hearted, Whole Hearted," Frances R. Havergal.
Instrumental Prelude: "We Would See Jesus," J. Edgar Park.
Call to Worship:

O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness,
And for His wonderful works to the children of men!

Unison Prayer:

Lord Jesus, thou hast known
A mother's love and tender care,
And thou wilt hear while for my own mother most dear
I make this Sabbath prayer.

Protect her life, I pray,
Who gave the gift of life to me;
And may she know from day to day, the deepening glow
Of joy that comes from thee.

I cannot pay my debt
For all the love that she has given;
But thou, love's Lord, wilt not forget her due reward—
Bless her in earth and heaven.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

Unison Readings:

The love of a mother is never exhausted,
It never changes, it never tires.
It endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation,
A mother's love still lives on.
—WASHINGTON IRVING.

All mothers are rich when they love their children.
There are no poor mothers, no ugly ones, no old ones.
Their love is always the most beautiful of the Joys.
And when they seem most sad, it needs but a kiss which they receive or give to turn all their tears into stars in the depths of their eyes.
—MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

The happiest part of my happy life has been my mother, and with God's help she will be more to me than ever.
—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Even He that died for us upon the Cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of His mother, as if to teach us that His holy love should be our last worldy thought.—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Offertory Service:

PASTOR: Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

MUSIC: "God of the Earth, the Sky, the Sea," Samuel Longfellow.

RESPONSE: All things come of Thee, O Lord,
And of Thine own have we given Thee. Amen.
(For music, see service for March 16.)

Materials for the Sermon:

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

Once on a time a traveler found himself a guest in a spacious house. There were many like himself who had halted there for a

while, and each had chosen his own way to make himself at home. Some stayed in the turrets of the house, near the stars, and far from other men. Some withdrew to rooms of their own. Some busied themselves near the foundations, and some liked best the great hall where people came and went.

For a while there was so much to see and hear that the traveler forgot to wonder about who the head of the house might be. But one day another guest, throwing a great log onto the fire in the central hall, said, "Our host likes the fire kept burning, so!" And the traveler suddenly realized that he had never once seen his host.

Now that his curiosity was stirred he began watching for him, or for traces of his personality, everywhere, and he found these traces in the books, the pictures, the noble sight of hills and forests from each window, but most of all in the faces of others in the house.

For the most part, these were people who had to do with making the house a happy and comfortable place to live in. There was one especially who more than all the others serrved the guests from dawn till eve.

When the traveler was with this man he was sure to find the desire to see the master of the house stirring in him most strongly. One day he asked the servant when he might be expected to come home. The other looked at him wonderingly, and said, "He is at home to-day."

For a long while the traveler did not understand. One day, as he still tarried, he was drawn to help the servant in his friendly work about the house. As he worked he came to a task too big for one man's strength, and called the servant for a helping hand. He came swiftly, with a look in his face that the traveler had been too blind to see before. Dazed with the revelation of his host, the guest of the house put his hands before his eyes, crying, "You! It was you, then, all the while!"

But the other only went about the business of helping him with his task.

Hired hands may build houses but only happy parents can create homes.—*Anonymous.*

The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

You have no conception of how many anxious toils your parents bore and of how many painful apprehensions they endured in nourishing and educating you—now which of these things did not require the heart of a Father and Mother? Can this kindness ever be fully rewarded?—MENCIUS, *Tain Sin*, Part I, Chap. xxiv.

No one is to be looked up to like a father. No one is to be depended upon as a mother.—"SHE KING," *Minro Odes*.

A home
Is a treasury of God
Wherein purity, beauty and joy
Are stored, for his purpose inviolate.
For a home
Is in itself a triumph of God,
Banishing Night and Chaos and Necessity
Indwelling this lifeless clay
With the spirit divine of freedom and joy.
—J. S. HOYLAND, *Sacrament of the Common Life*, p. 53.

So greatly does human welfare, in every sense from the lowest to the highest, depend upon the efficiency and moral atmosphere of the home that special attention to its many problems is of the highest necessity.—HENRY NEWMAN.

A HOME SONG

I turned an ancient poet's book,
And found upon a page:
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."
Yes, that is true, and something more;
You'll find where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.
But every home where love abides
And friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home, sweet home,
For there the heart can rest.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE GOOD AMERICAN IS LOYAL

If our America is to become ever greater and better, her citizens must be loyal, devotedly faithful, in every relation of life.

I. I will be loyal to my family. In loyalty I will gladly obey my parents or those who are in their place. I will do my best to help each member of my family to strength and usefulness."—WILLIAM J. HUTCHINS, *Children's Code of Morals.*

Sunday, July 27

Theme: LOYALTY TO HIGH IDEALS

Suggested Scripture: Daniel 6:1–24.

Text: ". . . He was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him." (Daniel 6:5*c*.)

Selected Hymns: "Lead on, O King Eternal," Ernest W. Shurtleff; "Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still," Frederick W. Faber; "Marching with the Heroes," William George Tarrant; "True Hearted, Whole Hearted," Frances R. Havergal.

Instrumental Prelude: "In a Garden," Grieg.

Processional Hymn: "Lead on, O King Eternal."

Call to Worship:

PASTOR:

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

CONGREGATION:

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
(To be sung or recited in unison.)

Unison Prayer:[1]

O Thou mighty Friend of man, Thou art the Giver of all Good. As the father cares for his child, so dost Thou keep eternal vigil over Thy children.

[1]From *The Book of Worship of the Church School,* by Hugh Hartshorne. Scribner's.

Yet are we often unworthy of Thy kindness. We have often failed to do our best. We have thoughtlessly given pain to others. For the wrongs that we have done, forgive us, O our Father.

Help us to be more faithful to Thy trust in us. Make us steadfast in every task Thou givest us to do. May we help others to be happy. And thus, as Thy loyal sons and daughters, we will work with Thee for ever, in Thy Kingdom. Amen.

Offertory Service:

PASTOR: Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in dull season we shall reap if we faint not.

MUSIC: "God of the Earth, the Sky, the Sea," Samuel Longfellow.

RESPONSE: All things come of Thee, O Lord,
And of Thine own have we given Thee. Amen.

(For music, see service for March 16.)

Stories and Illustrations for the Sermon:

Joe had made a radio set by working long hours in his own workshop. His family decided to move to another community, and made ready to sell all of their household equipment. Frank, a new boy who had just recently joined Joe's gang, wanted the set, but didn't know anything about radio, and so was afraid that if he bought a home-made set he would get "stung." He asked some of the boys in their gang about Joe, and every one of them told him that he could certainly count on Joe to give him a square deal. If anything was wrong with the set, Joe would tell him, they said. Frank accepted their advice and bought the set, which proved to be a good one.

How do you suppose the boys in Joe's gang had learned that they could always count on him to be square with them? When your boy and girl friends tell others about you, can they say in all truth, "—— will give you a square deal"?

Centerville High and Highland Park High were playing for the baseball championship of the district. It was the last half of the ninth inning and Centerville High, the visiting team, was one run ahead. Two men were out for Highland Park. It seemed certain that Centerville would win the championship. Big John Thompson, the Highland Park catcher, was at bat. Right down the middle came a

fast one. John sailed into the ball with all his might and crashed out a double into center field. The Highland Park rooters revived their hopes. But almost instantly their spirits fell, for the next man up was their pitcher. A splendid pitcher he was but a weak hitter. Would the coach send in a pinch hitter? No, he was going to let the pitcher take his turn at bat. Ball one, ball two, wide. Again their hopes sailed high. If the pitcher could get a walk, their lead-off man might score the two men on base and win the game, and the championship. Ball three, ball four. You should have heard the Highland Park crowd yell.

Batter up! Confidently Bill Rippey strode to the plate. "Better walk him," yelled the Highland Park rooters. "He'll lose it for you." Strike one! The Centerville pitcher was not going to walk him. Big John Thompson on second base was worried. If he could only score, the game would be tied and go into extra innings. Would Bill get a hit? Maybe he had better try to steal third base. The moment the pitcher stepped into his box, away John went for third. The catcher received the ball, which was wide of the plate, and whizzed it to Sam Yancey, the Centerville third baseman. John saw the ball coming and hit the dirt in one grand slide. "You're out," yelled the umpire. "He was safe," shouted back the third-base coach. The Highland Park rooters took up the cry: "He was safe. He was safe." The coaches of the two teams rushed out to the umpire, one of them protesting that John was out, and the other insisting that the third baseman did not touch him with the ball. "Let's ask Sam Yancey if he touched him with the ball?" said the Centerville coach. "He will give us a square deal." After some hesitation, the umpire and the Highland Park coach agreed to accept Sam's word. "Did you touch the man with the ball?" asked the umpire. "I did not," replied Sam. "He was safe."

A man on first and third, two men down, and one strike on Bill Rippey, the lead-off man. On the next ball pitched, Bill laced it into left field for three bases, scoring John Thompson and the pitcher. The game was over. Highland Park had won the district championship because Sam Yancey believed in a square deal.

The history class was having a final examination. Mary had not studied and was not prepared for the test. She asked Bettye the answer to a certain question. Bettye moved her paper so that

Mary could copy from it. Was Bettye really helping Mary? Was she giving her a square deal? Was she giving herself and the other girls a square deal?

Four boys, who were great friends, were taken from their homes and carried far away into a great city in a foreign land to live among strangers. One day the King ordered his officers to select from among the Jewish captive boys four of the brightest, and these four boys were chosen and brought into the King's palace to be educated for three years in the King's college for royal service. Thinking it a great honor to them, and that it would make them strong, the King ordered that these boys should be given a daily supply of the rich food and wine, such as he and all his military cadets received. But the very first time the silver tray, with all of these dainties, was brought to these four college boys, one of them, whose name was Daniel, said to the officer who took charge of them, "Please let us not have this rich food and wine, but have plainer food." The officer laughed and said: "I am afraid that if you do not eat this fresh food your faces will become thinner than those of the other college students, and then the King will cut off my head!" But Daniel said: "Try us ten days. Give us only vegetables to eat and water to drink. Then look at our faces and the faces of the other boys that eat the King's rich food and drink his wine, and see." The officer said he would try them for ten days. He did so, and at the end of that time their faces were fatter and rosier, their bodies plumper, and their minds clearer, stronger, and brighter than all the other boys. At the end of the three college years the King sat upon a golden throne, and all the students were brought before him, and he saw that these four were stronger than all the rest, and that they knew ten times as much as the magicians and astrologers in all his kingdom. So Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, these four friends who were true to their principle, showed after all that they kept their health and were stronger and better by doing without the rich food and the royal wine.

The Third Stone Cutter

Three stone cutters were driving their chisels into a massive block of Vermont granite.

A stranger who happened to be passing asked the first cutter what he was doing.

"I'm cutting stone," growled the laborer.

"And you?" he asked the second.

"I'm working for $7.50 a day," he replied.

When the question was put to the third, his face lit up and he answered, "I'm building a cathedral."

E. K. Hall, vice president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, told the story recently at the Academy of Political Science in New York, because it illustrates so admirably the three fundamental attitudes a man can take toward his work.

He can be an automaton, he can be an opportunist, or he can be an idealist.

He can feel that he is serving time, he can feel that he is serving himself, or he can feel that he is serving society.

But unless he is capable of realizing the larger *significance* of his work, he is incapable of realizing its larger *opportunities*.

He must either have vision—or supervision.—*Exchange.*

Uncle Ike Bond Says:

There's just two kinds of eggs—good and bad; but boys hain't that way. There's a million different kinds of boys, and there hain't a one of 'em that hain't good and bad mixed. I like 'em that way. I've rode on the 'bus with awful good ones and pretty bad ones, and sort of liked both kinds. There's just one kind that I can't abide, and that's the whinin', sneakin' kind that goes around pertending he's all-fired noble jest to hide some underhand project. Dog-gone a hypocrite, says I.—*American Boy.*

CHAPTER VIII: AUGUST

THEME FOR THE MONTH: COURAGE

Sunday, August 3

Theme: COURAGE TO BE TRUE

Suggested Scripture: Ephesians 6:10–18; Psalm 27:1–6.
Text: "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."
Selected Hymns: "Be Strong," Maltbie D. Babcock; "I Would Be True," Howard Arnold Walter, "Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True," W. J. Rooper; "O Jesus, Prince of Life and Truth," Anonymous.
Prelude: Hymn, "I Would Be True," played through once.
Call to Worship:

Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.

Hymn Response: "Be Strong." First stanza.

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift!
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.
Be strong, be strong!

Offertory:

MUSIC: "Träumerei," Schumann.

RESPONSE:

Bless Thou the gift our hands have brought,
Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned,
Ours is the faith, the will, the thought;
The rest, O God, is in Thy hand. Amen.

(For music see Service for January 12.)

Sermon, Story and Illustrations:

Have you ever seen a dog that did not bark? I have always thought that a bark was as much a part of a dog as his tail is. The

other day, however, I read that barking is a habit, and that a dog does not have to bark at all. Some dogs seem not to know that barking is merely a habit, for they use their barking machinery as though that were the purpose for which they were made.

In this article about dogs I read that no wild dogs ever bark, and what is more remarkable, that if dogs are kept away from their human masters for any length of time, they forget how to do it, although, like some bad habits we know about, it is always liable to return if they get into bad company again. A number of dogs were once turned loose on the Juan Fernandez Island, and after thirty-three years were found to have forgotten how to bark. There are some breeds of dogs, used for hunting purposes, which have been so bred as to have lost the habit of barking altogether.

According to the article, wild wolves, and other creatures, howl or yelp, but if their puppies are brought up among tame dogs they soon learn to bark. Apparently, even a dog hates to look peculiar. He barks because others do. In that the dog is too much like ourselves, for many times we seem to think a sufficient reason for doing anything is that most other people do the same.

You have seen pictures of the clothes our great-grandfathers and grandmothers wore when they were young. No one would venture to wear such clothes down the street now, unless it were to a "tacky" party, or on some other lark, but in the days of our grandparents they were quite proud of them. I imagine that if the people in New York and London and Paris, who set the fashions, should decree that people should wear tin buckets turned upside down for hats, a man who ventured out with one of our ordinary felt hats on would find other people staring at him in a very peculiar way. And I imagine that he would slip into the first hat shop (or tin or iron shop) and spend his last dollar on a bucket.

It seems to me that one of the hardest things to conquer is the fear of looking ridiculous, or seeming to be peculiar. The worst part of it is, we have such mistaken ideas of what is ridiculous. Actually, there are some boys and girls who are ashamed to confess themselves Christians because they think others might laugh at them. Yet some of those boys and girls would not be ashamed to use bad language, or tell a story that was not nice, or talk about people, if they were in the kind of company that would like such

things. Why is it we are not as anxious to be popular with the "good" crowd as we are with the other crowd?

There were two boys, Joe and Bill. One day Joe came by and asked Bill to go fishing with him. Now the place where they were to fish was in a river which had deep holes in it and so was dangerous. So Bill told Joe that he could not go because his mother told him not to.

Then said Joe, "Well, why don't you go anyway? What are you going to let your mother boss you for?" "Well," said Bill, "if I go with you and do what you say, you will be bossing me, and I would rather be bossed by my mother than be bossed by you."

Don't you think Bill was a boy of sense, and exactly right? Joe, who was trying to make fun of him and to make him do something he had no business doing for fear of being ridiculed, with the saying that his mother was bossing him, was trying to be the boss himself. Bill knew that the way for him to show his courage was to choose for himself which one he would listen to. Don't you think we sometimes let others boss us simply because we are afraid they will make fun of us? It is right enough to wish to have the good opinion of all those whose opinion is worth having, but it is really unfair to ourselves the fear we have of being out of the ordinary.

In the Bible is the story of one of the greatest cowards of history. The crowd wanted him to do a certain thing and, although it was against his own conscience and judgment, he let the crowd "boss" him.

It is the story of our Master and Pilate, the Roman governor. When Jesus was arrested his captors led him away to the house of the high priest. There they flogged him and jeered at him, making him the plaything of the hard-hearted Roman soldiers. Very early the next morning the elders, with the priests and scribes, met to try Jesus. They asked him certain questions, and when his answers displeased them, they grew very angry.

They then led him before Pilate, the governor. But Pilate, unable to find any fault in Jesus, turned him over to Herod, the king, for he did not want to be guilty of condemning an innocent man. Herod, the king, was most anxious to see Jesus perform a miracle, but to all of his questions Jesus made no answer. This again made the priests and scribes very angry. They then tried with all their might

to bring charges against him that would insure his death. Jesus' failure to answer his questions angered Herod also, and so he and his soldiers began to mock him and make fun of him. Herod then returned Jesus to Pilate.

Pilate did not know what to do. He did not want to condemn Jesus to death, but then he had to do what the Jews wanted him to do if he was to keep his position as governor, He said: "I have examined Jesus. I find that he has done no wrong. I find no just reason for condemning him to death. Therefore, I shall release him with a whipping."

But the Jews would not stand for this. They cried in one voice, "Away with him, away with him!" The mob took up the cry of the priests and scribes: "Away with him! To the cross! Let us crucify him!"

A third time Pilate tried to calm the people: "He has committed no crime deserving of death. So I shall release him to be whipped."

Then the mob broke out in all its fury, and Pilate cowardly yielded to their demands, sentencing Jesus to be crucified.

The rest of the story we know—how the soldiers took Jesus into the courtyard, clothed him in royal purple, put on his head a crown of thorns, and began to mock him, saying, "Hail, O king of the Jews." After they had tired of playing with him, striking him and spitting upon him, they stripped him of his royal robe and led him away to be crucified.

This story of shameful cowardice needs no explanation. Pilate, the Roman governor, we cannot admire or respect. An innocent man he condemned to death because he desired to protect his own position. Pilate we can but despise. But while we cannot admire Pilate, we must have sympathy for him. We must have sympathy for all those who are so selfish and cowardly that they do not have the courage to stand by their convictions.

As we go forth into the world to live as Jesus would have us live, we often need courage. When we are afraid we need courage. When we are tempted to do wrong we need courage. When we are laughed at for doing what we know to be right, we need courage.

Let us put over against this story of a great coward the story of a beautiful bird, the homing pigeon. How much do you know about the homing pigeon? This pigeon is never lost. You may take him hundreds and hundreds of miles into a strange country, and yet

somehow he will understand which direction it is that will lead him back to the place from which he came.

When explorers are going a long way into the wilderness and want to have some way of sending tidings back again as to where they are and what has happened to them, they will sometimes take homing pigeons with them. Then they will tie a message to one of the pigeon's legs, and go on about their business with the assurance that the bird will take the message back across the many miles to the place from which they started. In the Great War, pigeons were used to send messages from troops who might be up on the firing line back to headquarters.

The United States Signal Corps has charge of the pigeons of the American army. Some of these pigeons have established records for speed and courage. During the war a pigeon from the signal corps flew from Chicago to a camp in New Jersey—eight hundred miles—in fifty-seven hours—and in that time went through two storms. Flying on a sunny day in quiet air is one thing; and flying through a raging storm is another thing. The homing pigeon never grows faint-hearted or turns back. On they go, through danger of rifle bullets in war and through buffeting of storms in time of peace, until they carry their message where it needs to be.

How many of us have that sort of courage? When someone counts on you to carry through the thing you have begun, to finish what you started, and to make good what you had promised, do you turn back because of excuses? Do you wait for clear and fair weather, or do you stand by your duty and your ideals? Which is braver and pluckier, the pigeon or you?

Your father and mother are counting on you to be true to everything that is fine and noble and true. Your friends are counting on you to make good in life. Jesus is depending on you to be true to Him. There are those who trust you—will you have the courage to be true?

A youth who applied for a job as a clerk in a country store was told that, among other things expected of him, he was not to be too conscientious about pointing out defects and deficiencies in goods, or too particular in giving full weights and measures. The manager told him that there were some things the purchasers must find out for themselves, and that it wouldn't do to tell too much. Then he

asked the applicant what salary he would expect. "Ten thousand dollars a year!" was the reply.

"What do you mean?" asked the employer.

"I mean you couldn't pay me to become a liar for you!" returned the plucky young fellow. "I wouldn't do that for any amount of salary."

If all men had the sturdy uncompromising honesty of that young man, what an ideal place the world would be!—*Exchange.*

The Man Who Had Courage to Pray (Daniel 6)

Daniel was a man who dared to stand alone, if need be against the whole crowd, in work, in worship, and in play. He could be trusted to be true in everything. Because he was so industrious, faithful, and thoughtful, the new King promoted him to be next to him in rule over all the land. The other officers were jealous and devised wicked plans for Daniel's downfall. They persuaded the King, Darius, to sign this law: "Whosoever shall pray to any god or to man for thirty days, save to thee, O King, he shall be cast into the den of lions." The King was conceited and prideful, so he signed the law.

Daniel knew what his rival officers would do, but when the time came at noonday for him to pray, he went to his home, opened wide his windows toward his old home in Jerusalem, as he was in the habit of doing, and knelt down and prayed and gave thanks to his God. That night he did the same thing. Now Daniel could have left his windows closed, or he could have waited until he was in bed where none could see him. But that is exactly what he did not do. He was not afraid of the King and his officers. Of course his enemies discovered him and reported him to the King.

Darius, the King, loved Daniel, but the law had been signed, and as it could not be changed, he decreed that Daniel must die. So they brought him to the cave of hungry lions and threw him into the midst of these wild, roaring beasts.

All night the King thought of Daniel, how good and useful he had been, and how cruelly treated. Early in the morning he arose, hastened to the cave, looked in, and there was Daniel—alive and happy. The King cried out, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, has your God delivered you from the lions?" "Yes," answered Daniel, "my God has sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths, and they have not

hurt me." The King was glad, very glad, He called his servants to come and take Daniel out of the den, and then ordered that the men who had plotted against Daniel should be severely punished. Then he made a new law that all in his kingdom should pray to Daniel's God, who had given him the courage to dare to stand and to pray alone.

Prayer:

(Congregation seated—immediately at the close of the sermon—without any perceptible break in the service.)

Our Father, God, wilt Thou be the strength of our lives, helping us to do hard things that are right; helping us to study earnestly, helping us to play fairly, and helping us to help others. We would be strong in heart, full of courage, lightly regarding pain and danger when they lie in the path of duty. We would be strong in love, tender-hearted, loving our neighbor as ourselves and loving Thee supremely with all our strength. Hear our prayer, O Lord, our source of Strength and Courage. Amen.

Hymn: (All standing.) "Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True."

Benediction: O God of Strength, as we go forth from this service help us to see our duty, and then to do it. May we always be strong to do thy will. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Sunday, August 10

Theme: FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHT

Suggested Scripture: Proverbs 14:26; 28:1; Ephesians 3:12; Hebrews 4:16; 10:19; 13:6; I John 2:28; 4:17.

Text: ". . . The righteous are bold as a lion." (Proverbs 28:1*b*.)

Selected Hymns: The same as for August 3.

Instrumental Prelude: "Be Not Afraid," from *Elijah*, Mendelssohn.

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Wait for Jehovah: Be strong, and let thy heart take courage; Yea, wait thou for Jehovah. (Psalm 27:14.)

CONGREGATION: I will say of Jehovah, He is my refuge and my fortress; My God, in whom I trust. (Psalm 91:2.)

In Concert: (Antiphonally).

PASTOR: Where are you going, Greatheart?

RESPONSE: To lift today above the past;
To make tomorrow sure and fast;
To nail God's colors to the mast.

PASTOR: Then God go with you, Greatheart.

—JOHN OXENHAM.

Vocal Prayer: "Gracious Spirit, Dwell with Me," Thomas T. Lynch.

Offertory Service: Same as for May 4.

Stories and Illustrations for the Sermon:

The proverb says, "The righteous are bold as a lion." The righteous are those who, belonging to Christ, *do right.* The boy who refuses to tell a lie to save himself a whipping is doing right, and is lion-hearted. The boy or girl who is above doing mean things to others is lion-hearted. The lion is the king of beasts, and one of our common expressions is, "As bold as a lion." The lion never runs away; it knows no fear. If he is forced by numbers to yield, he fights every step of the way, and always keeps his face to the foe. We want boys and girls like that to make men and women from. Boys and girls who fear nothing but the mean and ugly and sinful—bold as lions in doing good deeds, and in standing up for the right.

Many very interesting stories have come out of the Great War which all of us remember with so much horror. One story in particular fits our theme for to-day.

In France one day an American general was watching some soldiers who had come up to take their places in a regiment which needed new troops. He went up and spoke to one of the soldiers, a clean-looking fellow with a boyish face. "Son, where did you come from?" he asked the boy.

Remembering the crooked streets in the little French towns, and the winding roads over which they had come, the boy answered: "General, I don't know where we came from."

The general thought he would tease the boy a little, so he said to him, "You don't know where you came from, do you know where you are going?"

"General," replied the boy, "I don't know where we are going."

"Well," said the general, trying to look very much astonished, "where are you now?"

The boy looked around him and then shook his head. "General," he said, "I don't know where we are."

"Well," said the general, "what did you come over here for?"

At last here was a question which the boy could answer. He straightened up and a flash came into his eyes. "General," he said, "I came here to fight."

The general laughed heartily. The boy didn't know where he had come from, where he was then, or where he was going, but he did understand the one thing that counted. He knew what he was there for, and all his courage and strength were ready.

All life for every one of us is a struggle in which our hearts must fight, where we cannot stand by and watch, but everybody must play his own part manfully. The way we fight our battle of life will determine whether our souls win honor, or only defeat and shame.

When things are hard, and temptations crowd us close, and the evils which we know we ought to fight against stand up before us, let us not wish to have an easier time, or want like cowards to surrender. Let us say like the boy in France, "I came here to fight."

It is inspiring to hear the stories of great men and women who have stood firm for the right, fighting sometimes with their backs against the wall, fighting sometimes to the point of death, but always fighting for the right.

To-day may each of you ask Jesus to give you the spirit and courage of the brave men and women of the ages, that you may be lion-hearted in your boldness to do right, always in love, while you live.

Sunday, August 17

Theme: COURAGEOUS CHAMPIONS OF GOD

Suggested Scripture: I Kings 16:29; 17:3; 18:1–39; Ezekiel 2:6; I Corinthians 16:13.

Text: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

Selected Hymns: The same as for August 3 and 10. Add: "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," Martin Luther; "God is My Strong Sal-

vation," James Montgomery; "Courage, Brother, Do Not Stumble," Norman Macleod; "Gracious Spirit, Dwell with Me," Thomas T. Lynch.

Instrumental Prelude: "O Son of Man, Thou Madest Known," Milton S. Littlefield.

Call to Worship:

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer. Amen.

Offertory Service: The same as for May 11.

Unison Reading:

God is my strong salvation:
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near.

Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand.
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Sermon and Illustrations:

What is that cloud of dust in the distance? The cloud moves nearer and a closer look tells us that it is made by the tramping of scores and hundreds of people along the dusty roads, and through the dry fields. We look around us, and in whatever direction we look we find not a single flower or green shrub, only dust and withered leaves and sun-baked hills. The stream at the foot of the mountain by which we stand is dried up. The fields near by, once fertile and filled with waving grain, are now barren waste, parched by the merciless glare of the sun. The cattle are gone, driven into other sections of the country where water is to be had.

Where are we? Not in the Great American Desert at the foot of the towering Rockies, but on the plain which is shadowed by Mount Carmel in the historic land of Palestine. We have gone back in our imagination almost three thousand years and are witnessing a strange and curiously interesting contest. All people, I suppose, like contests, and certainly no one more than you and I. What is it all about? Where are these people going? And why is the land so deso-

late? Let us push up a little closer to this multitude of people and see if we can find out where they are going.

Such a strange gathering of people. There in the front ranks are hundreds of the priests of the heathen God, Baal of Tyre, in their gorgeous priestly robes; close by them are members of the household of King Ahab; in the midst of them, surrounded by the officers of his court, is the mighty Ahab himself; and in the rear is a great throng of the common people. What has brought such a motley group together? Let us question this tired pilgrim who is stopping to rest.

"Friend, you seem weary. While you rest will you not tell us where all of these people are going, and why the land is so desolate?"

"Have you not heard? The great prophet Elijah has challenged King Ahab to a trial of strength. He has promised to prove that his God, Jehovah, is stronger and greater than the heathen god, Baal. Four hundred and fifty of Baal's prophets are in this multitude ready to stand by their god. Elijah does not have even one helper. He is sure to lose, but I must admire his nerve. I wouldn't have missed this contest for anything. I have walked thirty miles to see it. Come on with us, and let us see what this man Elijah can do."

On up the mountain we struggle with the weary and dust-covered multitude. "Why is the land so dry?" we ask our traveler friend. "You did not tell us." "Three years ago," he replies, "the prophet Elijah dared to tell King Ahab that, because of his sins, there should no rain fall in his kingdom until God should tell Elijah to call it down. Since the day when the prophet pronounced that doom, not one drop has fallen. The king has been very angry with Elijah, and has sought many times to have him killed, but his soldiers have not been able to find the prophet. One day a little while back Elijah suddenly appeared from nowhere and challenged Ahab to this contest. I don't know why he did not have him killed that day. You know, I think the king is afraid of the prophet. It may be, however, that Ahab hoped the prophet would bring rain if he accepted the challenge."

I am not sure I understand about this god, Baal. Why should there be a contest between Jehovah and Baal? Let us ask our pilgrim friend again.

"Tell us something about Jehovah and Baal. We do not understand."

"Are you really interested? Then I will tell you, but very briefly. You see, the people of Israel worship Jehovah. He is our God, and we have worshiped Him since we have been a race of people. The inhabitants of the countries round about us have their own gods. They do not worship Jehovah. Several years ago our king visited at the court of the Lord of Phœnicia, and while there fell in love and married the Phœnician king's daughter, Jezebel. In that country the people worship Baal, the god of Power, and the goddess Ashtoreth. Soon after King Ahab brought his wife back here to Israel she had a great stately temple set up for the worship of her god, Baal. Soon hundreds of priests and prophets of Baal came to the king's court, and in recent years they have made the worship of Baal very fashionable. You see, there are a lot of people who always want to do what the queen does. Queen Jezebel was not satisfied to have a few of the people worship Baal; she wanted all of them to forsake Jehovah and accept her god. So she waged a persecution against the prophets of our God, Jehovah. The king's soldiers hunted the prophets through the land and murdered them wherever they were found. Some of them fled, and some of them hid in caves in the mountains of Samaria. It was in the midst of this persecution three years ago that Elijah the prophet suddenly appeared and dared to tell the king and queen that the Lord God of Israel had willed that it should not rain until he, Elijah, should say the word."

"Thank you. I think we understand a little more about Baal and Jehovah, the God of Israel. Can you tell us a bit more about this contest?"

"You understand that Elijah believes in his God. He does not like to see our people forsake the One True God and go off after the worship of idols. He knows that Ahab would like to kill him, but he has so much faith in his God that he has called for this trial of strength in order to prove to the people that they should return to the worship of their God, Jehovah."

"Elijah must be a brave man."

"Israel has never had a prophet of God more loyal or courageous. Come, let us push up to the top of the mountain."

To the very top we go. There, at a place where he can command the multitude, stands Elijah, alone and unafraid. He is ready to speak. Let us hear him.

"I have called you," he says to the people, "up into this mountain

to prove to you that Jehovah the God of Israel is the one true and only God. Why do you people waver? Choose the God you will serve. If Jehovah be the one and only true God, follow him. If Baal be the one true God, then follow him!"

Not one word do the people answer.

"Listen to me," cried Elijah. "Here I stand alone, a prophet of God. There are four hundred and fifty of the prophets of Baal. Let them build an altar and place on it a sacrifice to Baal, but put no fire under it. Let me build an altar, place on it a sacrifice, but put no fire under it. I will call upon Jehovah, and the prophets of Baal will call upon their God to send down fire to consume the sacrifice. The God that answereth by fire let him be God."

"It is a fair contest," shouts our traveler friend. Others take up the cry and soon the people are exclaiming, "It is fair! It is a well-spoken challenge."

I don't believe the prophets of Baal like Elijah's challenge. Rather sulkily they prepare their bullock and place it on their altar. All is ready for the contest to start. They pray to Baal to send down fire to consume the sacrifice. From morning till noon they pray. No answer from Baal. "Cry louder," Elijah mocks. "Perhaps your god is asleep, or maybe he is on a journey and does not hear you." Elijah is confident, isn't he?

Now they cry with a great voice, and leap and dance, and try every way possible to make Baal hear and answer them. The evening shadows begin to fall, and still no answer from Baal. The Baal prophets turn away in disappointment. Elijah is now ready.

"Come near to me," Elijah says to the people. Let us move up closer. Quickly the prophet repairs the altar of Jehovah which is on top of the mountain, digs a trench around it, places the wood on the altar, and lays the bullock on the wood. What is that strange thing he is doing now? He is having the people fill the trench with water. The sacrifice is soaked with water. Now he is praying.

"Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again."

Look! Where is Elijah's sacrifice? God's fire has descended and burned up the sacrifice, the wood and stones of the altar, and has

even licked up the water in the trench. Hear the shout of the people: "The Lord, he is the God! The Lord, he is the God!"

What is that black shape out over the sea? It is a gathering cloud. The sky is becoming black with clouds. It is the rain, the long-looked-for rain. Jehovah has triumphed. The drought has been broken.

A strange contest we have just witnessed. I have told it poorly. Stop now for a moment and imagine the scene. You can picture it for yourself much more clearly than I have been able to picture it. In the midst of your mental picture let Elijah stand; the lone prophet who dared to match his faith in God against four hundred and fifty prophets of the false god, Baal. Such loyalty! Such courage!

Wouldn't you give most anything you have to so live that people would say of you, "He is as courageous and as loyal as Elijah was"? That would be great, to have people say that about you. But then you may say immediately, "I don't have the chance to show my loyalty to God as Elijah did." Now, of course, I will admit that you and I may never have a chance as unusual and as spectacular as the prophet of old did, but we have more chances than Elijah did to show our loyalty to God, and we have those opportunities every day.

Elijah called his God, Jehovah. You and I think of our God as Father because Jesus taught us to think about Him in that way. Jesus has also taught us that our Father is Good and Just and Loving and Kind, and that the Father wants us to be honest and just and clean and kind and noble in all of our living. You and I have opportunities every day to champion God, to be loyal to the Father, by living as He wants us to live.

Sunday, August 24

Theme: STANDING FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS

Suggested Scripture: Amos 1:1–2; 2:4–9; 5:14–16, 21–25.
Text: "Seek good, and not evil, that ye may love." (Amos 5:14*a*).
Selected Hymns: The same as for August 17.
Instrumental Prelude: "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life," Frank Mason North.

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Rejoice, O ye righteous. The righteous shall flourish as the green leaf.

CONGREGATION: The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; And he that is wise winneth souls.

Prayer: The Lord's Prayer Chanted.

Concert Scripture: "I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman," said Jesus. "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he cleanseth it, that it bear more fruit. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, so neither can ye, except ye abide in me . . . Apart from me, ye can do nothing. Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit." (John 15:1, 2, 4, 5*b*, 16.)

Violin Solo: (Unannounced) "Ave Maria."

Offertory Service: The same as for May 18.

Sermon and Illustrations:

Let us imagine ourselves to-day living seven hundred and fifty years before the birth of Christ. This is one hundred years after the time of Elijah with whom we got acquainted last Sunday. King Jeroboam II has been on the throne of Israel for some forty years. Jeroboam has been victorious in war and has brought peace and prosperity to his nation. That is, he has brought prosperity to certain people in Israel. To many of the common people, however, his reign has brought poverty. To sum it up so we can remember it, we might say that the rich people were very rich and the poor people were very poor.

The homes of the rich people are filled with luxuries of all sorts from Babylon, such as ivory furniture, gorgeous silken robes, and rare wines and perfumes. The rich have houses which they occupy only in the winter and other houses in which they live only in the summer. The poor people are just as poor as the rich people are rich. How have the rich people gained their wealth and luxury? By cheating in business and by oppressing the poor. The rich men use false weights and measures when they deal with the country people. In buying grain from the farmers they use heavy weights, and thus get more than is due them; in selling to the poor people of the cities, they use light weights, and thus give out less than they should.

When the judges threaten to use the laws against them they bribe the officials and continue their unjust business. When the poor people are forced to borrow money the rich men charge them enormous rates of interest. Sometimes when the people cannot pay their debts the rich merchants and money lenders force them to sell their sons and daughters into slavery to keep from starving.

It is hard for us to understand, but these rich people do not seem to realize that they are not pleasing God. They keep on offering up costly sacrifices to Jehovah at their great temples and shrines, with stately and gorgeous ceremonies, and think to themselves that God is greatly pleased. Their consciences seem to be dead. Nobody seems to care how wicked they are. There is one man in the country, however, who sees all of this cruelty and cheating and oppression, and whose heart is troubled by it. He is a man by the name of Amos, who lives about twelve miles from Jerusalem in a little village on a rocky hilltop. Suppose we move in our imagination over to Tekoa, the little village where Amos lived.

Tekoa is a small country town some six miles from Bethlehem and about twelve miles from Jerusalem. The land around Tekoa is very stony, and the people are very poor. In the days of Amos the main support of the people round about Tekoa was flocks of sheep. Amos was at first a shepherd boy, and later, when he grew up, a shepherd. In addition to his flocks, Amos raised sycamore figs, the market of which added some little to the family income. The sycamore fig is a very inferior fruit, and is not often eaten by men. There is a method, however, by which it can be improved. When the fig has almost attained its full size, a small hole is punched in it, which permits a few drops of the bitter juice to escape. The wound heals up very soon, the fig ripens, and then, because some of the bitter juice has escaped, is edible by cattle and is even sometimes eaten by the poorer classes of people. Amos tended his sheep and pinched his figs. In this manner did he make his living, and a poor one it was.

At certain seasons of the year he would go up to Bethel and the other towns of northern Israel to sell his sycamore figs and the wool he had grown. On these trips he would observe many things to set his heart aflame with indignation. He would see the rich cheating the poor, and the thousands of gay worshipers listlessly going through the forms and ceremonies of their religion. Worshiping with the mouth they were, but not with the heart.

Tending his sheep and growing his figs on the hills of Tekoa did not absorb all of Amos's time. Long hours he had in which to think and meditate upon God. Out of his meditations and his observations on his trips to the city there finally grew a conviction that he was called of God to issue a warning to the people regarding their wrong-doings. Finally, one day, Amos left his sheep and figs, walked down to Bethel, and began to preach. Each year the king attended the Passover feast at Bethel, and the fashionable people were in the habit of going there to sacrifice. It was during the Passover feast that Amos made his first appearance. You can almost see him as he stalks into the feast room among the hundreds of richly dressed people. He is still wearing his shepherd's costume, but little does Amos care. He has a message to deliver to the people.

For several days, perhaps for several months, Amos poured out his soul to the people, king, priests, and common people alike, warning them against the destruction that was sure to come upon them if they did not forsake their evil ways and turn again to the true worship of God. Their showy worship was a mockery, he told the people. Clean living and a square deal was what God demanded of them, he said.

Amos did not mince words. The people soon got provoked at his plain speaking, and finally when he dared to speak against the king, the high priest became worried and decided that it would be wise to ask Amos to return to his home town. So it was Amos had to go. They could not stop him in his determination to warn the people, even though they closed his mouth. When he returned to Tekoa he wrote down several of his sermons as a warning to the people of his day. These sermons have come down to us, and to-day declare forth with zeal ever new the gospel of a square deal for every one.

Do you not admire the courage of Amos in standing for righteousness and a square deal against the people of his day, even including the rulers of the land? Like the young soldier in France, about whom we learned two Sundays ago, he felt that he was here on earth to fight for right and justice.

To-day you and I have the opportunity to stand, as Amos did, for social righteousness. Jesus had taught us to look for and to work for a new day in the world when righteousness will reign supreme among all the peoples of the earth. Before that day comes there are many, many evils against which we must fight. We shall not try to

enumerate all of them to-day. Let us notice briefly one or two of the great social evils against which we must have the courage to take a stand.

There is the evil of war. A few Sundays from now we may have much more to say about war and how you and I can fight against that great evil. Wars are caused by hate, selfishness, prejudice, jealousy, and misunderstanding. Sometimes, many times, the causes of war have been most trivial and foolish. Perhaps the causes have been the wounded vanity of a king, or the jealousy of the admirals and generals of rival nations. In times past tribes, clans, and barons fought each other, and men fought duels with swords and pistols. Nowadays nations seldom fight within themselves, and we hope that they will soon cease to fight each other. All disagreements among the nations should be settled by arbitration, treaties, and pacts. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was unarmed when he met the Indians, and he said, "You are our brothers, and we will live like brothers with you." The new city he and his friends built was named Philadelphia, which means the city of brotherly love. Boys and girls, work to bring about the reign of Christ, the Prince of Peace, Who desires that all men should dwell together in the spirit of true brotherhood. Love will cure wars. But it will take courage, great courage, the kind of courage Amos had, to do away with the evil of war. But we must do it. The world is looking to you, men and women of the future, to so live in love and peace that wars will be ended.

The liquor traffic is another great evil which must be removed before we can have that day of peace and righteousness about which Jesus has taught us. It is true that we have national laws which prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, but there are many, many people who are disregarding these laws. You must help, not only when you grow up but even now, to get people to obey the laws of our land against the liquor traffic.

The world is better than it was, and it will be better than it is, because you boys and girls of to-day will have the courage to stand with Jesus for righteousness throughout the world.

Sunday, August 31

Theme: COURAGE TO FACE RESPONSIBILITIES

Suggested Scripture: Matthew 25:5, 14, 19–29; Luke 21:1–4; Acts 17:30, 31; Ephesians 4:7.

Text: "Well done, good and faithful servant . . . I will make thee ruler over many things."

Selected Hymns: The same as for August 17.

Instrumental Prelude: "Souvenir," Drdla.

Call to Worship:

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

Prayer:

We thank Thee, our Father, for all those boys and girls, young people, and men and women who have worked hard in order to be of service in the world. We pray, our Father, that we may try hard to discover our duty, our responsibilities of whatever sort, and then try hard to do them. Help us to keep our promises, to be industrious and faithful in our tasks, to do our very best at all times. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Offertory Service: The same as for May 25.

Sermon and Illustrations:

One of our great ministers of England tells a story of an imaginary meeting and conversation he had with Mr. Rubber Heel. He reports that the first time he met Rubber Heel, the heel was lying in the gutter looking very sad and miserable. Unlike most rubber heels, this one was practically new, so the minister took him home.

That night the minister reports that he had a very interesting talk with Mr. Rubber Heel, with the result that the Rubber Heel told him his life story. It seems that the Rubber Heel had been joined with his brother to a pair of high-heeled shoes worn by a society lady. Before they were attached to this lady's shoes they had occupied a prominent place in the show window of a shoe store. When they left the show window this particular Rubber Heel fussed and fumed, and when they were tacked onto the lady's shoes the heel let out an awful scream of protest.

The brother heel tried to tell him that their rightful place in the

world was to meet the responsibility of carrying others about in comfort and safety. This Rubber Heel couldn't understand it, and sought constantly to tear himself loose from the lady's shoe. Finally, one day, the heel, after much twisting and squirming about, managed to get himself loose as the lady was going down a hill. When she stepped on a small round stone, the heel gave himself a twist and bowled clean away. The heel ran so hard, and was so excited, that it did not notice where it was going until it found itself resting in a gutter, with dirty water running over it. Then it began to think some long, long thoughts. One of them was this: "Having your own way doesn't always bring you happiness." When Rubber Heel had concluded his story, the minister asked: "And are you glad now that you broke away from the shoe?" With a sigh the heel answered: "Oh, no, I wish I had done my duty now, I am miserable and lonely now, and all the time I am wondering what happened to my brother, and whether he suffered very much because of me. If I had faced my responsibility, and had done what was right, I should not have had these terrible thoughts."

Of course this is all vivid imagination, but I think it has a message for us to-day. You see, simply living to please yourself, shirking the tasks and responsibilities that are given you to do, brings neither happiness to yourself nor comfort to others. Not only do you yourself suffer shame, but those who are near and dear to you also suffer.

To neglect doing what we know to be right and good will not only bring us regrets, but will pain others also. Our parents suffer more than we can know when we do wrong, and so do all who love us.

A very beautiful story about the birds tells us that when they were first created they had no wings. God made some wings for the birds, and put them down beside them, saying, "Now come and take the burdens up and bear them," the birds without wings were very beautiful, their feathers were gorgeous, and they could sing—but they could not fly. The story says that the birds took up the wings in their beaks and laid them on their shoulders. What a weight they did seem at first! But they gradually got used to them, and folded them over their hearts; and, wonderful to relate, the wings began to grow, and they were able to fly with them. The weights became wings.

I wonder if that isn't a parable of your life. In front of you lie

many years of adventure and wondrous experiences. There will be many hard things to do during the years ahead—many responsibilities to meet. In fact, there are many to-day, are there not? Christ says to you, "Take up every difficult task, every unpleasant duty, every responsibility; take them up one by one." You will sometimes think that you cannot meet them or bear them. Try! Keep on trying! Trying develops wings. Take up every duty. Obey your parents cheerfully. Trust in God. There is nothing too hard for Him.

Depend upon your own labors. Boys and girls who avoid responsibilities and who depend upon others to support them are in a very uncertain position. The world wants pullers, and there is always room on the team for boys and girls who are prepared to pull. The world wants those who are willing to do their best without being forced to do it.

New York has a hero "cop" who got a medal for going into a rat-infested sewer to rescue a boy. Jersey City has a thirteen-year-old boy who did the same thing. William Sullivan was just leaving school when he saw a crowd of frightened boys and girls peering down into an open manhole in the street. He pushed his way through until he could peer down himself.

"What's up?" he demanded, for all he could see below was a sluggish stream of mud and sewage slipping by.

"There's a kid down there. He—he—fell in," said someone.

"Gee whiz! Whyn't someone git him?" said William, at the same time pulling off his coat.

He was the "someone." He let himself down through the manhole opening and, bracing his feet and knees against the slimy brick sides, climbed down until he was almost at the bottom. Then, according to him, the muddy stream below him just seemed to open and a sticky mop of hair and a mud-smeared face appeared. William grabbed the hair and gave a hoist that brought little five-year-old Gerald Murphy right out of the muck. Then he hoisted some more (how he did it even he does not know) and presently he was able to shove the half-conscious Murphy boy out of the manhole overhead, to the street. Then he climbed out himself. William got a medal in school, but that didn't mean half as much to him as the medals offered for prizes in the fifty-yard dash in which he was to run the following Saturday.—*American Youth.*

A pile of bricks in a Philadelphia side street marked by a red lantern to warn off passing traffic—a careless, selfish motorist, who in speeding by knocked over and destroyed the lantern, leaving the brick pile unmarked—four scouts, with eyes to see and a will to serve, voluntarily standing guard at the danger point for hours until the lantern could be replaced, directing traffic courteously around the obstacle! These are the items of a story that was printed in a Philadelphia newspaper with a comment on the worth-whileness of a movement that trained boys to act like that on their own initiative.—*Boy's Life.*

CHAPTER IX: SEPTEMBER

THEME FOR THE MONTH: HELPFULNESS

Sunday, September 7

Theme: HOW I SHOULD LIVE

Suggested Scripture: Micah 6:8; Isaiah 25:4; 32:2; Matthew 20:25–28; Galatians 6:2.

Text: "And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." (Isaiah 32:2.)

Selected Hymns: "Serving," Mrs. Frank A. Breck; "We Must Work and Pray Together," Josephine Pollard; "God's Blessing on Work," Anonymous; "O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee," Washington Gladden; "I Would Be True," Howard Arnold Walter.

Call to Worship:

O come let us worship and learn of the Father, who has taught us, through Jesus, how to live happy and successful lives.

Prelude: "Hero's March," Mendelssohn.

Offertory: See service for May 25.

Sermon, Story, and Illustrations:

Imagine you are standing on a towering mountain, looking off into the future. What, more than anything else, would you like to see there for yourself? What would you hope to see there waiting for you as the years roll by? I cannot even guess at the details that may pass through your mind as your imagination pierces the curtain of the future, but regardless of details, isn't it all expressed in one word—"success"?

You want to be a success. Certainly! But what does success mean to you? Why do you want success? What will you do with it when you get it? Who is it you want to call you a success?

Here is a man who goes from college into business. He takes advantage of his superior knowledge and intellectual equipment to exploit his employees, and to lord it over those who have less ability than himself. He begins to make money, and yet more money, and this wealth he uses as a lash over the heads of others. There is power in money, and so as his wealth increases his power and his influence in the community multiply. His voice speaks with authority in the political affairs of his city, and his money buys for him a place in the control of the state government.

In that city is another man who goes from college into business. He takes advantage of his superior knowledge and intellectual equipment to build up a clean life and a clean business. Opportunities are offered for him to exploit his employees and to produce an inferior article for a high price. These opportunities he scorns. He is content to have a small business, and to share with his employees a part of his profits in order that their life and work may be easier and more enjoyable. His own money he uses to encourage and beautify and strengthen other lives. His wealth is not as great as that of the first man, nor is his voice heard with authority in politics. He is not often in the public eye, but people know that when a man in trouble goes to him for help he never fails to offer his comfort and assistance.

Is this first business man a success? Is the second one a success? Which is the greater success? Do you want to be a success like the first man or the second one?

In a novel written several years ago the author tells of a character which she calls "The Village Helper." The Village Helper would go any distance to comfort or help, and was welcomed alike in the homes of the rich and the poor. She prepared the body of the Squire's daughter for the velvet coffin, and when Patsy Flinn was kicked by a vicious horse she ran for the priest to give him absolution before he died. When Jimmy McShane broke his leg she helped the doctor to set it. "Law now," she said, "if my folks had given me a chance to do that I might have been of some use." The doctor protested, "We have christened you 'The Village Helper.'" "But if I had only learned how to straighten folks up and mend them like you! There ain't nothin' I'd like to do better than mendin' folks up." And that is just what this young woman spent her time in doing, "mendin' folks up."

In the thirty-second chapter of the Book of the Prophet Isaiah is the unusual description of an unusual man. See the picture as I read it to you: "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Is that not a beautiful word picture? I wonder if you would count yourself a success if it could be said of you in after years that you were "a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest."

Let us see if we can discover the kind of man Isaiah was trying to describe. The prophet's words are a clear-cut picture of the land in which he lived. One famous traveler tells how, after traveling for hours in the hot, scorching sun, and finding no shelter from the piercing sunbeams, he and his friends threw themselves under a ragged bush only a few feet high, and tried to hide in its pitiably insufficient shadow. Another traveler, in describing this land, tells how the dromedaries bury their heads in the sand, and the Arabs take their horses into their tents, closing every crevice. This man says if the body is exposed it is scorched as though a hot iron had touched it, and if the face is struck the blood gushes from mouth and nostrils, the face turns black, and often the sufferer dies of suffocation. Now let us look again at Isaiah's picture of a man: "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadows of a great rock in a weary land."

Do you know people who fit this picture? Do you admire such men and women? Can we say that they are successful? Should we so live that people could describe us as Isaiah describes a great man?

Suppose you ask me, "How should I live?" I will answer by telling you how I want to live. I want to live so that I will think of myself as a success, so that my friends will think of me as a success, and so that the Father will think of me as a success. My definition of success or greatness is that given by Jesus in His words to the mother of James and John. Recall that Jesus said, "He who would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all." When I take this definition of success given by Jesus, I have a picture of how I want to live. I want to live so that I will be known as friend to all, both the foe and the friendless, both the rich and the poor. I want to use my powers and abilities in such a way that the lives of others will be made happier and better. I want to be an inspiration and a help to

other people, and not a hindrance. I want to live a life of service and helpfulness every day, without boasting. It is toward this goal that I am striving.

A few years ago a very famous French doctor visited our country. His magic prescription, "I am growing every day, in every way, better and better," became very popular. Although many cartoons were drawn and many jokes made about his prescription, it is a maxim of some wisdom. Have you ever asked yourself this question seriously: Am I growing every day, in every way, better and better? Am I growing closer to my ideal of the kind of life I should live? Am I growing every day toward Jesus' ideal of success? If I hold to Jesus' ideal of unselfish helpfulness, and try day by day to live up to that ideal—then—*I am a success!*

Do Not Boast of Our Service

There was once a little pygmy who thought he was really very large. As he looked at himself in the quiet pool on the edge of the forest, he was very well satisfied with what his mirror revealed. He yelled as loud as he could under the huge cliffs, and smiled when the echoes obeyed him.

"I am so powerful," he cried in his pride, "that with one of my hands I can hide the moon." He lifted his hand before his face and chuckled with satisfaction as the round, silvery moon disappeared from his view.

"I shall run a race with the moon," said the pygmy. "I should win easily, for I have two stout legs, while the moon has none at all." So saying, he scampered away, with the moon looking at him over his shoulder. The glistening shore of the lake flashed by; a tall oak tree went marching to the rear; a distant hilltop hid the face of the moon for a second or two, but always when the pygmy looked back the bright, round moon smiled quietly at him in the exact spot over his shoulder.

At last the pygmy was out of breath. He sat down on a rock and panted with both hands on his knees. "Well now, old moon," said he, "if I have not outrun you, you have had a hard time keeping up, and I'm sure you haven't gained an inch on me." Now it chanced that the hermit-of-the-woods heard these words of the pygmy. He grinned. "I have noticed," the old man said, "how calmly and

quietly the moon goes on lighting the whole world under him—lighting the mountains and the lakes and lilies, the spires of the churches, and the houses and fields and forests; I have noticed all this, but I have never, in all the years I have lived here, heard the old moon say a single word about it."

The world is eager to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Who with a purpose staunch and true,
Will greet the work as he find to do.
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind,—
To good, awake; to evil, blind—
A heart of gold without alloy
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.
—MIXAN WATERMAN.

There are just two kinds of men, those who think only of themselves and forget the others, and those that find in their own struggles and trials determination to help the weak.—*Insurance Salesman*, November, 1925.

On the day when Adam was created, God said to his ministering angels, "Come, let us descend and render loving service to the first man and his helpmate, for the world depends upon loving-kindness. More beloved and precious is loving-kindness than the sacrifices and burnt-offerings which Israel will bring unto Me in the future."
—RABBINIC WISDOM.

In order to celebrate the marriage feast of his son, Rabbi Gamaliel invited three of his learned friends, Eliezer, Joshua, and Zadok.

As the guests were seated at the table, Gamaliel went about for the purpose of serving his friends with wine.

Rabbi Eliezer, abashed at the thought of being waited upon by so great a man, declined to accept anything.

Rabbi Joshua, on the other hand, accepted the wine and began to drink. Eliezer, astonished, said hesitatingly, "My friend, how canst thou permit so great a man to serve thee."

"To serve me? What matter, if it please him? Great though he is, he is yet human. There are instances in Holy Scriptures where the

greatest humbled themselves to perform tasks. Are we not told that Abraham himself served the three guests who ate at his table? Nor did he know that they were angels?"

Here Rabbi Zadok interrupted, saying, "My friends, you would seek examples of humility, goodness, and foresight. Instead of referring to human example, seek comparison with the acts of God, Himself. It is He who causeth the breezes to blow; it is He who gathereth the clouds which moisten the earth; it is He who maketh the fields to produce a plentiful harvest. What are the labors of mankind with the unending service of God?"—RABBINIC WISDOM.

In a far country, many years ago, a race of men lived in a deep valley between two snow-covered hills. Above the village on a wide, flat rock was the sacred spot where the priests lifted up their thin hands and prayed. To this ancient altar, once every year, came the great golden ball, descending out of the clouds of the morning like a near-by sun and hovering just over the outstretched arms of those who were anxious to bring it down to earth.

"To him who touches the golden ball," said the eldest of the priests, "will come a great blessing which shall be his while he shall live and which will remain on earth to bless his children after he has passed away."

Years came and went. The mightiest men and women tried in vain to touch the ball. They built ladders and mounds of stone; they climbed into the tops of tall trees, only to find that the golden ball still floated just beyond their finger tips. At last an aged man called the people together on the day before the ball was to appear. "Beloved friends," he said, "we cannot touch the golden ball because we think only of ourselves. Our own selfishness drives it ever away from us,. Behold this little child before me! She how beautiful she is! Her heart is pure and sweet and has no worldly thought in it to drive away the golden ball. Let us lift her up, my friends, letting her mount on our backs and our arms and our heads so that she, at least, may be blest with the blessing of the golden ball."

The next day when the golden ball appeared the people formed a great pyramid of human beings, the stronger bearing up the weaker ones. Slowly, from shoulder to shouder, the little girl mounted the ladder of human hearts and, reaching forth one tiny finger, touched the golden ball. Then a wonderful thing happened.

The blessing of the golden ball came not only to the little girl, but to all those, also, who had helped to lift her up.—JOSEPH B. EGAN, *Journal of Education.*

Sunday, September 14

Theme: LIVING FOR OTHERS

Suggested Scripture: Matthew 25:40*b*; Luke 22:26*c*; John 12:26.

Text: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these . . . ye did it unto me."

Selected Hymns: "Serving," Mrs. Frank A. Breck; "We Must Work and Pray Together," Josephine Pollard; "God's Blessing on Work," Anonymous; "O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee," Washington Gladden; "I Would Be True," Howard Arnold Walter; "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," John G. Whittier; "Love Thyself Last," Anonymous.

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Who then offereth to consecrate himself this day? and serve the Lord with gladness?

CONGREGATION: Then will I serve Him with one consent.

Instrumental Prelude: "Lord, Forever at Thy Side."



Scripture Talk and Bible Reading:

Born in a generation when self-interest was even more prevalent than it is to-day, Jesus had difficulty in getting others to comprehend His ideals for the Kingdom of God; especially the need of service as a means of expression for spiritual inspiration. He, Himself, gave the example, as He said: "I am in the midst of you as he that serveth"; and He expected His disciples to follow His program of service: "He that is the greater among you, let him become as the younger, and he that is chief, as he that doth serve."

The task asked was a simple one for them and for us: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these . . . ye did it unto me."

Offertory Service: See service for June 1.

Stories and Illustrations for the Sermon:

WHAT IS ENOUGH?

A great and wise king once called his sages before his throne and said to them: "Come, answer me this question. What is enough?" "Sire," said the first and oldest sage, "the substance of your question has been a matter into which I have delved deeply many years, for it concerns the happiness of man in a very special way. To my mind the following is required by every man who truly can be said to have enough:

"Enough health to enable him to enjoy the good things of life,

"Enough clothes to set him off as being well dressed among well-dressed people,

"Enough success to lift up his head with becoming pride,

"Enough wealth to free him from the worries of this life."

The king nodded and the second sage stepped forth. "Sire," said he, "I, too, have studied this problem. I feel very strongly that the following is required by him who can truly be said to have enough:

"Enough friends who are really friends with whom to while away the heavy hours,

"Enough laughter to keep the brow free from wrinkles of deep care,

"Enough joy to make a man glad that he has had the privilege of living, and

"Enough contentment to make him satisfied with whatever happens to be his lot."

The king nodded again and the third sage stepped forth. "Sire," said he, "not less than these have I studied this matter. My solution is very simple indeed. To be really content a man must have the following, but need have nothing else:

"Enough work,

"Enough strength, and

"Enough reward."

The king smiled and the fourth sage stepped forth. "Sire," said he, "I am afraid I cannot answer as wisely as these three, but from my heart I say this: As we attach greater importance to the everlasting treasure of the spirit we attach less and less importance to the passing treasure of this world.

"I ask, therefore, only this:

"Enough of time to let me live nobly for my brother,

"Enough of gold to let me smooth out the wrinkles in my brother's care-worn brow,

"Enough food to let me satisfy my brother's hunger, for in feeding him I shall feed my better self,

"Enough clothes to stand between my brother's shivering body and the cold, for in clothing him I shall clothe my better self."

When the fourth sage had finished the king smiled and said:

"Worthy sage, you have set a high ideal for us all. There is none of us can really prosper, in our souls, I mean, if our brothers are left destitute."—JOSEPH B. EGAN, *Journal of Education.*

TREASURE

The hermit gazed at Ben Izzar with searching eyes. "So you came all these long miles looking for gold! Tell me, my son, have you not passed treasure on your way?"

"By my beard, no!" exclaimed Ben Izzar. "Ever have I kept my eyes open for it. I have scanned every rock, and every hollow have I explored. I have gone down into the tombs of the dead, and traded shrewdly among the living, but ever has this thing, fortune, escaped me."

The hermit nodded his white head. "There was a poor man sitting

in the hot sun near Cairo. He could have told you of the presence of great wealth."

"A likely tale," said Ben Izzar. "Who is the man who begs and yet tells others of secret riches?"

The hermit sighed. "Had you but stretched forth your hand the man would have bestowed upon you a treasure greater than you have ever seen. But there was also a sick woman lying in the shade of a palm near the pool of the living waters. She, my friend, has about her pearls of great price which should have been yours had you stooped down and cared for her dying hours."

"I remember her well," said Ben Izzar. "She was in rags and afflicted with a strange disease. At peril of my life would I have touched her. As for pearls of great price, you are an old fool and know little, for had not the robbers visited her and beaten her before I came?"

The hermit regarded Ben Izzar with cold eyes. "Just outside the walls of the sacred city of Mecca there was a maiden fleeing from a wicked man who wished to sell her into slavery. She, too, bore in the hem of her garment precious rubies which would have served as ransom for a king. Had you but stretched your staff over her and saved her, all these would she have given you."

Ben Izzar laughed again. "Now I know you are a fool, for the maiden came of the lowest tribe and had no jewels, not even earrings in her ears. As it happens, I caught her for him who owned her and received from him a golden coin."

"And then," said the hermit, 'there was a slave sweating in a cotton field beside the Nile. He came from your own village, too, so had a claim on you. For forty golden coins you could have set him free and returned him to the ones who love him and weep after him. You did not know that he, too, possessed a treasure of great value which he but waited to bestow upon you."

"Farewell," cried Ben Izzar, "I waste time talking to you. When you say that Ben Idhem, sold into slavery for his debts, had in his care a great treasure, then I know you are a mad man and not one to be listened to."

"Farewell," said the hermit. "I see your journey stretching out before you like an open road. I say unto you, look for your treasure in the least likely spots. Among the poor is it richest, among the

weary it is rarest, among those who weep is it of the brightest lustre."

Ben Izzar laughed and went his way and the hermit looked after him. "There goes Ben Izzar, the spirit," said he, "the living soul that has come forth from God searching and searching for hard, glittering stones and cold unfeeling gold. I say after him, the wealth of the spirit is not in such things, nor is it hard to find, since the Eternal Master wishes all of us to wax rich and powerful in the good things of His kingdom. Behold the Master has not hidden the real gold nor shut up the pearls of great price in the shells that line the bottom of the eternal sea; rather has he set the gold shining in the human hills and called attention to it by the tears and sins of suffering souls and the pearls He has scattered with a lavish hand wherever a good deed is waiting to be done."—JOSEPH B. EGAN, *Journal of Education.*

HE GAVE ALL

When yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, the populace was seized with panic and fled. The hospital was in a shocking condition. For sixty days Stephen Girard, with another, made daily visits to the hospital and performed the repulsive deeds needed. He also went unaided into the infested districts and carried the stricken victims to his carriage and to the hospital. Twice afterward when the scourge broke out he took the lead, hesitating at nothing. When the government credit was at its lowest, in 1812, he extended the helping hand to his country. When the government loan for five million procured only twenty thousand, he boldly stepped in and subscribed for the entire amount. At the age of eighty he bequeathed his fortune of six million to the founding of Girard College.—*Character Studies.*

Sunday, September 21

Theme: THE JOY OF WORK

Suggested Scripture: Psalm 37:3; 90:17; Matthew 6:1; 10:42; 18:5; 19:16; John 3: 21; 15:2; II Corinthians 9:8; Galatians 6:4; Colossians 1:10; II Thessalonians 2:17; Hebrews 10:24.

Text: "But he that doeth truth cometh to the light." (John 3:21.)
Selected Hymns: "Serving," Mrs. Frank A. Breck; "We Must Work and Pray Together," Josephine Pollard; "God's Blessing on Work," Anonymous; "O Master, Let Me Work with Thee," Washington Gladden; "I would Be True," Howard Arnold Walter; "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," John G. Whittier; "Love Thyself Last," Anonymous.
Call to Worship:

PASTOR: I heard the voice of the Lord saying,
Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?
Then said I, Here am I, send me.
CONGREGATION: Thy word have I hid in my heart
That I might not sin against Thee,
Blessed art Thou, O Lord;
Teach me Thy statutes. Amen.

Instrumental Prelude: "La Cinquantaine," Gabriel Marie.
Prayer:

We thank Thee, dear Lord, for Thy clear call to men to be of service in the world. We are glad that we not only have the opportunity but are called of Thee to do our part in the work of Thy great world. We know that the Christ who gave Himself to a life of service dwells not afar but lives among us now and here. Though we see Thee not, help us to feel Thy presence with us. Speak to our hearts, and teach us the joy and challenge and glory of honest work. And may we, like Thy disciples, rise up and follow Thee in the tasks that are before us. Amen.

Offertory Service: See service for June 8.

Stories and Illustrations for the Sermon:

THE GOLDEN LAMP

"I have given you a golden lamp," said the master. "You will find oil for it where men toil the hardest, you will find a wick for it where men dream the fairest dreams, and you will find a light for it somewhere in the service of another. Go, therefore, and light the lamp I have given you."

Ben Adhem heard the words as a distant thunder that seemed to roll down to him from the high peaks. "Surely," he said with bowed head, "whoever speaks cannot mean for me, for I am only an humble walker on the hard trail to happiness."

"You are the man," said the thunder. "Go forth and light the lamp. Seek and you shall find as I have told you, and let this be a sign to you, as your heart softens toward your suffering brother, so shall your lamp be filled, and as you ease the burden that he bears, so shall the wick be lengthened."

Ben Adhem pondered long, sitting on a gray rock in the wilderness. "Oil I shall find," he said to himself, "where men toil the hardest. Therefore, it is plain I must go down into the pits where my brothers turn the dark mud over and over, seeking the diamonds that are hidden there." It was hot in the diamond pits and the mud clung to the workers and to Ben Adhem as though it would hold them down, and when a worker fainted Ben Adhem lifted him up and carried him to the shade, and when men thirsted he brought water from the distant stream, and when they would have gladly died he said comforting things to them, and, as he toiled, a great peace came over him, and in that peace he knew his lamp was full of the promised oil.

Again he sat in the wilderness on the gray rock. He recalled the words of the distant thunder. "You will find a wick for your lamp where men dream the fairest dreams." "It is plain," said Ben Adhem, "that men dream the fairest dreams when the heart is purified with labor and the soul beholds within itself the spirit of the Most High. Surely God sets an example to me in the service of his hands in the fields, in the markets, in the valleys and on the high hills, for there God dreams the fairest dreams. Therefore, shall I go back to the diamond pit and plan how best to help my brothers as they toil." It was still hot in the diamond pits and the mud still clung to the hands and feet of the workers, and Ben Adhem toiled often with fainting heart, doing the same service to-day that he did yesterday, forever lifting up the weak and encouraging the strong, and in time men began to lift up their heads and behold the stars by night and the clouds by day and the passing of the birds. As Ben Adhem saw the change he toiled in a great calm, in which it came to him that his lamp had in it the precious wick he sought.

Again Ben Adhem sat on the gray rock in the wilderness. There was thunder rolling on the distant peaks and soft lightning that shaped itself into a thousand silver tongues.

"Ben Adhem," came a voice, "enter thou into the keeping of thy spirit, for thou hast been faithful in small things, out of which great things are made. Thy lamp is lit. It has been set above the heads of men, even on their foreheads, where, as they dig in the pit, it shows where the pick shall strike and the shovel dig. No day shall pass but some soul shall call you blessed of the Father."

Ben Adhem heard the voice and smiled. He was very weary and the weight of his hands oppressed him, and his feet wished to follow him no more, but the stars brightened and a lark sang on the long hill, thinking it was dawn of another day.—JOSEPH B. EGAN, *The Journal of Education.*

In the museum of the Academy of Sciences at Leningrad, founded by Peter the Great, is preserved an ingot of iron, stamped with a peculiar mark, which though intrinsically worth only a few kopecks, is regarded as a valuable curiosity. This piece of iron has a curious history.

Czar Peter became the Emperor of all the Russias when only twenty-three years old. He was aware of his mental deficiencies, and in 1697 went on a journey to the Western nations of Europe. He learned seamanship by cruising on board English and Dutch vessels; he worked as a shipbuilder in Amsterdam, and he studied astronomy and geography and attended scientific lectures. On his return he brought with him a knowledge of many useful industries, several of which he established in different parts of his vast empire. Among these was the art of smelting iron.

He was very fond of traveling the length and breadth of his kingdom in disguise, and in this way would frequently visit the workshops and factories he had created. On one occasion he spent an entire month at the iron foundry of Ulullee, a town some ninety versts distant from Moscow. Here, absolved from all State affairs, he threw himself, heart and soul, into the mysteries of the founder's art, made himself thoroughly familiar with the vast establishment, and soon proved himself an expert workman. Before his departure he turned out eighteen one-pound ingots of iron, each of which he stamped with the royal seal. This done, he presented himself before

the overseer and inquired of him what wages he paid the workmen for each pound of iron melted.

"Three kopecks a pound," was the reply.

"Then I have earned fifty-four kopecks," said the emperor.

The overseer, who had penetrated his sovereign's disguise, objected to pay him as an ordinary workman, and wished him to accept an equal number of gold pieces.

"No, no," said Czar Peter. "Unless I have done my work in a superior manner, you shall pay me as you would anyone else."

Then, looking down at his feet, which were incased in a shabby pair of clumsily made boots, he continued, "I need a new pair of boots very badly, and shall purchase them with my earnings."

The fifty-four kopecks were duly paid and receipted for. Straightway the emperor walked into the town and bought a pair of boots, which he exhibited to everyone with delight, as having been procured with the money he had earned by his own toil.

A youth was landed upon a strange island and left there to find his own way and to get his living as best he could. As he strode inland he thought he should easily get his living; for he had a purse of money and a handful of precious stones, and he saw that the island was well inhabited and that every house had a garden of some kind or other. He noted that some of the gardens contained breadfruit and maize and many sorts of orchard trees, while others seemed to have nothing but earth-nuts and dandelions and nettles. But as he began to be hungry he did not puzzle long over the odd, weedy gardens, but went up to a house which stood in the middle of a rich, beautifully kept bit of ground, knocked at the door, and said:

"Will you sell me some of your breadfruit and a few grapes? I am hungry."

The man who opened the door shook his head and answered:

"I don't wish to cheat you, young man, so I won't sell you any kind of fruit. I will give you a slip of the vine, or one of the breadfruit tree, and welcome."

"That is absurd!" replied the youth. "I cannot eat vine leaves."

However, the man stuck to his refusal. He would sell no fruit; so the boy went on to another cottage, but received the same answer. After trying several houses in vain, he came to one where the master of the house was not so churlish.

"Breadfruit and grapes, young master?" he said. "Yes, you may have as much as you want for one of those bits of silver, and a melon and some oranges besides."

The boy was glad and went away (for the man did not ask him to sit down), loaded with his delicious food. He sat down under a spreading tree on nice soft turf and began to make a meal. He ate all that the man had sold to him, but, strange to say, he felt just as hungry as before!

"It is queer," he said to himself; "the air of this island gives one a tremendous appetite, but I must have more food." So he went back to the civil man, and inquired whether he had any maize, or, better still, a loaf of wheaten bread.

"To be sure I have!" replied the man, and brought out a big loaf and a bag full of maize. Again the youth sat down and ate, but, though he began to feel as though he had had too much to eat, he was just as hungry as ever, and not only hungry, but very thirsty. Once more he went back to the cottage where he had bought the fruit and food, and asked for a draught of water. The cottager brought him a huge pitcher full of water, and the thirsty lad drank eagerly and long, and again and again; but somehow he was just as thirsty in a minute or so as he had been at first. He began to think that the island was enchanted, and that he was doomed to die of hunger in the midst of plenty. While he was in distress of mind, a man came along the road who seemed to be a person in authority; so the youth went up to him and told him his case.

"Just so," said the stranger. "What you need is a garden of your own. The fruit of this island nourishes only those who grow it; but you need not be alarmed. The law ordains that everyone in the island, or who is left here, shall have a patch of garden given to him."

So saying, he bade the youth follow him, and in a while they came to some pieces of ground which were fenced off, but on which no houses were built.

"You may take this patch," said the stranger, "as your own, and you may grow what you choose."

"But," said the lad, who was terribly hungry, "how shall I live until I have grown food for myself?"

The stranger smiled and answered, "Things grow very quickly in this island, but you will not have to starve, even as long as you will have to wait. I will give you an apple and a small pumpkin. If

you save the seeds for your garden, these things will go a long way toward satisfying your hunger for the present, and the pumpkin seed will grow furiously."

The youth thanked the kind stranger and went with him to his house. As the man said, he found that, when he had carefully taken out the seeds of the fruit, and put them by, the fruit did him much good. Then he asked for water.

"Go into the garden," said the host, "and pull up the bucket from the bottom of the well."

The lad obeyed, and, though it was hard work to get the bucket to the top, he was delighted to find that the water quenched his thirst. Early the next morning he began work in his own garden, and—not to make a long story—I may tell you that he soon had a rich and fruitful garden, and lived right well. In a short time he learned the secret of the miserable gardens. They were the property of people who did not take the trouble to buy good seed, but were content to cultivate, in a sort of way, whatever the wind blew into their gardens. The flourishing gardens belonged to people who were always on the lookout for useful seeds and cuttings and tubers, and took great pains.

Do you need an explanation? You live in just such an island. Your mind is your garden plot, and the lessons you learn at school, and the good books you read, are the fruits which have been grown in other people's gardens. They will not really satisfy the hunger of your mind, or make you strong, unless you *save the seeds*—that is, unless you think about things for yourself. And whatever you save and grow for yourself in your own garden will really feed and enrich your mind. And so it happens that there are people who read many books, and are none the wiser, and people who read very few, but are full of good sense.

But worst off of all are the people who let any sort of weeds grow in their minds, who never choose their reading, or take pains to think for themselves, and so have to feed their hunger with docks and nettles and pignuts.

But the great lesson is that only those thoughts will really nourish you which you have thought for yourselves.—From *The Wonderful River*, JOHN A. HAMILTON. H. R. Allenson, London.

Sunday, September 28

Theme: HEROES OF HELPFULNESS

Suggested Scripture: Luke 10:30–37; 13:6–9; Matthew 7:16.
Text: "Ye shall know them by their fruits."
Selected Hymns: "Serving," Mrs. Frank A. Breck; "We Must Work and Pray Together," Josephine Pollard; "God's Blessing on Work," Anonymous; "O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee," Washington Gladden; "I Would Be True," Howard Arnold Walter; "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," John G. Whittier; "Love Thyself Last," Anonymous.
Call to Worship:

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer. Amen.

Instrumental Prelude: "Melody," Beethoven.
Concert Prayer:[1]

"O Lord, renew our spirits and draw our hearts unto Thyself, that our work may not be to us as a burden, but a delight; and give us such a mighty love to Thee as may sweeten all our obedience. O let us not serve Thee with the spirit of bondage as slaves, but with the cheerfulness and gladness of children, delighting ourselves in Thee and rejoicing in Thy work. Amen."

Solo: (To be sung by an adult.) "Jesus Calls Us, O'er the Tumult."
Concert Scripture:

Thou, O Jehovah, will abide forever; and Thy memorial name in all generations.

The children of Thy servants shall continue and their seed shall be established before Thee.

Offertory Service: See service for June 15.

Stories and Illustrations for the Sermon:

Jesus once told us of a Good Samaritan who helped a man who was robbed and wounded. Let us think to-day of some of the Good Samaritans of history—scientists, social reformers, and Christian workers, who in the spirit of compassion have bound up the wounds of humanity.

[1]Benjamin Jenks, 1646–1724.

As we glance at the procession of Good Samaritans who pass by we find in the forefront a man by the name of Humphry Davy, who, having heard of the great number of men killed or injured in the colliery explosions, invented his wonderful safety lamp, by the use of which thousands of lives have been saved. He refused to make profit from his invention, and was elected president of the Royal Society in recognition of his unselfish work.

In the procession is Dr. Edward Jenner, who, seeing the awful suffering caused by the ravages of smallpox, spent his energies and money in study and experimenting, until he discovered a preventative. Think of the millions of people all round the world who have been saved from suffering as a result of his discovery. Well might presidents and kings confer honors upon him.

Then we see in the procession Dr. Lister in Glasgow infirmary, where he was impressed by the large number of patients who died from gangrene after they had undergone operations. Pity and compassion moved him to pursue those studies which resulted in the discovery of the antiseptic treatment of wounds, by which millions of lives have been saved.

Then there is Sir James Simpson, who, seeing the awful suffering of persons who had to bear the pain of operations, commenced with enthusiasm a series of studies and experiments which resulted in the discovery of the use of chloroform, by which millions of people have been saved from agonizing pain, and wonderful operations have been made possible.

Then before our imagination comes the son of a tanner, Louis Pasteur, the great scientist and lover of humanity. He had made many studies, including the discovery of a cure for anthrax, before he commenced his studies in connection with hydrophobia. Until that time persons bitten by mad dogs had died in fearful agony. Full of compassion, Pasteur continued his studies until he discovered a cure. What wounds have been bound up by Louis Pasteur!

Then we see a Frenchman who, as he walked along a street, was moved by compassion to give a coin to a blind man. "Sir," said the blind man, "you have given me silver, and not copper." Valentin Hauy was astonished, and asked, "How did you find out the difference?" "By feeling the figures stamped upon the coin," replied the blind man. This led Valentin Hauy to open a school in which he taught blind men to read by the use of their fingers. Later Braille

invented his system, by which the blind are able to read by using the tips of their fingers.

Now we see Florence Nightingale at work in the Turkish hospitals during the Crimean War, when by her great work she ennobled the profession of nursing. With her we see the noble band of men and women caring for the destitute children and men and women of the world, working under the banner of the Red Cross.

There are many, many others whom we could name and describe in this list of heroes of service. The greatest of them is our own Lord and Master and Savior, Jesus, who said that He came into the world not to be ministered unto but to minister. In His footsteps we will strive to follow.

The Palace of Merciful Deeds

Sultan Ahmed was a great king. He sent Yakub, the most skillful builder in the land, with plenty of money, to erect in the mountains of snow the most splendid palace ever seen. When Yakub arrived at the place selected he found a great famine prevailing, and the people dying of starvation. Instead of building the wonderful palace he gave the people the money to buy bread. One day the Sultan went to see the palace, and found out what the builder had done. He was very angry, and cast the builder into prison, with the threat that he should die the next day. That night the king dreamed there came to him one in shining garments, who said, "Follow me." Up they went, and still higher up, until they entered heaven, and, lo! there, shining more brilliantly than the sun, was a palace of pure gold. The guide, watching the king's astonishment at the magnificence before him, then said: "This is the Palace of Merciful Deeds, built for thee by Yakub the Wise. Its glory shall endure when all earth's things have passed away."

The Peaches of Chance (From the Chinese)

There was once a fruit vender by the name of Wang Fu who lived on the sunny side of the Sun Lun hills. In his garden grew a dwarf peach tree which had sprung from a seed spit out from the lips of the great spirit of the misty Valley of Chances. When, therefore, Wang Fu appeared in the market place at the time of the golden

peach moon with his Chance peaches, people crowded in from far and near to beg so much as a taste of one. On such an occasion a beggar appeared. Bowing low before Wang Fu, he said in humble voice: "Most excellent keeper of the peaches of the Great Chance, favor me with just one peach, for I hunger," but Wang Fu pushed the beggar away with his foot so rudely that all the people murmured against him. "What is one peach to you, Wang Fu?" asked a young man, "that you should spurn this beggar with your foot?" "Let him pay the price," said Wang Fu. "I shall pay it for him," said the young man, and he handed over a piece of silver. The beggar took the peach and turning to the villagers said: "I have a peach tree of my own, my friends, but I needed the seed of this peach to bring it to me." Whereupon all the people turned to look at each other and wonder, but the beggar greedily ate the peach, spitting out the stone when he had done, into his own hands. "Now," said he, "I shall bring my peach tree into this very square, and you shall share its fruit with me because you have been kind in my distress." So saying, the beggar dug a hole in the earth and planted the seed. At once a sprout burst forth which grew and grew, spreading upward and sidewise until it became a perfect tree from which hung a hundred rosy-cheeked peaches, each one ripe and ready for the eating. The greedy Wang Fu looked on in amazement. "I shall give you," cried he, "a hundred pieces of silver for your hundred peaches." "I shall sell you not a single one," said the beggar. "I offer two hundred pieces of silver," cried Wang Fu. "I shall sell you not a single one," said the beggar, and at once he began picking the peaches and handing them around to the villagers. When they were all gone he said: "Save all of you the seeds and plant them in your gardens, for they are very rare, since they come from the Valley of Happy Chances." With that the beggar took an ax from his belt and began to cut down his tree. When it lay on its side with its leaves withering and its branches disappearing, he turned and looked Wang Fu straight in the eye. "Because," said he, "you would not freely share, even your own has been taken from you. Withered is the Tree of Chances in your garden on the sunny hills of Sun Lun." When the beggar had gone Wang Fu turned to his cart. His eyes started from his head. He raised his yellow hands in despair. His peaches were gone and the handle of his cart was hacked in two as though by the ax of the old beggar. "Woe is me!" cried Wang Fu.

"Even while I looked on, this beggar turned my cart into a tree from which he plucked my own peaches to give to every one who reached forth a hand to him." "And it serves you right," said a Mandarin at his shoulder, "for only to him who freely gives does the peach tree of Happy Chances bear lasting fruit. Your own selfishness has given your precious peaches away and laid the tooth of the ax to the tree that bore them."—JOSEPH B. EGAN, *The Journal of Education.*

CHAPTER X: OCTOBER

THEME FOR THE MONTH: WORLD FRIENDSHIP

Sunday, October 5

Theme: BEING OPEN-MINDED

Suggested Scripture: Ephesians 2:11–22.
Text: "Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners. . . ." (Ephesians 2:19*a*.)
Selected Hymns: "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord," Timothy Dwight; "These Things Shall Be—A Loftier Race," John A. Symonds; "Christ for the World We Sing," Samuel Wolcott; "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations," Colin Sterne; "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," John Fawcett; "Marching with the Heroes," William George Tarrant.
Hymn for the Month: "Marching With the Heroes."
Instrumental Prelude: Prayer from *Cavalleria Rusticana*—Mascagni. Or—"God of Our Fathers, Known of Old," Rudyard Kipling.
Call to Worship:

PASTOR:

In Christ there is no East or West,
In him no South nor North;
But one great fellowship of Love
Throughout the whole wide earth.

RESPONSE: Hymn, "For the Beauty of the Earth," fourth stanza, to be sung by the congregation standing.

For the church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Off'ring up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Unison Reading:

Give us, God, the strength to build
The city that hath stood
Too long a dream whose laws are love,
Whose ways are brotherhood,
And where the sun that shineth is
God's grace for human good.

Prayer:

Father, lead me day by day,
Ever in thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.

May I do the good I know,
Serving gladly here below.
Then at last go home to thee,
Evermore thine own to be. Amen.

Offertory Service: See service for May 18.

Materials for the Sermon.

Somewhere in a book of stories I once read of a conversation between a moth and a bumble bee. I have just about forgotten what they are supposed to have said to each other, but perhaps I can remember part of the conversation.

It seems that the moth and the bee were crawling slowly on the inside sill of a parlor window early one spring morning.

The moth spoke first. "Mrs. Bee, you seem to move lamely: are you hurt?"

"I am afraid so," answered the bee. "Seeing the beautiful flower in the glass here, and thinking I should find a great deal of honey or pollen, I flew inside. I had scarcely touched the flower, when it shot out a cord with hooks at the end, which pierced my body. Luckily, I flew upward and broke the horrid cord, but the hooks hurt me still. I believe I shall always be afraid of big flowers after this dreadful affair. But Mr. Moth, you seem to be in trouble too. Your wings are in a sad mess."

"Yes, indeed," replied the moth. "Last evening I was sailing by this place, when I saw a most magnificent flower in the room. Be-

cause it was the largest and brightest flower I had ever seen, I flew up close to examine it. When I drew near to it, I felt the warm glow which some flowers make. But the strange thing was that a hard wall prevented my getting very close to the flower. I knocked against this hard glass wall several times, and half stunned myself doing so. Then I tried to fly up above the flower that I might alight upon it, but just as I rose above it an awful something, I don't know what, shot through me and singed and burned my wings, so that I am afraid I shall never be able to fly again."

"This is terrible," said the bee. "We are both in a very bad way." Just then a little buzz of laughter caused the bee and the moth to realize that someone had been listening to their conversation. They looked up and saw a fly on the windowpane. The fly continued to laugh for a while and then said:

"You are a pair of simpletons. Mistress Bee, if you had not been in such a fuss to get honey for your children, you would have seen that the red thing in the aquarium is not a flower. You don't know much, but I know a lot. If you were a fly you would know a flower when you see it. And you," said the fly to the moth, "are just as silly as the bee. That thing against which you banged your head and singed your wings was not a flower. It was a lamp, and a very useful thing, too. Because I know what it is, I have often warmed myself by it."

There was a lull in the conversation for a moment as the fly preened himself and gloated over his own great knowledge. Suddenly he spoke: "What's that I smell? Must be something good. Well, good-morning, my friends, and stay out of the fire."

So saying, the fly buzzed away to a table, on which the servant, who had just entered the room, had placed some fly-paper.

"Now, this is good," said the fly. "No deceitful flower, but good, honest food."

Again he laughed at the bee and the moth for knowing so little. Then he flew on the paper—and there he stuck till he died.

I know some people very much like that conceited fly. Like the fly, they think themselves extremely clever and knowing, and they laugh a great deal at people who do not dress as nicely as they do, or ride in big cars as they do, or have as much money as they have. They just can't understand how other people can know as much as they know. And certainly people of another race, they

think, can't know as much as the American race to which they belong. Do you ever find yourself wondering how Chinese or Japanese or Italian boys and girls can know as much as you do?

I wonder if we will ever have friendship and peace among the nations of the world as long as one nation thinks it knows more than the other nations, or is better than the other nations, or is stronger and richer. Have you ever tried to be a friend to a boy or girl who let you know that he thought himself a lot better or smarter than you? You found that it was a real job, I imagine. Suppose the other nations of the earth decide that America thinks she is better than anybody else. There are some people in our country who would have America say to the world, "We are better than you. If you want to know anything ask us. We have more money and strength and knowledge than anyone else in the world." If our nation leaves that impression with the rest of the world, I am afraid it will be a long, long time before we have world friendship and peace among all the races.

Once upon a time a church was to be dedicated over in Chuchow (Chu-jo), China. It was very different from the usual Chinese chapel in which the Christians had been meeting. The beams supporting the roof were printed in artistic designs. The doors were massive and carved in beautiful figures. The steps were white stone. The floor was smooth wood instead of mud and brick, and the seats were comfortable pews instead of rough benches. Shi Kwei Biao (Shi-Gwá-bio), the Chinese story-teller and preacher, was making the dedicatory speech:

"This building has been erected for the God of peace and love," he said. "'Ye are His temple,' we are told. All kinds of material is used to make a temple. He says He will use all kinds of people to make up His kingdom.

"What would you like to be in this great structure? The carved timber supporting the roof? Have you thought how that timber became so beautified? First the tree, sending down its roots into the ground, held fast in the fiercest wind. Rain, snow, wind, and sun played upon it. It was trimmed so it would grow tall and straight. Then it was cut down and taken to the Yangtse River and chained to hundreds of trees and then floated for many miles to the mill. At the mill it was cut and curved and smoothed, and made ready

for the temple. Are you willing for God to smooth and prepare you to fit into his temple, side by side with other beams? Perhaps you would like to be one of the beautiful stones in the doorway? Once that stone was a part of a granite mountain. Men went up into the mountain, dug a deep hole, put in powder and a long fuse to blow the stones apart. A stone cutter came and cut deep into the great rock, chiseling and smoothing it to make it just the right size to fit into the temple with other stones. Will you let God prepare you to be steps into his kingdom?

"Not a single piece of material in this building but went first through a good deal of preparation—tiles, glass, hinges, all must be fitted. So God is taking all nations and tongues and races and tribes, and when He has finished, all the people shall indeed be one family for the Heavenly Lord is Father of all, and all we are brethren."

Sunday, October 12

Theme: APPRECIATING OTHER RACES

Suggested Scripture: Romans 12:1–13.
Text: "So we, being many, are one body in Christ." (Romans 12:5*a*.)
Comment on Scripture: Do not expect all people to be alike. There will be failures here, successes there; happiness for someone, loneliness for another; friendliness in one, indifference in another; talent in some, no particular gifts in others; some agreeable, others disagreeable; some with white skin, others brown, black, red, and yellow, all children of God and beloved of Him, yet differing in many ways.
Selected Hymns: The same as for October 5.
Hymn for the Month: "Marching with the Heroes."
Instrumental Prelude: "Angels' Serenade," G. Braga.
Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, and know my thoughts;
And see if there be any wicked way in me.
CONGREGATION: And lead me in the way everlasting. (Psalm 139:23, 4.)

Offertory Service: See service for May 11.

Materials for the Sermon:

The most thrilling adventures we know about are of those men and women who have dared and suffered that they might help someone else.

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell was a successful surgeon in a great London hospital. He had all the work he could possibly do and was as skillful as the next one. One day he heard a minister speak very simply and convincingly of Jesus' way of life.

"There are many surgeons in London," thought Dr. Grenfell, "and many doctors. I'll go to a place where there is no doctor, and while I heal the sick I will talk to them of the good God." Labrador and the Newfoundland coast, the land of long winters and endless snows, seemed to him the very place for his work. And truly for three thousand miles along the coast people lived—and more often died—because no one told them of the simplest remedies. Frozen feet? Cut them off, though it tore the heart to do it. Gunshots? Let the wound heal or develop infection.

So to Labrador went Dr. Grenfell, on a great adventure of healing to the Eskimos. He built himself a dog sledge, which he called Lend-a-Hand, and with his good dogs he began his friendly ministry to the people of Labrador. Never a call that he did not answer. Out into blinding blizzards he went to a sick child or to reach a dying man with a last word of cheer.

There was a time when doctor, sledge, dogs, and all tumbled into the freezing waters. Quick as a flash the doctor cut the dogs loose and scrambled with them upon a floe of thick ice. For a day and a night he was on the ice. To keep from freezing he finally had to kill three of the dogs and wrap himself in their skins. After a time, when the doctor was snow blind and both hands and feet frozen, he was rescued by some seal hunters and taken to the hospital that he himself had built for the sick and injured.

It simply isn't possible to tell all the wonderful things Dr. Grenfell has done and is doing for his beloved people. But always, wherever he goes, he tells of the love of God and the way of Jesus. A joyous adventurer is Dr. Grenfell. He appreciates other races enough to give his life for their comfort and happiness.

There is a little play called *Color Blind* that illustrates the way God feels toward his children everywhere. In the first act, Mrs.

Newton is making a call on the Artist. She tells her that she wishes a memorial picture painted to place in the new Church of the Redeemer. It is to be in memory of her little girl who had died, she says. The picture must be of children around the throne of God, and she wishes the children to be her little daughter's playmates. The Artist thinks it a beautiful idea and can hardly wait to begin the picture. In the second act the Artist is arranging the studio for the picture. She has built a throne and it is covered with white. There is a high-backed cathedral chair at one side. As she steps back to get the effect a knock is heard at the door. The Artist goes to the door and opens it and in comes a dainty French nurse with seven or eight small children, beautifully dressed in sheer white dresses. They are the playmates of the little girl who is gone. They are to be in the picture. The Artist places them the way she wants them to stand, with their faces turned up to where the Saviour is supposed to be sitting on the white throne, and asks them to sing the song. So they sing:

Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band, singing:
Glory! Glory! Glory to God on high.

As they sing the Artist is drawing the picture. There is another knock at the door, but the Artist is too absorbed in her painting to hear it. One of the children goes up to her and gently pulls at her smock. "I think," she says, "that there is someone knocking at the door of heaven!" The Artist calls "Come in!" and in through the door comes Izzy, Jaky, and the baby in Izzy's arms. These children are very ragged-looking, patched, and dirty. Says Izzy: "Say, leddy, when my popper heard tell you wuz panting a big pitcher of kids to go in the new church, he says, sez he, 'Izzy, I wants you should go wid little brudder and sister for getting painted in that there picture.' So here we is, leddy."

The Artist is embarrassed. "But my dear child," she says, "there must be some mistake. I have all the models I need for my picture. See?" And she points to the group of children around the throne. Then Izzy says:

"They ain't real kids, is they?" as she tiptoes over to them and touches one or two of the dresses. Then she says to Jaky, "Come on, Jaky, let's beat it," and they start for the door. As they open it, a perfect swarm of children's faces peep in. Izzy says, "Now please don't call the police, leddy, it's just some kids I thought you might use in your pitcher. I collected one of every kind of kid in town. . . ."

Sure enough, there were Negroes, Chinese, Japanese, Italians, Russians, Turks, Greeks, Indians.

"But surely," said the Artist, "you can see that they do not fit into the picture!"

"Oh, sure, sure," said Izzy, "I can see that. We all ain't cleaned up enough for being painted in heaven. Sho-o-oo." (to the children), and they all go out, much to the relief of the French nurse, who presently takes her dainty young charges out.

In the third act the Artist is seen painting the picture. She is not very happy about it and after a while she tells why. It just doesn't seem right, though she cannot see the trouble. The throne is right, the look on the Savior's face is good, the children are real little cherubs—but something is wrong. She picks up the canvas and sits down in a chair with the canvas on her knees and studies it intently. As she looks she seems to hear a voice saying, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth . . . that they might seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us." And while she still looks at her picture, one of the little white-gowned children runs in leading Izzy and Jaky, and then all the rest of the white-faced and foreign-looking children. They take their places at the foot of the throne and look up at it as though the Savior were really there to bless them. They all softly sing the verse about "Around the Throne of God, Thousands of Children Stand." The Artist quietly puts her canvas on the easel and starts to paint—what is really her dream—and after a bit the little children all run off and leave her alone. Then she says, as she looks at her picture: "How color blind I was!" I had many colors on my palette and used only white. Dear God, Thou dost not make heathen, Thou only makest—little children, red, yellow, brown, black, and white. Help us to see the good in all Thy children and to remember always that He loves us all the same."

Sunday, October 19

Theme: HEROES OF WORLD FRIENDSHIP

Suggested Scripture: I Chronicles 16:23; Psalm 96:3, 10; Jonah 3:1; Matthew 24:14; 28:19; Mark 13:10; 16:15; Luke 24:47; Acts 13:2–4, 47; 26:16–18.

Text: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations."

Selected Hymns: See service for October 5.

Hymn for the Month: "Marching with the Heroes."

Instrumental Prelude: "With Verdure Clad." From *Creation*—Haydn. (Modulating into "Marching with the Heroes.") Playing through one stanza, at close of which the congregation is standing ready to sing the hymn.

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Blessed are ye that sow beside the waters. (Isaiah 32: 20*a*.)

CONGREGATION: In the morning sow they seed. Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. (Ecclesiastes 11:6*a*, 7.)

Prayer Thought:

Heavenly Father, help us to live right even when we cannot see an immediate reward. May we follow the gleam of Jesus' perfect life and be guided into freedom of thought and generous response to Thy will. May we have the faith and courage and love of those heroes who have gone into the far corners of the earth to carry the message of Peace and Brotherhood. Amen.

Offertory Service: See service for June 29.

Materials for the Sermon:

The shining blue waters of two wonderful gulfs were busy with fishing boats and little ships. The vessels came under their square sails and were driven by galley slaves with great oars.

A Greek boy standing, two thousand years ago, on the wonderful mountain of the Acro-Corinthus that leaps suddenly from the plain above Corinth to a pinnacle over a thousand feet high, could see the boats come sailing from the east, where they hailed from the Piræus and Ephesus and the marble islands of the Ægean Sea. Turning

round he could watch them also coming from the west up the Gulf of Corinth from the harbors of the Gulf and even from the Adriatic Sea and Brundusium.

In between the two gulfs lay the Isthmus of Corinth to which the men on the ships were sailing and rowing.

The people were all in holiday dress, for the great athletic sports were to be held on that day and the next—the sports that drew, in those ancient days, over thirty thousand Greeks from all the country round; from the towns on the shores of the two gulfs and from the mountain lands of Greece—from Parnassus and Helicon and Delphi, from Athens and the villages on the slopes of Hymettus and even from Sparta.

These sports, which were some of the finest ever held in the whole world, were called—because they were held on this isthmus—the Isthmian Games.

The athletes wrestled. They boxed with iron-studded leather straps over their knuckles. They fought lions brought across the Mediterranean (the Great Sea as they called it) from Africa, and tigers carried up the Khyber Pass across Persia from India. They flung spears, threw quoits and ran foot races. Amid the wild cheering of thirty thousand throats the charioteers drove their frenzied horses, lathered with foam, around the roaring stadium.

One of the most beautiful of these races has a strange hold on the imagination. It was a relay race. This is how it was run:

Men bearing torches stood in a line at the starting point. Each man belonged to a separate team. Away in the distance stood another row of men waiting. Each of these was the comrade of one of those men at the starting point. Farther on still, out of sight, stood another row and then another and another.

At the word "Go" the men at the starting point leaped forward, their torches burning. They ran at top speed toward the waiting men, and then, gasping for breath, each passed his torch to his comrade in the next row. He, in turn, seizing the flaming torch, leaped forward and dashed along the course toward the next relay, who again raced on and on till at last one man dashed past the winning post with his torch burning ahead of all the others, amid the applauding cheers of the multitude.

The Greeks, who were very fond of this race, coined a proverbial phrase from it. Translated it runs:

"Let the torch-bearers hand on the flame to the others," or "Let those who have the light pass it on."

That relay race of torch-bearers is a living picture of the wonderful relay race of heroes who, right through the centuries, have with dauntless courage and a scorn of danger and difficulty, passed through thrilling adventures in order to carry the Light across the continents and oceans of the world.

The torch-bearers! The long race of those who have borne, and still carry, the torches, passing them on from hand to hand, runs before us. A little ship puts out from Seleucia, bearing a man who had caught the fire in a blinding blaze of light on the road to Damascus. Paul crosses the sea and then threads his way through the cities of Cyprus and Asia Minor, passes over the blue Ægean to answer the call from Macedonia. We see the light quicken, flicker and glow to a steady blaze in center after center of life, till at last the torch-bearer reaches his goal in Rome.

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
Yes, without stay of father or of son,
Lone on the land and homeless on the water
Pass I in patience till the work be done.

Centuries pass and men of another age, taking the light that Paul had brought, carry the torch over Apennine and Alp, through dense forests where wild beasts and wilder savages roam, till they cross the North Sea and the light reaches the fair-haired Angles of Britain, on whose name Augustine had exercised his punning humor, when he said, "Not Angles, but Angels." From North and South, through Columba and Aidan, Wilfred of Sussex and Bertha of Kent, the light came to Britain.

"Is not our life," said the aged seer to the Mercian heathen king as the Missionary waited for permission to lead them to Christ, "like a sparrow that flies from the darkness through the open window into this hall and flutters about in the torchlight for a few moments to fly out again into the darkness of the night? Even so we know not whence our life comes nor whither it goes. This man can tell us. Shall we not receive his teaching?" So the English, through these torch-bearers, come into the light.

The centuries pass by and in 1620 the little *Mayflower*, bearing

Christian descendants of those heathen Angles—new torch-bearers —struggles through frightful tempests to plant on the American Continent the New England that was indeed to become the forerunner of a New World.

A century and a half passes and down the estuary of the Thames creeps another sailing ship.

The government officer shouts his challenge:

"What ship is that and what is her cargo?"

"The *Duff*," rings back the answer, "under Captain Wilson bearing missionaries to the South Sea."

The puzzled official has never heard of such beings! But the little ship passes on and after adventures and tempests in many seas at last reaches the far Pacific. There the torch-bearers pass from island to island and the light flames like a beacon fire across many a blue lagoon and coral reef.

One after another the great heroes sail out across strange seas and penetrate hidden continents each with a torch in his hand.

Livingstone, the lion-hearted pathfinder in Africa, goes out as the fearless explorer, the dauntless and resourceful missionary faced by poisoned arrows and the guns of Arabs, and marches with only his black companions for thousands of miles through marsh and forest, over mountain pass and across river swamps, in loneliness and hunger, often with bleeding feet, on and on to the little hut in old Chitambo's village in Ilala, where he crossed the river. Livingstone is the Cœur-de-Lion of our Great Crusade.

John Williams, who, in his own words, could "never be content with the limits of a single reef," built with his own hands and almost without any tools on a cannibal island the wonderful little ship *The Messenger of Peace* in which he sailed many thousands of miles from island to island across the Pacific Ocean.

These are only two examples of the men whose adventures are more thrilling than those of our story books and yet are absolutely true, and we find them in every country and in each of the centuries.

So—as we look across the ages we

> See the race of hero-spirits
> Pass the torch from hand to hand.

—From *The Book of Missionary Heroes*, Prologue, by BASIL MATHEWS. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Last Sunday we were made acquainted with Dr. Grenfell of Labrador. It is well that we refer to him again to-day, for, like Livingstone and Williams, he ranks among the world's great heroes.

With teams of dogs hitched to his stout sledge "Lend-a-Hand," Dr. Grenfell drives over those snow-covered fields where there are only tall poles set up to mark a trail, often being lost in the storms or breaking through the ice into the waters of half-frozen streams, or being dashed over the side of the steep path, or being buried under an avalanche of snow from which he must dig out himself and his dogs. But he is never discouraged. With a keen sense of humor he sees the funny side of things, and in those cheerless, miserable homes he laughs and tells his experiences, plays with the little ones, and makes everyone around him happy. He is Santa Claus to the children, and "Good Samaritan" to the man by the wayside. Often "Lend-a-Hand" is his only bed, for although the dogs are trained to watch for the poles set to mark the path, they sometimes miss them in the storm, and stray from the trail, and then Doctor Grenfell turns his sledge up on the side, digs a hole in the snow, lights a fire, and crawls into his sleeping-bag and spends the night out of doors, while the dogs dig a place in the snow for themselves, to wait for the morning light to help them find the lost trail. Through Doctor Grenfell a hospital has been erected on the coast, where trained physicians and nurses care for the poor people who are shipwrecked or who can be taken away from their wretched homes to be cared for. Do you wonder that the people love this bright, cheerful Englishman, with the endurance of a man and the tenderness of a woman, who is translating his life into love, as a real hero of world friendship?

Sunday, October 26

Theme: A WORLD OF FRIENDSHIP

Suggested Scripture: John 15:12–15; Psalm 47; 96.
Text: "For God is the King of all the earth." (Psalm 47:7*a*.)
Selected Hymns: The same as for October 5.
Hymn for the Month: "Marching with the Heroes."
Instrumental Prelude: "In the Time of Roses," J. Reichardt.

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: The earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

The kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.

RESPONSE:

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.
(Tune: "Old Hundred.")

Responsive Reading: Psalm 96: "O Sing unto the Lord a new song."

Prayer:[1]

O Heavenly Father, we behold the promise of Thy redemption. We long for the coming of Thy kingdom, for the salvation of all men, and for the conversion of the kingdoms of this world into the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ. For the working out of this, Thy purpose, endow Thy children, we beseech Thee, with humility, faith, self-denial, and spiritual power, that all we are and have may be at Thy command until redemption shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. And this we ask for Thy love's sake. Amen.

Prayer Hymn: (Music on next page.)

Father in Heaven, hear us to-day;
Hallowed Thy name be; hear us, we pray!
O let Thy kingdom come, O let Thy will be done,
By all beneath the sun, as in the skies. Amen.

Offertory Service: See service for May 4.

Materials for the Sermon:

It was in the last days before His death that Jesus gave utterance to the words set forth in John 15:12–15. For years He had taught His disciples His way of life. Now when He said "do the things which I command you" their minds flew back to those occasions on the mountain and sea and roadside when He talked to them in parable and counsel. They remembered He had taught them the two great commandments—love of God and love of their fellow men—and had

[1]From *The Fellowship of Prayer for 1922*, The Commission on Evangelism and Devotional Life.


Fa - ther in heav - en, Hear us to - day;
Hal - lowed Thy name be; Hear us, we pray!
O let Thy King - dom come, O let Thy will be done,
By all be-neath the sun, As in the skies. A-MEN.

based their friendship for Him on this test. The price of following Jesus' way of life, which is the way of friendship and love and peace, and which will in time lead us into a world filled with friendship, is tolerance and sympathy and open-mindedness.

All of us dream of that day when we shall have a world in which all people will recognize all other people as their friends and neighbors. That day will come when we are willing to pay the price of world friendship. There is a price which we must pay—the price of patience and unselfishness and sympathy and understanding.

"On a hill in Italy there was once a tree. It was a seed at the beginning, a seed you could hold with the ends of your fingers, so. It was buried in the ground, covered up with earth like something that had died. Do you think the seed liked that?

"But is it afraid, when its heart is swelling? No! It breaks through, with the great hurt. Still there is earth around it, still it is buried, but yet it aspires. One day it comes to the surface of the ground, and once more it breaks through, with pain.

"But the sun is bright and warm, and the seed grows. Careless feet trample upon it—there is yet one more hurt. But it straightens, waits through the long nights for the blessed sun, and so on, until it is high as one bush.

"Constantly, there is growing, one aspiration upward. Bark comes and the tree swells outward, always with pain. Someone cuts off all the lower branches, and the tree bleeds, yet keeps on. Other branches come thick about it; there is one struggle, but through the dense growth the tree climbs, always upward. In the sun above the thick shade, it can laugh at the ache and the thorns, but it does not forget.

"And so, upward, always upward, till it is lifted high above its fellows. Birds come there to sing, to build their nests, to rear their young, to mourn when one little bird falls out from the nest and is made dead.

"The sun shines fiercely, and it nearly dies in the heat. The storm comes and it is shrouded in ice—made almost to die with the cold. The wild winds rock it and tear off the branches, making it bleed—there must always be pain. The thunders play over its head, the lightnings burn it, and yet its heart lives on. The rains beat upon it like one river, and still it grows.

"The years go by and each one brings new hurt, but the tree is made hard and strong. One day there comes a man to look at it, all the straight fine length, the smooth trunk. "It will do," he says, and with his axe he chops it down. Do you think it does not hurt the tree? After the long years of fighting, to be cut like that?

"Then it falls, crashing heavy through the branches to the ground. See, there must always be pain, even at the end. Then more cutting, more bleeding, more heat, more cold. Fine tools—steel knives that tear and split the fibres apart. Do you think it does not hurt? More sun, more cold, still more cutting, tearing, and throwing aside. Then, one day, it is finished, and there is mine Cremona—all the strength, all the beauty, all the pain, made into mine violin!"—From *The Master's Violin*, by MYRTLE REED. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

We shall never have a world of friendship until we begin to follow the example of our Master in all of the relationships of life. When we catch His unselfish spirit, then we shall begin to see the dawning of a new day of friendship among the nations of the earth. I want to tell you a story of the brave people of a village in England.

In the year 1666 the tailor in this village imported a box of material for men's suits, and cast-off finery for the ladies. It was expected to be in time for a particular celebration, but fortunately was too late. Thinking the clothes were damp, the tailor hung them up to dry. In a few hours he was taken ill and very soon died. A little later, after the death of several persons who had been present when the box was opened, the people realized the awful fact that the box of clothing which had come from London contained germs of the plague which had raged in that city. What could they do to fight this fearful sickness! Science was not so far advanced, and the knowledge and means of fighting disease did not exist as at the present time.

The minister of the village arranged for an open-air meeting, at which the people resolved that no one should leave the village until the plague came to an end. Thus they would prevent it spreading to the neighboring towns and villages and probably causing the death of many people. From the adjoining hamlets, the residents brought food and placed it at a boundary line outside the plague-stricken village. For months the lonely people fought a brave fight during which whole families died.

The minister conducted open-air services in a lovely dell until there were but few people alive to attend the gatherings. He nobly did his duty in visiting the sick and dying, and is remembered as a great heroic figure.

At the end of twelve months, when the plague came to an end, the population had decreased from three hundred and twenty to about fifty or sixty persons. During the plague of London, one in six of the people died, but the plague of this village resulted in the death of five of each six persons in it. Houses were empty, and there were graves in many of the gardens. Grass covered the streets, and in the village there was the stillness of the tomb. In the spirit of martyrs the people lived and died alone that they might save the lives of those outside the village.

To-day the residents are proud of their noble ancestors, and each year a service is held in the same dell, when the story of the brave men and women of the plague year is retold. By their heroism they still speak.

To live for others—to be a friend to all people—is Godlike. This devotion of friendship caused Abraham to pray for Sodom; Joseph to make preparations for the feeding of the famine-stricken Egyptians; David to pray for the plague to be stayed; Jeremiah to weep over the sins of the people; and the prodigal's father to weep tears of joy when his son returned. Above all, because Jesus loved sinful, disobedient men, He died on the Cross to save the world from its selfishness and to save it to a life of friendship. Boys and girls, we must catch the unselfish spirit of the village people, and live for the welfare of others, if we would even dare hope for a day to come when all the world will be friendly.

CHAPTER XI: NOVEMBER

THEME FOR THE MONTH: GRATITUDE

Sunday, November 2

Theme: GRATITUDE FOR WHAT WE ARE

Suggested Scripture: Psalm 105:1, 5, 42; 106:1; 116:12–14, 17; Proverbs 3:9; Joel 2:26; Ephesians 5:4.

Text: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" (Psalm 116:12.)

Selected Hymns: "O Worship the King, All-Glorious Above," Robert Grant; "The Heavens Declare Thy Glory," Thomas R. Burks; "All the Happy Children," Frances Bent Dillingham; "Faithful People, Now Rejoice," Anonymous; "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come," Altered by Hugh Hartshorne; "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," William Whiting.

Hymn for the Month: "We Plough the Fields and Scatter," Matthias Claudius.

Instrumental Prelude: "He Shall Feed His Flock," Handel.

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: O come let us worship and bow down,
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker,
For He is our God,
And we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

RESPONSE:
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name. Amen.

Prayer:[1]

Our Father, Thou art very good to us. We don't often stop to think about it, but when we do we realize how much Thou art

[1]From *Manual for Training in Worship*, Hugh Hartshorne. Scribner's.

doing for us all the time. It isn't so much that Thou givest us just what we ask for. Sometimes that wouldn't be best for us. But we believe that Thou art doing what is best for us. Sometimes we don't think that things are going just right—just as we want them. And we forget that Thou art tending to things, and that Thou art bringing something good out of everything that happens. Bad things happen. Unfortunate things happen. *We* are sometimes responsible for a good deal of unhappiness and wrong. We are sorry, our Father, that we so hinder Thee in our work.

But we are so glad, oh, so glad, that out of our mistakes and wrongs Thou canst build something worth while after all.

Forgive us for all the wrong we do and all the blunders we make, and help us to be as patient and as thoughtful for other people as Thou art for us.

And all this we ask with gratitude in our hearts for Thy best gift to us, our Teacher and Friend, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Offertory Service: See service for May 18.

Materials for the Sermon:

A fable has come down to us about a king's garden, in which the trees and flowers began to make complaint. The oak was melancholy because it did not bear flowers, the rose bush was sad because it could not bear fruit, the vine grieved because it had to cling to the wall and could cast no shadow. They all said that they might as well be dead for what use they were in the world.

Then the king caught sight of a little pansy; he could hardly help doing that as it held up its fresh beauty amid so much sadness. And the king said: "What makes you so glad, when all the rest pine and are so sad?" "I thought," said the pansy, "that you wanted me here because you planted me, and so I made up my mind that I would try to be the best little pansy that could be." Now, Jesus is our King, and He has planted us where we are. Let us gladden His heart by being sweet and helpful and contented. If the oak, and the vine, and the rose bush had asked the king, he would have assured them that they were all right and doing just what he wanted. Ask Jesus, our King, to give you His own sweet peace; then do your duty, and leave the rest with God. Be content to do that and God will promote you when you are fit.

When your Pen-Knife begins to scold your Paper-Knife and to call it hard names it's time to listen. Don't you think so? Such an unusual occcurrence as that will surely be worthy of notice, and probably it will have something to teach. That's what I thought, at any rate, when I heard my Pen-Knife say:

"Well, I wouldn't be an idle, lazy, good-for-nothing Paper-Knife, no! not for anything!"

The speaker was not a very smart-looking fellow, just an ordinary, bone-handled Pen-Knife. I had never known him to speak before. But for some reason he had come to visit Desk-Town, and it was while he was living there, next door to Paper-Knife, who always resided in Desk-Town, that he hurled these words at his neighbor.

Now Paper-Knife was a very sedate-looking little chap. His blade was of pearl, and his handle bore the impress of a lion—of course you know what that means—so when I heard Pen-Knife shout: "Well, I wouldn't be an idle, lazy, good-for-nothing Paper-Knife, no! not for anything," I wondered what answer he would get.

But Paper-Knife said nothing. He might not have heard himself called "lazy and good for nothing" for all the difference it seemed to make to him.

This indifference seemed to anger Pen-Knife. Suddenly he shouted:

"I suppose you think yourself too good to speak to me. With your pale, pearly face and your silvery dress you hold yourself to be better than I. But you are only an ornament—an idle aristocrat. If you tried to work you couldn't!"

Now that was enough to make Paper-Knife answer back, wasn't it? But he showed no sign of temper when he said very quietly:

"I'm rather surprised, my dear fellow, that you should attack me like this. You might lie there all day and I should never think of speaking to you about your work."

"Of course not!" exclaimed Pen-Knife scornfully. "You know how useless your attack would be. You can't defend your idle ways. Whilst I am busy everywhere you lie here doing nothing."

"Now I don't want to enter into any argument with you," said Paper-Knife, "but I would advise you to be careful what you say. Many foolish statements are made for want of a little thought. After all, if you think for a minute or two, you may recall some

important work that you are not permitted to do, but which the Master both expects and trusts me to do."

"I know what you are hinting at," sneered the Pen-Knife. "You think because you can cut the leaves of a book or a paper that you are useful. But look at me. I cut string and I sharpen pencils, I cut flowers and trees. I peel fruit for little girls, and would so do for little boys—if they could wait long enough. What is cutting paper compared with all that?"

"It is true it may not seem much to you," answered the Paper-Knife, still very quietly and without any show of anger or bitterness, "but I do know the Master considers me just as useful as you. He would never think of cutting the leaves of a new book with you. That responsible work is mine. The Master says I have only one talent, but he can rely on me to use it well. You can do more work than I, but I don't think you can do your work better than I can do mine."

Poor Pen-Knife seemed as though he didn't know what to say to that, so Paper-Knife went on:

"Don't let us quarrel any more. I know I can't do all that you can do, but I can do my own work. Let us see to it that we do what we are given to do, then we shall not have much time for criticizing others."

It is by doing what lies in our power, whether it be a big thing or a little thing, that we are of value to the world. We can't all accomplish great tasks, nor can we all do many things, but we can do something. And it is in doing what we can that we make our life useful. Many a life is wasted because, not being able to do what it wants, it won't do what it can.

Jesus is losing valuable service every day because boys and girls and men and women neglect the service that is given them because it is different from what they desire. We ought to do what we can and do it willingly. And it will be no excuse for doing nothing if we say we weren't able to do what we desired.

A great teacher named Thoreau said that it was better to set about being good than to set about doing good, and if that is so then we can all become engaged in good work at once, for we can all be good. Charles Kingsley once wrote:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,"

and he did not mean that he thought cleverness wrong or bad, but that he thought goodness better. Goodness, indeed, is the highest form of usefulness.

And Jesus gives to everyone the Talent of Goodness, and He expects us to use it. If we do not use it—ah! that is a sad story, and I think you had better read it for yourselves. You will find it in Matthew XXV, verses 24 to 30.

Wherefore, as the Paper-Knife said, "Let us see to it that we do what we are given to do."—Adapted from *The Mouse that Stopped the Train*, by J. ERNEST PARSONS. H. R. Allenson, Limited, London.)

Sunday, November 9.

Theme: GRATITUDE FOR OUR HOMES AND COMFORTS

Suggested Scripture: Exodus 21:17; Deuteronomy 4:9, 10; 6:7; 11:18; Psalm 103:13; Proverbs 3:12; 13:22, 24; 22:6; Luke 11: 11–13.

Text: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Selected Hymns: See service for November 2.

Hymn for the Month: "We Plough the Fields, and Scatter."

Instrumental Prelude:

Call to Worship:

Blessed is the home whose God is the Lord.

Let Thy mercy, O God, be upon us, according as we hope in Thee.

Unison Reading:

There is no love like a mother's,
'Tis the sun that shineth forth;
There is no truth like a mother's,
'Tis the star that points the north.
There is no hope like a mother's,
'Tis the April in the clod;
There is no trust like a mother's,
'Tis the charity of God.
The love and truth, the hope and trust,
That make the mortal more than dust.

—J. J. HOLDEN in *Sunday School Worker*, May, 1922.

Prayer:[1]

We thank Thee, our Father, for the Christian mothers of the world. For those of the past who have so faithfully and cheerfully done their duty, often in the midst of privation and want. We thank Thee for the faith that they had in Thee and the persistence with which they taught and trained each new generation in Thy precepts that we might remain a Christian nation. We thank Thee for the mothers of to-day; for their courage in times of stress, and the unselfish devotion with which they give themselves to every righteous cause. Grant that we may be worthy of our Christian training, that we may love Thee as our mothers have loved Thee, and that we may be as loyal in Thy service, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Prayer Hymn:

Lord, who ordainest for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares,
We thank Thee for the ties that bind
The mother to the child she bears.

We thank Thee for the hopes that rise,
Within her breast as, day by day,
The dawning soul from these young eyes,
Looks with a clearer, steadier ray.

All Gracious, grant to those who bear
A mother's charge the strength and light
To lead the steps that own their care
In ways of truth and love and right. Amen.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (Tune: "Canonbury.")

Picture for Study: Whistler's picture of his mother.

Offertory Service: See service for May 25.

Materials for the Sermon:

Have we ever stopped to think how thankful we ought to be for our homes and the comforts they provide? We get so accustomed to having our parents do things for us, and provide things for us, food and clothes and good times of all sorts, that I am afraid we sometimes act as if we were not very thankful for all these things.

[1]From *A Curriculum of Worship for the Church School*, by Edna M. Crandall. The Century Co.

I want to tell you about a boy who got the notion that his mother owed him something for his work around the house.[1] This boy's name was Bradley. When he was about eight years old he had already got into the bad habit of thinking of everything as worth so much money. He wanted to know the price of everything he saw, and if it had not cost a great deal it did not seem to him to be of any value at all.

Now this was rather foolish of him, for there are a great many things that money can't buy, which don't have any price at all. Money cannot buy the very best things in the world, as I think you will soon agree.

One morning when Bradley came down to breakfast he put on his mother's place a little piece of paper, neatly folded. His mother opened it, and what do you think was on it? She could hardly believe it, but this is what Bradley had written:

Mother owes Bradley—

For running errands	25 cents.
For being good	10 cents.
For taking music lessons	15 cents.
Extras	5 cents.
Total that mother owes Bradley	55 cents.

His mother smiled when she read that, but she did not say anything. When lunch came she put the bill on Bradley's plate with the fifty-five cents. Bradley's eyes fairly danced when he saw the money, and he thought his business ability had been quickly rewarded. All at once he saw there was another piece of paper beside his plate, neatly folded, just like the first one. And when he opened it, what do you think he saw? Why, it was a bill from his mother! This is the way it read:

Bradley owes Mother—

For being good to him	Nothing.
For nursing him through his illness	Nothing.
For clothes and shoes and playthings	Nothing.
For all his meals and his home	Nothing.
Total that Bradley owes mother	Nothing.

[1]Adapted from *Children's Story Sermons*, by H. T. Kerr, Fleming H. Revell Co.

Now what do you suppose that boy did when he read those words? Do you think he put the fifty-five cents in his pocket and went off to his play? No, that is not what he did. No—the tears came into his eyes, and he put his arms around his mother's neck, and he placed his hand with the fifty-five cents in her hand, and said: "Take the money all back, Mother, and just let me love you and do things for you for nothing."

Now I know we never send bills to our fathers and mothers telling them that they owe for us being good, or for doing things in our homes, but I wonder if we don't forget as Bradley did that our parents are doing hundreds of things for us every day for which we do not owe them anything.

Think of how fortunate we are in the matter of food and houses. We have comfortable homes with clean wholesome food while multitudes of boys and girls live in one-room shacks, made of logs, flattened-out tin cans, slabs, mud, grass, leaves, or any other sort of material which chances to be at hand; and many of them do not know what it is to have a good meal of food from one year's end to another.

When we remember the things which we have, and which other boys and girls do not have, it should make us feel, not better than they are, but very thankful for the things we have. It should also make us more determined that we shall try to make it possible for other boys and girls in the world to have some of the good things which we now enjoy so freely and often appreciate so little, until we have stopped to think how much they really mean to us.

Let us think to-day of how much we owe to our mothers. A poet has said that a good mother is akin to the angels. Her mother love comes from God, and her boys and girls are to her treasures without price. She dreams about their future, and builds castles in the air which are to be occupied by her children. Her knee, at which they first learn to pray, becomes an altar from which their thoughts travel toward God and Good and Love. The first words her children learn come from her lips. The mother becomes enshrined in her children's hearts. Mothers of kings are named queen-mothers. All true mothers are queen-mothers. Her boys are princes and her girls princesses, and she is their queen. They render homage to her and give their loyalty, and gladly lay their gifts at her feet and

place the crown upon her head. The children of an angel-mother rise up to call her blessed.

Let us to-day thank the Father for our homes, for our parents and their love and care and protection, for all the comforts and joys we share in our homes, and pray for the coming of a day when all boys and girls the world around can know and enjoy the good things of life.

Sunday, November 16

Theme: BEING CONTENT WITH WHAT WE HAVE

Suggested Scripture: Psalm 145.

Text: "My mother shall speak the praise of the Lord." (Psalm 145: 21*a*.)

Selected Hymns: The same as for November 2. Add: "Now Sing We a Song for the Harvest," John W. Chadwick; "My God, I Thank Thee," Adelaide A. Proctor; "Praise the Lord, Ye Heavens, Adore Him," Edward Osler.

Hymn for the Month: "We Plough the Fields, and Scatter."

Instrumental Prelude: "Now Sing We a Sing for the Harvest."

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him and bless his name.

ALL: Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

PASTOR: It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

ALL: For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

Prayer:[1]

Our Father, we thank Thee for all the good and beautiful things of our life. For food and clothing, for the love of parents and friends, for the Sabbath with its worship and teaching, and for all Thy tender mercies, we thank Thee. Our Father, help us to show our thankfulness by seeking to please Thee in all things. May we never never neglect our duty, but do all our

[1]From *Worship and Song*, Copyright The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

work as in Thy sight and for Thee. May we grow more like Jesus, our Master, with whom Thou art ever well pleased. So may we render Thee praise and honor in daily needs of service. Amen.

Offertory Service: See service for May 25.

Materials for the Sermon:

(True thanksgiving grows out of contentment. The purpose of this story is to make the boys and girls contented with the circumstances in which God has placed them.)

Hofus was a poor stonecutter in Japan. His food was coarse and his clothing was plain, but he was happy and content with his lot until one day he took a load of stone to the house of a rich man. When Hofus saw the evidences of wealth he cried, "Oh, that Hofus were rich!"

As Hofus said this a fairy cried, "Have thy wish!" and immediately Hofus was rich. He ceased to work and lived in luxury and contentment, until one day he saw a prince with a snow-white carriage, snow-white horses, a golden umbrella, and many, many servants.

Then cried Hofus, "Oh, that Hofus were a prince!" No sooner had Hofus uttered his wish than he became a prince. Hofus was happy and content as a prince, until one day, riding in his beautiful carriage under his golden umbrella, he sweltered and burned in the rays of the sun.

"The sun is greater than I," cried Hofus. "Oh, that Hofus were the sun!" Immediately Hofus became the sun, and he was happy and content, until a great cloud came and entirely hid the sun.

Then cried Hofus, "The cloud is greater than I. Oh, that Hofus were the cloud!" Immediately Hofus became a cloud. Hofus was happy and content as a cloud, until the cloud fell as rain and swept everything before it except a great rock which stood unmoved by the torrent.

Then cried Hofus, "The rock is greater than I. Oh, that Hofus were a rock!" Immediately Hofus became a rock, and he was happy and content as a rock, until one day a stonecutter came to the rock and began to split it.

Then cried Hofus, "The stonecutter is greater than I. Oh, that Hofus were a stonecutter!" Immediately Hofus became a stone-

cutter, as he had been before, and this time Hofus was really happy and content, for he had learned that there are disadvantages in every station in life, and that the best place for each of us is exactly where God has put us.—Adapted from a Japanese legend. Taken from *Story Worship Programs for the Church School Year*, by REV. JAY S. STOWELL. Doubleday, Doran & Company.

THE GRUMBLER

Once upon a time, so my story runs, there was a boy who used to grumble. He was at it continually. When it was time to go to bed he grumbled because he was not tired, and when his father called him in the morning, he grumbled because he was. He grumbled over his pie, it was not enough; and over his home work because it was too much.

Well, it appears that this boy was sent to bed one night a bit earlier than usual for grumbling. By and by with a dark frown on his face he fell asleep, and, of course, he dreamed.

He thought he was sitting on a hillside in the sunshine all alone. It was early autumn and the leaves were painted in red and gold.

But did he care for these things? Not he. He sat on the grass with his head on his hands, the very picture of fretful discontent. From time to time he kicked the stump of an old tree lying near his foot, and at last he decided to go home. Just at that moment, however, he heard a slight rustling sound, and from out of a bush there stepped a fairy. The boy gave a little gasp of astonishment. Often as he had heard about fairies, he never expected to meet one.

"Good-morning, boy," she said, "I hope I find you happy?"

"No," said Walter, "you don't find me happy; I never am happy."

"Dear me," said the fairy with a little smile, "dear me."

Then after looking at him for a long time she remarked, "Seeing you are not a great success as a boy, is there anything else you would rather be?"

"It's no use wanting to be anything else," replied the boy.

"Oh, yes, it is," said the fairy, "for I have magic, art, and power."

Walter thought for a moment. "It cannot be worse," he thought, "and it will probably be a great deal better." Then he said, "Make me a bird."

The fairy stepped forward and touched him with her wand, and the next moment he felt himself rising from the ground. It felt fearfully strange, and when he stretched out his hands to save himself from falling, he discovered they were wings. By and by he began to feel less strange and timid. Looking down he saw he had already risen high above the trees. A spot of silver on the green earth far beneath him he made out to be the fairy. Up and up he flew, feeling almost as if he could reach the sun.

"Upon my word," he thought, "this is the life—no more horrid arithmetic to do, no errands to run." So free and happy did he feel that he opened his beak and began to sing. At that moment a shadow fell, and looking up he saw another bird hovering between him and the sun.

One glance was enough, for Walter had often seen a hawk, and he knew what was likely to be his fate. His heart began to thump, and his brain turned sick with fear. Fast as he flew to earth the shadow fell darker, faster, until—— Well, if the bird who once was Walter had not reached that tree-top when he did, he would never have reached it. As it was, just as the hawk wheeled above him and prepared to strike, the frightened bird found a tiny hole in the trunk of a tree, and was saved.

"This will never do," said Walter, as he began to recover from his fright, "we can never go on like this. I wonder if that fairy is about."

Cautiously putting his head out of his hiding place he saw the fairy just beneath him on the grass. Feeling safe when she was near, he popped out of the hollow trunk and fell at her feet.

"Fairy," he said, "I don't want to be a bird any more; what else have you got?"

"Why," she answered, "did I not tell you that I have magic, art, and power?"

"I don't think I should like to be a beast," said Walter, "but—is a rabbit a beast?"

The fairy said it might count as one.

"Well, then, make me a rabbit."

The instant the silver wand touched him his wish was granted. There he sat in his lovely soft fur coat, as real as could be. Feeling hungry, he began to nibble a blade of grass. Lifting his head, he saw the hawk still circling round and round the tree-tops.

"I'm not afraid of you now," said Walter, the Rabbit, "this is what I ought to have been at first."

What sound was that? The Rabbit turned an anxious eye toward a clump of bushes. He soon knew what it was. There was no mistaking that great shaggy head with its lolling tongue and gleaming teeth. How Walter ran! Ears back, eyes bulging, paws madly leaping through the air! Fast as he sped, he was not fast enough, and just as he sprang into a bush which hid a burrow, the dog snapped at him and got a mouthful of his fur.

All night long he lay trembling in that narrow den, but just as it was turning light he heard the sound of silver footsteps, and ventured to meet the fairy.

She smiled when she saw him, and when he said, "I don't like being a beast, and want you to make me into a flower," she smiled again.

However, she briskly tapped him with her wand, and he became a Rose, a red Rose, tall and handsome, growing in a sweet, old-fashioned garden.

He looked about him nervously, but everything was so still and lovely that Walter thought, "I've found a spot where I can be happy and at peace at last." Tired out with all he had passed through, he closed his petals and fell fast asleep. He was wakened by feeling rather tickled, and looking down he saw that a green caterpillar was crawling up his stem. Walter shook himself, but the caterpillar held on. Half a minute later it arrived at a leaf, and calmly began to breakfast.

"Here," cried Walter; "get off; do you know what you are doing? You are eating ME!"

A little later as the fairy passed through the garden she heard a sound of moaning, and found the face of the Rose all wet with tears.

"Change me back again, fairy, oh, change me back again, please. I never knew how well off I was when I was a boy."

The fairy stretched out her wand, but before it touched him he heard a loud voice:

"Walter! *Time to get up.*"

"All right, Mother. . . . Thank you."

"Well," said Walter's mother to herself, "that is the first time I ever knew that boy to say 'Thank you' when I told him to get up."

At breakfast Walter looked more thoughtful than usual.

"Mother," he said at last, "long ago when God had anything special to teach anybody, didn't he sometimes do it in dreams?"

"Yes," replied his mother, "of course, why?"

"I was just wondering, Mother," and giving her an unexpected kiss he went off whistling to school.—Adapted from *The Skylark's Bargain*, by G. H. CHARNLEY. H. R. Allenson, Limited.

Sunday, November 23

Theme: GRATITUDE FOR GOD'S LOVE AND CARE (THANKSGIVING)

Suggested Scripture: Psalm 107:31–43; Psalm 145.
Text: "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness." (Psalm 107:31*a*.)
Selected Hymns: See service for November 16.
Hymn for the Month: "We Plough the Fields, and Scatter."
Instrumental Prelude: "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come."
Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God shall bless us.

RESPONSE:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Picture for Study: The First Thanksgiving, Ferris; or Pilgrims Going to Church, Boughton.
Collect:[1] (In unison, all seated with heads bowed.)

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all blessings of this life; but above all, for thine everlasting love in the redemption

[1]From *Services of Worship for Boys*, by H. W. Gibson. Copyright, Association Press.

of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ: for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful: and that we may show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory world without end. Amen.

Closing Prayer:[1]

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, from whom cometh ever good and perfect gift, we call to remembrance Thy loving-kindness and Thy tender mercies which have been ever of old, and with grateful hearts we lift up to Thee the voice of our thanksgiving. For the life Thou hast given us and the world in which we live, we praise Thee, O God. For the order and constancy of nature, for the beauty and bounty of the world, we praise Thee, O God. For all the comforts, and gladness of life, for our homes and all our home blessings, for our friends and all the pure pleasures of social intercourse, for the love, sympathy, and good will of men, we praise Thee, O God.

And now, O Lord, having praised Thee with our lips, grant that we may also praise Thee in consecrated lives; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Thanksgiving Proclamation by the President of the United States and the Governor of the Commonwealth.

Offertory Service: See service for May 25.

Materials for the Sermon:

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

Long, long ago, there were no houses in this country of ours, no towns, no big cities, and only the Indians lived in the forests and among the hills.

Then one day some people came from a country across the sea to make their home in America. They were on the water a long, long time, but after a rough, hard voyage they finally saw the shore.

[1]From *A Book of Prayers*, published by the Congregational Commission on Evangelism and Devotional Life.

Oh, how glad they were! They were so tired of being on the water. As soon as they had landed they began to build houses to live in. These houses were made only of logs, but the people were glad to have even these to shelter them.

It was autumn when they came, too late to plant seed, and so all the cold winter they had very little food. Many of them were sick and some of them died.

The ship had been sent back to their home country, with letters asking the friends there to send them food and clothes, but it had been gone such a long time that they had begun to fear that it had been lost at sea.

In the spring they planted corn and vegetables, and the Indians showed them other things that were good food. All summer the rains came and watered the seed, the sun shone and helped it grow; and in the autumn they gathered in the harvest.

After the long summer had passed, one day some little boys were playing on a hill not far from the shore. All at once, away off on the horizon, they saw a sail coming toward the land. Oh, how they hoped it was the ship from the home country! They hurried down to tell their fathers and mothers, and then everybody went to the harbor to watch the ship come in.

It was the ship they had looked for and longed for; there were friends on board; there were many things to keep them comfortable all winter. They were very happy then, and they knew that God had watched over them. They all thanked Him from their hearts, but they wished to thank Him all together.

So the Governor, William Bradford, set a special day apart, asking that everyone should go to church to thank God for His goodness to them.

In the morning on that first Thanksgiving day they all obeyed the Governor, and went to church to give thanks to God. Then they all met together and had a real Thanksgiving dinner. They did not forget to invite some of the Indians, too, who had helped them to plant the seeds and had done many things for them.

That was many years ago, and now, every year, the Governors and the President set a special day apart, and ask all the people to meet in the churches and in their homes to remind one another of all the things that should make them happy, and to thank God for all His good gifts throughout the year.

And that is what Thanksgiving Day means—a day to give thanks to God.—From *Manual for Training in Worship*, by HUGH HARTSHORNE. Scribner's.

I am going to read now a part of the Thanksgiving Proclamation which the President has issued to all the people of the United States of America.

A few other facts regarding the Pilgrim Fathers are: For three years they worked trying to get boats in which to cross the Atlantic. They finally sailed in two boats from Holland in July, 1620. They were obliged to stop in England. One boat became disabled and was forced to give up the voyage. The other boat came within sight of America in December, 1620. The actual time on the voyage was a little more than two months.

The first national Thanksgiving was designated by George Washington, November 26, 1789. In 1863 Abraham Lincoln made Thanksgiving a recurring festival by designating the last Thursday in November.

As we look back upon the Pilgrims it seems as if they had very little to be thankful for; yet they were so ready to thank their Heavenly Father for everything that came their way. We have so much and get it so easily that we sometimes forget to thank God for His gifts to us.

There was once a little boy whose mother lay ill in a hospital. The child imagined that because his mother had left him she did not love him. He was determined to try and find out. So he made up his mind to write to her. He was only a tiny little boy, and really he could not write, but he did not know he couldn't. He got the pen and scrawled all over the paper, just as some of you very little children do now. When it was done he said, "There, now, I shall see if she loves me." The big people about him did not want to send it, it was such a funny letter, but, said the little fellow, "Mother will understand." Aye, and the mother did, directly she got it. God is just as loving and a great deal more loving than that mother; and often when your hearts are very full of gratitude, He understands.

I am sure you have read the story of King Midas who finally had the power to turn into gold everything he touched. You recall

that King Midas thought that if he could only have the golden touch he would be perfectly happy. Then he was told that the following morning everything he handled would turn to gold.

The first thing he did next morning was to touch the cover of his bed, with the result that it turned to gold. He got up and pulled aside the curtain, and it turned to gold. As he dressed, each garment turned into soft and pliable gold.

His first trouble came, you remember, when he started to put on his glasses, which turned to gold at his touch, so that he could not see through them. He was sorry about that for a moment, but soon decided that anyone as rich as he did not need glasses.

In his happiness he rushed out into the garden, touching the flowers one by one as he walked about, and one by one they turned to gold. Their fragrance left them, of course.

Soon he heard his little girl crying. She had discovered the golden flowers, but since they had no perfume she did not like them. They went into breakfast, and when the king picked up the coffeepot it turned to gold. Then he tried to take a fish from the platter, and it turned to gold. The cakes, the eggs, the fish, the potatoes, everything he touched on the table turned to gold.

The king was now beginning to be frightened, you recall. He was hungry, and his little girl was hungry. His little girl, seeking to comfort him, came around the table and kissed him—and she turned to gold the moment she touched him.

The story goes on to tell us that after King Midas had become so wretched and miserable that he was willing to exchange all the gold in the world for one glass of water, he finally got rid of his golden touch, and the things he had changed to gold were changed back to their original form.

That is not a bad story for us to remember at Thanksgiving time. If someone should give you a hundred thousand dollars tomorrow you would think that you had a great deal to be thankful for, yet all the while we have all around us things that are worth more than millions of dollars—the sunshine, the flowers, the beauty of summer and autumn and winter and spring, the trees, the mountains, friends, parents, homes, and God's goodness and love and protection. These and ten thousand other things like them are worth more than all the money in the world.

On this Thanksgiving we should remember some of the things we have to be thankful for, which we are inclined so frequently to forget.

Sunday, November 30

Theme: LIVES OF THANKFULNESS

Suggested Scripture: Psalm 103.
Text: "Bless the Lord . . . and forgot not all his benefits." (Psalm 103:2*a*.)
Selected Hymns: See service for November 16.
Hymn for the Month: "We Plough the Fields, and Scatter."
Instrumental Prelude: "We Plough the Fields and Scatter," Matthias Claudius.
Call to Worship:

PASTOR:

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good;
For his kindness endureth forever.
The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

RESPONSE:

My God, I thank Thee who hast made,
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light,
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right. Amen.
(*Hymnal for American Youth.*)

Prayer:[1]

O Lord God, Father of mercies, the Fountain of Comfort and Blessing, who fillest Heaven with Thy glory, and earth with Thy goodness; we offer Thee most earnest and humble thanks for the gifts of nature, and of grace, the support of every moment and the comforts of every day. We beseech Thee to fill our hearts with Thy praise, that our thankfulness to Thee may be as great as our needs, and that Thy grace may so strengthen

[1]From *Manual for Training in Worship*, by Hugh Hartshorne. Scribner's.

our purposes that our lives may be a thank offering to Thee, unto whom we ascribe all honor and glory. Amen.

Offertory Service: See service for May 25.

Materials for the Sermon.

Because we are reminded of it, and because almost everyone else is doing it, it is easy for us to be thankful to God on Thanksgiving Day for all the fine and good and beautiful things that are ours. We should be just as thankful every day in the year as we are at Thanksgiving.

There is a beautiful story told of a man who came to realize one day that he should be thankful to God every day of the year for God's wonderful gifts.

The Master of the Harvest walked by the side of his fields in the springtime. There had been no rain and the corn had not come up. A frown was on the face of the Master of the Harvest: grumblings and complaints were on his lips. Surelv there would be no harvest.

The little seeds heard the grumblings and said, "How cruel to complain! Are we not ready to do our best when the time comes?"

The wife of the Master of the Harvest spoke cheering words to her husband. Then she went to her Bible and on the flyleaf she wrote a verse.

At last the rain came and the corn sprang up. The Master of the Harvest was satisfied, but he forgot to rejoice and be thankful. His mind was filled with other things.

When the Master's wife asked if the corn was doing well, he answered, "Fairly well," and nothing more. Again the wife opened her book and wrote on the flyleaf.

Very peaceful were the next few weeks. The corn blades shot up, grew tall and strong, and put forth flowers. The ears began to appear.

The Master of the Harvest walked through the fields; he looked at the ears; he saw that they were small, and again he grumbled: "The yield will be less than it ought to be. The harvest will be bad."

The growing plants heard the complaint, and said, "How thankless to complain! Are we not doing our best?" The Master's wife

again spoke cheering words and then went to her Bible and wrote on the flyleaf.

A drought settled over the land and the Master's face grew very dark. He wished for rain. And then the rain came in torrents. Much of the growing corn was forced to bow before the rushing rain, and some of it could not rise again. The Master of the Harvest railed against the rain. He had not wanted so much.

"Why does he always complain?" moaned the corn plants. "Are we not doing our best?" The Master's wife said nothing, but wrote on the flyleaf of her book.

The weeks passed. The time of harvest came and the barns were filled with golden grain.

One day the Master of the Harvest picked up the book in which his wife had written. He found many verses and among others the following:

"Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; Thou greatly enrichest it."

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness."

"He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle and herb for the service of man."

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

As the Master of the Harvest read, shame filled his soul, and in the place of the old heart of discontent and fault-finding a new heart of thankfulness seemed to grow within him. And the Great Lord of all the Harvests looked down and was glad.—From *Story Worship Programs for the Church School Year*, by REV. JAY S. STOWELL, Doubleday, Doran & Co.

If I should ask you how we can show our gratitude to God in our daily living, I wonder what you would answer. Is it difficult for us to find out how we should live in order to show God that we are truly grateful?

It is not difficult for us to find out, for there are only a few great things which God really wishes to say to us while we are here. It is true He says them in thousands of different and interesting ways.

He speaks through men, He speaks through books, He speaks through all the wonderful works of nature; but after listening for years we discover that all the time He has been repeating a few simple but great things. It seems hard to realize it even as it is to realize that all the sweet sounds in music are continual variations upon the few notes in the scale.

All the great teachers realize this after much thought. They come at last to see that the whole of the truth can be represented by a small thing or summed up in a few words. Emerson says that "the world globes itself in a drop of dew," and you will remember that Tennyson says about a single stray flower:

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies,
> I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but *if* I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

In the Bible the prophet Micah sums up all our duty in these simple words: "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" The Lord Jesus and the apostles are simpler still, for they tell us that to love God and to love our neighbour is the whole duty of man.

Be sure, then, that though you may meet thousands of new things, and hear thousands of strange things as you go through the world, the heart of the matter is always simple, and one great truth held firmly will be a better guide to you than a thousand glimmerings of truth seen only in flashes. Of all the apostles, I suppose Thomas found things the hardest to understand, so Jesus said to him—He said it specially to him—"Thomas, I am the way, and the truth, and the life." If you will follow Jesus closely as you go through life, you will never lose your way; you will always know the heart of the truth; you will always have abundance of life, and your life will be one of thankfulness.

CHAPTER XII: DECEMBER

THEME FOR THE MONTH: GOOD WILL AND PEACE

Sunday, December 7

Theme: WHAT LOVE DOES

Suggested Scripture: I Corinthians 13; John 3:16; 15; I John 4:20; Psalm 133:1; Proverbs 10:12; Ephesians 4:1–3; Matthew 5:38–48; 18:15–17; 22:35–40.

Text: "This is my commandment, That ye love one another."

Selected Hymns: "Love One Another," Anonymous; "Love Divine, All Love Excelling," Charles Wesley; "Love Thyself Last," Anonymous; "Immortal Love, Forever Full," John G. Whittier; "O Jesus, Prince of Life and Truth," Anonymous.

Prelude: "In a Garden," Grieg.

Call to Worship:

Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, who is the God of Love, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, who has commanded us to love one another even as He has loved us.

Offertory Service:

PASTOR: From whom do all our good gifts come?

CONGREGATION: Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father.

PASTOR: Since God has done so much for us, what can we do for him?

CONGREGATION: Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me.

MUSIC: "Immortal Love, Forever Full."

OFFERING RESPONSE:

We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee. Amen.

Sermon, Story, and Illustrations:

Many hundreds of years ago Jesus told some people that they should return good for evil, because, He said, the good would finally overcome the evil. The people did not understand how that could be possible. They had been living according to a law which said that if a man harmed you, you, in turn, should harm him. Jesus recognized that this law was being followed by many, many people, and so he said, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil. Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you."

This was strange language to the hearers of Jesus. They could not understand how it was that they should love those who hated them. If a fellow does you a wrong, are you tempted to harm him in turn? I imagine that most of us are tempted to return evil for evil. Jesus has told us that we should not do that. I wonder if He knew what He was talking about when He said that if we returned good for evil we would win the victory.

You recall the old fable of how the sun and the wind determined to make a man take off his coat. The wind blew a hurricane upon him, whistled in his ears, brought tears to his eyes, made his very spine to freeze, but the more it raged the closer the man drew his coat about him. The sun shone quietly upon him, merrily but persistently, and the man said, "Whew! isn't it hot!" loosened, and finally took off his coat. And the sun winked at the wind, but the wind only snarled.

Isn't that a good illustration of what love does? Love is quieter but much stronger than violence. The next time your friend does you a wrong, suppose you try the method of returning good for evil. See what happens. I believe you will discover that he will be so ashamed of himself that, if he does not apologize, he will certainly determine not to harm you any more. You know, you don't get much fun out of hurting a fellow who refuses to strike back.

I realize that it is very easy for a fellow to lose his temper, but have you ever stopped to think that no one wants your temper. I once saw a sign which read, "Keep your temper, no one here wants it." Think about that for a moment—no one wants your temper, so keep it yourself.

Is this a friendly or an unfriendly world? I wonder what you have decided about it this early in your life? Really, it is a friendly world. But, you know, it is our own friendliness that makes the world friendly. We get just what we give. If we give evil for evil, we will get evil in return. If we give good for evil, we must get good in return.

I once heard of a little girl who was seen carrying a little boy almost as big as herself. "Isn't he heavy?" asked an old gentleman. "Heavy? no! why, he's my brother," she said. She didn't notice the weight because he was her brother, and she loved him. You never complain of having to do things for your mother, do you? Why? Simply because you love her. Is not that the reason?

A slave was once offered his freedom by his master, but he refused. The two loved each other so, that all the hard work was like nothing to the slave. All of his work was lightened by the fact that he loved his master. Can we truthfully say that love lightens our labor? I believe you will agree that it does.

Does not love also overcome difficulties? And does it not also cover up the faults of others? What does this mean? On a very muddy day a Scotchman passed a friend with the remark, "Very dirty, a very, very dirty day." But soon he noticed a beautiful rainbow in the mud. It came from a shop window, where the rays of the brightly shining sun had been caught on the edge of the glass, and reflected off again in a rainbow of many colors. That taught him a lesson. "I noticed the dirt," he said to himself, "but I didn't notice the rainbow."

Do we see the mud and overlook the rainbow? Even when we see the mud, do we realize that the mud can become something beautiful? John Ruskin tells us that mud is made up of four things: clay, sand, soot, and water. When these four things are mixed together in the wrong way they make sticky mud. But if you took them separately the clay could become a beautiful opal stone, the sand a gorgeous sapphire jewel, the soot could be changed into a diamond, and the water into lovely frost crystals or glittering dewdrops. That is what love does. It takes the faults of others and makes them into beautiful things.

What else does love do? Does it not last always? Do you know anything about stinging nettles? At the base of the hairs that cover their leaves is a tiny bag of acid. Each hair has its sides, and especially the point, strengthened by flint stone, which is drawn up from

the earth through the stalk of the nettle. The flint makes the hairs of the nettle strong enough to pierce your skin. Each hair has a little ball at the tip, which keeps in the acid till the hair touches anything, and then the ball falls off. The nettle has lovely little flowers hidden away under the leaves, and you might get stung in looking for the flowers.

While Jesus was on earth he got stung many, many times while He was looking for the flowers in human nettles. But love lasts always. It keeps on keeping on. If we are filled with love we go on patiently looking for good things in bad and ugly people, however much we may get stung in doing so.

Hundreds of years ago two monks who lived in a monastery of Europe decided to make a change in their peaceful, happy, and useful life. One day one of the monks said to the other, "Let's have a quarrel!" "A quarrel?" said his friend. "What's a quarrel? You will have to show me. I'm sure I don't know anything about a quarrel." "Very well," said the first monk, "I'll show you." So the first monk tried to show his friend how to quarrel.

"Now, you see this brick," he said. "We will place it on the ground between us. Then I will say: 'This brick is mine.' Then you must say, 'Oh no! It is mine.' Then I will say: 'But it is mine, I say,' and we shall have a quarrel." "All right," said the second monk, "Let's begin."

So the first monk put a brick down on the ground. "Do you see that brick? Well, it's mine." "Oh, no," said the other, "it is mine," "But I tell you it is mine," shouted the first monk. "Well, then," said the other, "well, then—take it!" You see, they had forgotten how to quarrel.—Adapted from F. T. BAYLEY, *Little Ten Minutes*, "Two Monks Who Tried to Quarrel."

How very often we quarrel over petty little trifles. If people could only forget how to quarrel there wouldn't be any more fights or war. The monks had lived so long in friendliness and peace that it was impossible for them even to get angry.

Let us sum up what Jesus had to say about good will and fighting: First, don't hit back; second, don't be angry, even in your heart; third, love even your enemies, and do good to those who do you harm, as well as to those who are good to you. Let us all learn how to live in peace and love and good will, for love lightens labour; it

overcomes difficulties; it veils the faults of others; and it endures always.

Love Makes Us Thoughtful

John Willer of Scarboro township had a good crop of spring wheat one year—almost the only good crop for miles around. He threshed it out during the winter, and cleaned it carefully, but did not sell it. "Seed wheat will be scarce in the spring," he said to his wife. "I'll keep it till then."

One day in April a man who lived several miles farther out in the country drove up to John Willer's barn and said he wanted to buy a load of seed wheat. The farmer did not answer him at once.

"You needn't be afraid, Mr. Willer," said the would-be purchaser. "I've got the money to pay for it right here."

"Now that's just what I wanted to know," said John Willer, and his face brightened perceptibly; "I'm glad you told me. Lots of my neighbors need seed this spring and haven't the cash to pay for it. If they can't get seed wheat on credit, they can't get it at all, and I want to help them out. But if you've got the money you can get seed wheat anywhere. So you just drive on into town. You'll find plenty there."—*Youth's Companion.*

Love Makes Us Forget How to Quarrel

A story is told of an imaginary quarrel between the paper, wood, and coal in a fireplace. The sharp points of the wood were pressing into the paper's delicate skin, and the heavy, dirty coal was pressing down the lot, and making ugly black marks on the clean surface of wood and paper alike.

Well, they were at it again, the paper, the wood, and the coal. Each was finding fault with the others, and trying to push them out of its way. The paper said that the other two could not boast of relations like his. What with a great grandfather like the *Times* newspaper; and a great-uncle *Judge* that makes everyone laugh; and the President's good-will address, from which he had been taken; and what with a cousin like the *North American Review;* and rows and rows of aunts done up in calf-skin and morocco—"what with such ancestors and such relations," the paper was crackling out as it tried to get one of its creases straight, when a splinter of wood

poked its nose through one of its most sensitive parts, saying, "They wouldn't own a poor relation like you. Why, you are only the advertisement sheet of a cheap weekly newspaper. Why, I can see something on you about 'pasty pills for purple people.'"

Hearing the scolding the paper was getting, the coal thought it must have a go at the wood. After it had said some very, very black things to it, the wood creaked back, "Oh, you black lumps, you've no relations like mine, anyhow. I am directly descended from the beautiful cypress trees, the massive oaks from which the great columns of our Southern homes are built, the chestnuts with their gorgeous blossoms, the graceful birches——" "Don't boast before your elders and betters," retorted the coal. "I am many thousands of years older than you. I have come from the grandest trees that grew, tens of thousands of years ago." "Conceited ass!" said the wood.

At this moment a low murmuring voice seemed to come to them from nowhere in particular, at least from all three sides at once. It was the grate that was speaking. "What is the matter with you three?" it asked. "You are not even a fire yet. You are all quite useless as you are. "A fire?" exclaimed the three together. "What's that?" "Wait a moment and you will see," said Father Grate. "Look at that yellow tassel coming along." They saw a very thin stick of wood, held in a human hand, with a yellow mane flowing from the end of it. The yellow mane came right up close to the paper and whipped its face. "Ah," said the paper, "that human being, whoever it is, comes to me before you other two. That proves that I am the most important." The yellow flame curled round the paper and tickled it till it laughed aloud. "Oh, this is great fun," it cried. 'I've never felt quite like this before. What can be happening to me?" The wood was interested in spite of itself. It leaned down toward the paper, saying in a put-on polite voice, "Er, what does it feel like? Does it hurt?" "Well, er," replied the paper, "it hurts like a cold bath in the winter hurts. But, how it does make you tingle and glow," and with these words it rushed with a shout up the chimney.

The wood by this time was experiencing a queer, and quite new sensation, too. "I do believe I've caught it from you," it cried, beginning to crackle and sputter, and make more of a fuss than it had ever done in its life, even when it creaked on its parent tree in the

wind. In a moment part of it had followed the paper up the chimney, and got so mixed up with it that you couldn't tell which was which. Very soon the coal was red hot, too, and sent up a gas which joined with the gases from the paper and wood in the chimney. None of the three could tell which was himself and which were the other two.

Then the old voice of Father Grate was heard, wafted up the chimney by the draught. "Now you three have found your real life. Each of you is necessary for a fire, but none of you can make a proper fire without the other two. While you were quarreling in that silly way you were no use to anybody. But the white flame of enthusiasm has made you forgot yourselves and mix together, so that now you are warming the poor widow in the room below, with her little, thin, shivering children."

In fact, the glow of the fire had so thoroughly mixed up the paper, wood, and coal that none of the three could say or do unkind things to either of the other two without risking saying or doing it against itself. The funny thing was none of them could tell which was which!

Do you think that brothers and sisters could become like that in a home? There is one thing that will do it for them, and that is the fire of Love. When God has put the match to us and set us on fire with love, this lovely flame makes us forget ourselves, forget what we think is due to us, and our rights, forget what we like or don't like, forget whether we get the praise we deserve, or whether others are unkind to us.

The flame of love so mixes us up with others that we can't quarrel because we *forget which is which*, and might be doing or saying the unkind thing to ourself instead of to others. That is what our Saviour meant when he told us to "love our neighbour as ourself."

—Adapted from E. W. SHEPHEARD-WALWYN, *The Starved Top-Knot*, "The Voices in the Grate."

Sunday, December 14

Theme: LIVING AS BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Suggested Scripture: Leviticus 19:18; Psalm 133:1; Matthew 5:41, 42; I Thessalonians 4:9; Hebrews 13:1–3.
Text: "Let brotherly love continue."
Instrumental Prelude: "Angels' Serenade," G. Braga.
Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.

RESPONSE:

There is a destiny that makes us brothers:
None goes his way alone:
ALL: All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.
—EDWIN MARKHAM.

Selected Hymns: See Service for December 7.
Unison Prayer:[1]

Help us to find Thee, O God, in the hearts and lives of the men, women, and children that are all about us. May we break down every barrier that really hinders us from knowing one another. Bring us together, we pray Thee, in friendly intimacies, in mutual enjoyments, and in common aspirations. Let those who are privileged bring gifts of leisure and culture. Let the distressed and the unsatisfied bring gifts of eagerness and desire. Let the powerful lift up the weak, and the lighthearted bring comfort to the overburdened. Though we come from the ends of society, and are separated by injustice, prejudice, and untoward circumstances, help us, O God, to seek out one another in love and patience and to rest not until, through fellowship and friendliness, we have realized a large measure of the relationship of brothers and sisters of a common Father. Amen.

Prayer Hymn:

Father in Heaven, hear us to-day.
Hallowed Thy name be; hear us, we pray.

[1]From *Services for the Open*, Mattoon and Bragdon. The Century Co.

O let Thy kingdom come, O let Thy will be done,
By all beneath the sun, as in the skies. Amen.

(For music, see service for October 26.)

Offertory Service: See service for May 25.

Materials for the Sermon:

As the joyous Christmas season approaches we begin to think more than ever of how Jesus wants us to live with others. How much we think people are worth will help to determine how we treat them. A teacher in a boys' school once asked each one in the class to write down what were the ten greatest of all inventions. One boy handed in his paper and said, "I've written down one that is the greatest of all inventions. There isn't anything can touch it." When the teacher opened the boy's paper he found there these ten inventions: steam engine, steam whistle, sewing machine, telephone, telegraph, radio, airship, spectacles, automobile, compass, and last and in big letters, "Man—Invented by God." The boy was right, do you not think? Human life is the greatest of all things in the world, and everything ought to be made safe for little children, boys and girls, and for fathers and mothers, so that the world will be a safe and happy and peaceful place for them to live in. Jesus spoke harsh words about those who harmed or hurt the life of a child. And you can harm or hurt the mind and heart of a child, or anyone, as well as you can harm his body.

Jesus was the Great Brother of all people, and as his followers we should live as brothers and sisters of all people. If we would see Jesus and would share his love and spirit, then we must live a life of good will and service as he did. He has told us to love each other as He has loved us. He has loved us greatly, and we must love others greatly.

The story is told of a boy whose mother had told him the story of the Wise Men who were led by the Star until they came to the place where Jesus was. When the story was finished, the boy, whose name was Charles, went to bed, soon fell asleep, and began to dream. In his dream a star peeped at him through the window and spoke to him.

"Would you like to see Jesus?" the star asked.

"Would'n't I just!" answered Charlie.

"All right, follow me," said the star.

Following the star as directed, Charlie found himself first in very busy streets, then in streets less busy, and then in dirty narrow streets out of which ran very dark and evil-smelling courts. Down one of these dirtiest and darkest of places the star led the way. By and by it stopped over one of the poorest houses in the court. Charlie, of course, stood still. The door of the house was open and from within he heard children's voices. One was saying, "I saw Santa Claus in the city. He was simply loaded with toys. They say he takes them to the houses of the rich people and leaves them there for the children."

Another voice exclaimed, "I wonder if it's true?"

Then a little girl's voice said, "I wish he'd come here and bring me a doll."

"I'd rather have a football," said the first speaker.

"I'd rather have a train that runs all by itself, came the second voice, evidently of a little boy.

As Charlie listened to all this he thought of all his toys at home, many of them never touched nowadays. He wished he had them there. Gladly, he felt, he would have given these poor children the pick of his toys. At that moment he put his hand into his pocket and found there a dollar that his Uncle Tom had given him that day. Quick as thought he resolved what to do. First looking up to see if the star was waiting for him, and being satisfied that it was, he then knocked at the door of the house in which the children were. A little girl answered the knock. Charlie pushed the dollar into her hand, saying in a half-frightened whisper, "Santa Claus sent this for you to get a doll."

Without waiting for any answer Charlie turned away quickly, and looking up, saw that the star was moving on again. He hurried after it, and, following its leading, came to the biggest and finest toy shop he had ever seen. Here the star stopped. For a minute Charlie could not take his eyes from the wonderful window. He had never even imagined such a splendid display. But, turning to see if his Star was still there, he saw a blind man standing on the edge of the pavement, feeling in front of him with his stick. Charlie saw at once that the man wanted to cross the road. "Should I offer to help him or should I stay to look at the wonderful toy-show window?" he asked himself. A second later he was at the blind

man's side. "Can I help you to cross the road, sir?" he was asking.

"Thank you, sonny," said the blind man, and they crossed the busy street together.

Charlie looked up again and saw that the star had followed him, and was now moving quickly along the street. Soon he was brought face to face with Santa Claus himself. Charlie would have passed him by, thinking only of the star and where it would lead him, but, looking up, he saw that the star had stopped once more.

"I've been looking for you," said old Santa.

"Oh!" exclaimed Charlie.

"Yes," went on the old man, "I've got a lot of things here for you." Charlie's eyes brightened. "But I've been wondering if you could not do without them this year," concluded Santa, and the brightness died out of Charlie's eyes.

"What for?" he asked dolefully.

"Well," answered Santa Claus, "I've been thinking of all the orphanages so full of boys and girls whose fathers were killed in the Great War, and of all the hospitals where so many children are sick, and of all the poor homes where the boys and girls must go without many things because daddy is out of work, and I have been wondering whether you could not do without your toys this year, so that some of these poorer children could have some little thing to make it feel like Christmas."

Charlie looked up at his star. He wished it would move on. But it stood stock still. Then he thought of all the things he had at home —bats and balls and bricks and engines, and lots of other things. Then old Santa said: "You know you have plenty of things."

"All right," answered Charlie quickly. "let them have them. Yes, I have got plenty. They want them more than I do."

Then the star moved on once more, and it did not stop this time until it had led Charlie to the door of his own home.—Adapted from *The Mouse That Stopped the Train*, by J. ERNEST PARSONS, H. R. Allenson, Ltd., London.

Sunday, December 21

Theme: GOD'S GIFT TO US (CHRISTMAS)

Suggested Scripture: Luke 2:8–14; John 3:16; Psalm 100; Isaiah 9:2–6.

Text: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

Selected Hymns: "Joy to the World! the Lord Is Come," Isaac Watts; "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day," Henry W. Longfellow; "There's a Song in the Air, ' Josiah G. Holland; "O Little Town of Bethlehem," Phillips Brooks; "Away in a Manger," Martin Luther.

Processional Hymn: "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," Edmund H. Sears.

Unison Reading: Psalm 100.

Carol: "The First Noel," by the congregation, or "The Midnight Masse," by the choir.

Instrumental Prelude: "March and Chorus," from *Tannhäuser.*

Organ Solo: "The Shepherd's Song," "Pastoral Symphony."

Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Seven hundred years before Christ was born a great prophet talked of his coming, saying: The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; They that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

RESPONSE: Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. (Isaiah 9:2–6.)

Prayer:

O God, our Father, we thank Thee for the gift of Thy son to the world. We thank Thee that He came as a little child into the home of Mary and Joseph, and for the happiness He brought to that home and, from that time, to all the homes that have received Him. We wish that He might be known in every home in the world. But we know that there are still many boys and girls who have never heard of Him. Wilt Thou help us to do all that we can to send the news of Jesus' birth to all the world and to spread abroad the Christmas message of peace on earth, good will to men? For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Prayer Hymn:

O holy Child of Bethlehem.
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel. Amen.
(Tune: "O Little Town of Bethlehem.")

Offertory Service:

PASTOR: Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first-fruits of all thy increase.

MUSIC: "Take My Life and Let It Be," Frances R. Havergal.

RESPONSE: All things come of Thee, O Lord,
And of Thine own have we given Thee. Amen.

(For music see service for March 16.)

Materials for the Sermon:

I have read somewhere of a little boy who climbed up on his father's chair and said, "Daddy, I love you and I want to do something about it." All at once it must have come to that boy just what love is. It is not just saying words. It is not an idle or passing feeling. It is knowing so well that you love someone that you simply must do something about it.

The boy and his father had quite a talk about love. They talked of how the boy's mother loved him, and did things for him without thinking of pay. They talked of how the boy's father loved him. And then the father told the boy of God's love. He said that the love of God is just like the kind of love the little boy wanted to show. It is a love that is always "doing something about it."

At Christmas time especially we remember that God's love is always. We remember that the Heavenly Father saw that His children here on earth needed someone to teach them to be glad and happy and good and kind and true. And so He gave the one greatest gift He had—His Son, our Saviour and Master and Hero, Jesus. He gave to us the One who came down to be a babe in Bethlehem, and to be a fine, strong manly boy in Nazareth, and to

grow into the Man who went about doing good everywhere—helping the poor to feel rich because of his love and the Father's love, helping the rich to be less greedy, helping the sick to be well again, and helping everyone to see and enjoy the beautiful and good things of life. So God, who loved the world, "did something about it," and gave us the greatest gift the world has ever known—Jesus, who went everywhere making men remember God's love.

At Christmas time we must learn the lesson of that love of God that is doing so much for us. We must do something about the gift He has made us. We must try to make other people happy as Jesus did. We must not think only of what other people will give us, but of what we can give other people. And we are not to think merely of gifts we can buy and give to other people. We must remember that we can give ourselves to other people in kind and loving service, and that is the gift that really counts. The best way of all to show that we love Jesus is "To try His works to do."

The Legend of the Christmas Tree

One cold, wintry night two little children were sitting by the fire when suddenly they heard a timid knock at the door. One of the children ran quickly and opened it. Outside in the cold and darkness they saw a poor little boy, shivering, without shoes on his feet, and dressed in thin, ragged clothing. "Please, may I come in and warm myself?" he said. "Yes, indeed," cried the children, "you shall have our place by the fire. Come in!" The little stranger boy came in and the kind children shared their supper with him and gave him their bed, while they slept on the hard bench. In the night they were awakened by strains of the sweetest music, and looking out of the window, they saw a band of children in shining garments coming near the house. They were playing on golden harps and the air was full of Christmas music. Then lo! the Stranger child, no longer in rags, but clad in silvery light, stood before them, and in his soft voice said: "I was cold and you let me in. I was hungry and you fed me. I was very tired and you gave me your nice soft bed. I am the Christ-Child who comes to bring peace and happiness to all kind children. As you have been good to me, may this tree every year bring rich gifts to you." He broke a branch from a

fir tree that grew near the door and planted it in the ground, and disappeared. But the branch grew into the Tree of Love, and every year it bore golden fruit for the kind children.—Adapted from Lucy Wheelock in BAILEY-LEWIS. *For the Children's Hour.*

WHERE LOVE IS, GOD IS

Once in a little town in Russia there was a lonely old cobbler who lived in a cellar. There was always plenty of work for him, for he was prompt and honest and industrious. But the cobbler was not happy, for it seemed to him God had been unkind to him in taking away his wife and children by death. But at last a good priest came and taught this unhappy cobbler to read the New Testament, and then he grew happy and contented, and changed in every way. One day as he was reading how the Lord was treated when he was on earth, he said to himself, "And suppose he came to me, would I treat him differently?" "Martin!"—and a Voice seemed close to his ear. "Who's there?" the cobbler said; but no reply came. "Martin, Martin," said the Voice again, "look to-morrow on the street; I am coming!" Next morning Martin waited and waited, but saw no stranger come near. An old soldier, whom he knew, came into his shop out of the snow, to whom the cobbler gave a cup of tea and whom he treated with kindness as he told him he was expecting his little Father, Christ. Later in the day a poor widow with a little child came into his shop out of the cold, to whom the cobbler gave warm food and a coat and some money, as he told her how he was expecting the Lord to come to him that day. In the later afternoon the cobbler saw from his cellar window a poor apple woman fighting a boy who had stolen some of her apples. The cobbler rushed into the street and told the woman she ought to forgive the boy as the Lord forgave us. He purchased an apple which he gave to the boy, who, touched by the kindness, begged the apple woman's pardon and kindly helped her by carrying her heavy basket for her.

By the evening lamplight the cobbler opened his New Testament and was disappointed because the Christ-guest had not come. Then a Voice whispered, "Martin! Dost thou not know me?" "Who art thou?" cried the cobbler. " 'Tis I," cried the Voice. "Lo, 'tis I!" And forth from the dark corner of the shop stepped the soldier,

and then the widow with the little child, and then the old apple woman and the lad with the apple. All smiled and vanished. But the heart of the cobbler was glad, and he saw at the top of the Gospel page these words: "I was an-hungered and thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in." And at the bottom of the page he read: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Then the cobbler saw that he had really received the Lord that day.—Adapted from Count Tolstoy, taken from *World Stories Retold*, by W. J. SLY, The Judson Press.

Sunday, December 28

Theme: DAILY GOOD WILL

Suggested Scripture: Matthew 5:44–47; Luke 6:27–36.
Text: "Be ye therefore merciful as your Father also is merciful." (Luke 6:36.)
Selected Hymns: See service for December 7.
Call to Worship:

PASTOR: Jesus said, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." (John 15:9–11.)

RESPONSE: Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things. (Philippians 4:8.)

Unison Prayer:

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
 I do not pray;
Keep me, O God, from stain of sin
 Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
 And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
 Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day. Amen.

Instrumental Prelude: "Come, Thou Almighty King," Charles Wesley.

Offertory Service: See service for December 21.

Prayer Hymn:

Father in Heaven, hear us to-day;
Hallowed Thy name be; hear us, we pray!
O let Thy kingdom come, O let Thy will be done,
By all beneath the sun, as in the skies. Amen.

(For music, see service for October 26.)

Material for the Sermon:

Last Sunday, you recall, we said that at Christmas time we should learn the lesson of God's love—a love that is always doing something for us, and that we in turn must do something about our love for God and for others. Christmas has now passed, and all of us have been very, very happy. Let us not forget, however, that the good will and kindness which we have been showing during this happy Christmas season must not be forgotten as we go into a new year.

The very highest form of goodness is natural goodness. You have all seen the automatic machines in our railway stations and other similar places. You know that for a penny you can get weighed or measured, you can have an electric shock, or try the strength of your hand's grip, or the capacity of your lungs, or receive a piece of candy or chewing gum. Each machine is made only to work one way and to do one thing. They are automatic—that is, they cannot do anything but what they were made to do. Now our goodness and kindness ought to be like that—automatic. We must practice doing good and being kind and helpful constantly until that becomes our habit of life, until our goodness crowds out all of the badness. Do that and gradually you will find that your love becomes automatic. If you have anything to do, do it as you think love would dictate for you to do it. The loving way to do everything will then be your first thought. You will become naturally good. You will then be

good and kind and forgiving, not only at Christmas, but every day of your life. Goodness requires practice and study just as much as mathematics or grammar or baseball, before you can become expert in it.

A fine French legend tells us of just such a man as we ought to try to be. He was so good that the angels in heaven were astonished, and they came down from heaven to find out the secret. This man never did anything extraordinary, he just went about his daily work, but he did everything in such a way that he did good to all around him, although he was not aware of it. Giving and forgiving —not in words, but by his actions and looks—his whole life was wondrously beautiful. The angels were so delighted that they wanted him to be grander still, and they asked God to give him the gift of miracles. God was evidently pleased with the man, too, for He said he could have whatever he wished. The angels asked him if he would like power put into his hands that he might heal the sick. But the saint said he would rather that God did that. "Should you like to convert guilty souls and bring back guilty hearts to the right path?" But he thought that was work for angels. When pressed for a wish, what do you thing he asked? These are his words: "That God give me His grace, for with that I should have everything."

The angels insisted that he should ask for a miracle or one would be forced on him. The saint then said, "Very well, my wish is that I may do a great deal of good unconsciously." Was not that a prayer that he might be automatically, spontaneously good?

The angels arranged that it should be so, and that every time the saint's shadow should fall behind or on either side, so that he could not see it, it should have power to cure disease, soothe pain, and comfort sorrow.

The story tells how the poor ground grew green and the withered plants bloomed, how health was given to sick children and joy to all. But the saint knew nothing of it. The people reverenced him, and by and by forgot even his name, calling him only the Holy Shadow.

The Gift from God

A Boy once went before a strange King to plead for pardon for his father, who had been condemned to death for a political offense. The King, being in an unusually gracious mood and struck by the

earnestness of the boy, granted the pardon. The youth was poor and had no gift to bring the King, as was the custom. He cried out, "God will send me a gift to show my gratitude to you." The King smiled haughtily and said, "When you gain this jewel from heaven I would like to see it. Surely it will be finer than the jewels of earth."

Time passed and the King forgot, but the Boy remembered. His father was with him still and they both worked hard, but there was never enough left over to make a gift that was worthy of a King.

Then one day the King fell ill. All the court grieved, and through all the hours a throng waited at the gate for news. The Boy was there, too. One morning he heard someone say that the court physician had declared that only one thing would cure the King. It was an herb that grew on the mountain cliff. Many knights had tried to scale the cliff, but no one had succeeded.

"Now is my time to bring the 'jewel from heaven,'" said the boy to himself, and he hurried home and began preparations for climbing the mountain. The next morning he set out. The cliff looked insurmountable—a sheer wall, shelving inward. But the boy climbed high above the cliff until he stood in the cold heights. Carefully he attached a rope to a wild crag and hand over hand let himself down to the cliff. The little white plant was there and quickly he plucked it and put it safely away in his tunic, pulling himself up again by the rope.

The next day he went to the palace. When it was known he carried the flower from the cliff he was admitted at once. The King seemed strangely gentle to the eager boy.

"See, O King, God has sent His gift to thee."

"Say, rather," said the King, as he looked at the plant and knew it for the one for his healing, "say, rather, that God gave to one of his children a heart of gratitude and courage and good will, and with these in his possession no gift will be denied and no difficulty too great to overcome."—From *Trails of Discovery Among North American Indians*. Prepared by Lucy King DeMoss, published by the United Christian Missionary Society.

A Follower of Jesus

A train was pulling into the depot. On the platform stood a very small, crippled fruit boy. His basket was filled with fruit and nuts

ready to sell to the passengers. The train had not yet come to a full stop when a business man had swung himself from the train and in his haste collided with the boy on the platform. The basket was overturned and its contents scattered.

The man saw what had happened but as a crippled fruit boy was the only one concerned and as the man was in a hurry, he walked away toward the city without a word.

Just then the train stopped and a traveling man alighted. He, too, had important business in the city; here was a boy in trouble. The traveling man comprehended the situation in a glance—the scattered fruit, the crippled boy, the distress on his face, and the tears in his eyes.

The man said nothing, but he set down his bag, and quietly but rapidly he assisted the boy to gather and replace in the basket the fruit and packages which could be rescued from amid the hurrying feet. The task was completed and the traveler was about to leave when he reached into his pocket, and, taking out a silver dollar, he placed it on top of the basket.

As he did so the boy looked up through his tears into the face of the man and said, "Say, mister, be you Jesus?"

"No," said the man, "I am not Jesus, but I am one of His followers, and as I go about I try to do the things which I think He would do if he were here."—From *Story Worship Programs*, by REV. JAY S. STOWELL, Doubleday, Doran & Company.)

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